Meg. Gaddum
from
Alfred Jan 10. 1902
why?

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

BEING AN ATTEMPT TO TRACE TO THEIR SOURCE PASSAGES AND PHRASES IN COMMON USE

By JOHN BARTLETT

AUTHOR'S EDITION

LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LIMITED
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.
MDCCCC

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Compiler of this Collection of Familiar Quotations thinks it desirable to say, in introducing the work to the favour of the public, that it is not easy to determine in all cases the degree of familiarity that may belong to phrases and sentences which present themselves for admission; for what is familiar to one class of readers may be quite new to another.

Many maxims of the most famous writers of our language, and numberless curious and happy turns from orators and poets, have knocked at the door, and it was hard to deny them admission. But to insert these simply on their own merits, without assurance that the general reader would readily recognize them as old friends, was beside the purpose of this Collection.

Still, it has been thought better to incur the risk of erring on the side of fulness.

The great number of Quotations contained in the book has created the necessity for a very copious Index, the largest perhaps ever given in a similar Collection.

It is hoped that the lovers of this agreeable subsidiary literature may find the present Collection satisfy their expectations, not merely in the variety, but in the scrupulous accuracy, of the Quotations cited.

LIST OF AUTHORS.

	Page
Adams, John	218
Adams, John Quincy	230
Adams, Sarah Flower	308
Addison, Joseph	147
Akenside, Mark	197
Aldrich, James	295
Aldrich, Henry	139
Allison, Richard	82
Bacon, Francis	80
Bailey, Philip James	297
Barbauld, Mrs.	219
Barnfield, Richard	84
Barère, Bertrand	228
Barrett, Eaton S.	285
Barrington, George	227
Barry, Michael J.	290
Basse, William	125
Baxter, Richard	137
Bayly, T. Haynes	289
Beattie, James	208
Beaumont & Fletcher	88
Beaumont, Francis	88
Bentley, Richard	142
Bentham, Jeremy	338
Berkeley, Bishop	152
Bickerstaff, Isaac	208
Blacker, Colonel	336
Blackstone, Sir Wm.	207
Blair, Robert	180
Bolingbroke, Viscount	152
Booth Barton	158
Bramston, James	183
Brereton, Jane	153
Brooke, Lord	9
Brougham, Lord	290
Brown, John	197
Brown, Tom	142
Bryant, William Cullen	295
Brydges, Sir S. Egerton	230
Bunyan, John	137
Burke, Edmund	204
Burns, Robert	223
Burton, Robert	340
Butler, Samuel	126
Byrom, John	179
Byron, Lord	269
Campbell, Thomas	254
Canning, George	230
Carew, Thomas	89
Carey, Henry	143
Centlivre, Susannah	147
Cervantes, Miguel de	5
Chaucer, Geoffrey	1
Chesterfield, Earl of	179
Choate, Rufus	293
Churchill, Charles	207
Cibber, Colley	146
Coke, Sir Edward	5
Coleridge, S. Taylor	249
Collins, William	198
Colman, George	227
Congreve, William	151
Cook, Eliza	309
Cotton, Nathaniel	185
Cowley, Abraham	99
Cowper, William	209
Crabbe, George	223
Cranch, Christopher P.	302
Crashaw, Richard	97
Cunningham, Allan	266
Daniel, Samuel	84
Darwin, Erasmus	216
Davenant, Sir William	100
Decatur, Stephen	267
Defoe, Daniel	142
Dekker, Thomas	99
Denham, Sir John	98
Dennis, John	141
Dibdin, Charles	220
Dibdin, Thomas	249
Dickens, Charles	309
Diogenes Laertius	330
Doddridge, Philip	185
Dodsley, Robert	183

	Page
DONNE, JOHN	85
DRAYTON, MICHAEL	84
DRYDEN, JOHN	130
DYER, JOHN	183
DYER, ——	190
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO	303
EMMET, ROBERT	257
ERASMUS	332
EVERETT, DAVID	228
FARQUHAR, GEORGE	152
FERRIAR, JOHN	229
FIELDING, HENRY	184
FLETCHER, ANDREW	140
FLETCHER, JOHN	87
FOUCHÉ, JOSEPH	229
FRANCIS THE FIRST	335
FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN	185
FULLER, THOMAS	124
GARRICK, DAVID	198
GARTH, SAMUEL	144
GAY, JOHN	176
GIBBON, EDWARD	208
GIFFORD, RICHARD	199
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER	199
GRAFTON, RICHARD	333
GRAVES, RICHARD	209
GRAY, THOMAS	192
GREEN, MATTHEW	178
GREENE, ALBERT G.	302
GREVILLE, MRS.	216
HALL, BISHOP	86
HALL, ROBERT	229
HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE	303
HARRINGTON, SIR JOHN	84
HARVEY, STEPHEN	137
HEBER, REGINALD	266
HEMANS, FELICIA	286
HENRY, MATTHEW	138
HENRY, PATRICK	218
HERBERT, GEORGE	92
HERRICK, ROBERT	94
HERVEY, THOMAS K.	293
HEYWOOD, JOHN	83
HEYWOOD, THOMAS	98
HILL, AARON	153
HOBBES, THOMAS	90
HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL	307
HOME, JOHN	199
HOOD, THOMAS	291
HOOKER, RICHARD	10
HOPKINSON, JOSEPH	248
HOWARD, SAMUEL.	184
HOYLE, EDMUND	337
HUME, DAVID	335
HUNT, LEIGH	283
HURD, RICHARD	197
HURDIS, JAMES	228
INGRAM, JOHN K.	294
IRVING, WASHINGTON	269
JEFFERSON, THOMAS	218
JONES, SIR WILLIAM	220
JOHNSON, SAMUEL	186
JONSON, BEN	85
JUNIUS	341
KEATS, JOHN	286
KEBLE, JOHN	289
KEMBLE, FRANCES ANNE	301
KEMBLE, J. P.	227
KEMPIS, THOMAS À	3
KEPLER, JOHN	06
KING, WILLIAM	336
KOTZEBUE	230
LAMB, CHARLES	249
LANGHORNE, JOHN	217
LAYARD, A. H.	302
LEE, HENRY	228
LEE, NATHANIEL	140
L'ESTRANGE, ROGER	138
LE SAGE ALAIN RENÉ	146
LOGAN, JOHN	221
LONGFELLOW, HENRY W.	304
LOVELACE, RICHARD	96
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL	309
LYTTELTON, LORD	189
LYTTON, SIR E. BULWER	290
MACAULAY, THOMAS B.	293
MACKINTOSH, SIR JAMES	229
MACKLIN, CHARLES	178
MALLET, DAVID	180
MARCY, WILLIAM L.	284
MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER	9
MARVELL, ANDREW	130
MASON, WILLIAM	204
MASSINGER, PHILIP	87
MERRICK, JAMES	199
MICKLE, W. J.	217
MILMAN, HENRY HART	287
MILNES, RICHARD M.	288
MILTON, JOHN	101
MINER, CHARLES	269
MONTAGUE, LADY MARY WORTLEY	178
MONTGOMERY, JAMES	253
MONTROSE, MARQUIS OF	101
MOORE, EDWARD	190
MOORE, THOMAS	262
MORE, HANNAH	220
MORRIS, CHARLES	221

	Page
Morris, George P.	295
Morton, Thomas	229
Moss, Thomas	217
Motherwell, William	291
Murphy, Arthur	199
Napier, Sir W. F. P.	269
Newton, Sir Isaac	140
Norris, John	141
O'Hara, Kane	178
Otway, Thomas	139
Overbury, Sir Thomas	87
Paine, Thomas	218
Parker, Martyn	93
Parnell, Thomas	152
Payne, J. Howard.	288
Peele, George	82
Percy, Bishop	340
Phædrus	332
Phillips, Ambrose	149
Phillips, John	151
Pierpont, John	284
Pitt, Earl of Chatham	189
Pitt, William	248
Pitt, William	227
Plutarch	331
Poe, Edgar A.	302
Pollock, Robert	288
Pomfret, John	141
Pope, Alexander	158
Pope, Dr. Walter	141
Porteus, Beilby	207
Powell, Sir John	138
Praed, W. M.	293
Priestley, Joseph	338
Prior, Matthew	142
Procter, Bryan W.	290
Quarles, Francis	91
Quincy, Josiah	230
Rabelais, Francis	4
Raleigh, Sir Walter	8
Rochefoucauld	125
Rochester, Earl of	138
Rogers, Samuel	231
Roland, Madame	228
Roscommon, Earl of	137
Rowe, Nicholas	151
Rumbold, Richard	138
St. Augustine	332
Savage, Richard	180
Scott, Sir Walter	257
Sedley, Sir Charles	139
Selden, John	90
Sewall, Jonathan M.	257
Seward, William H.	297
Sewell, George	176
Shaftesbury, Earl of	339
Shakerly Marmion	334
Shakespeare, William	10
Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham	139
Shelley, Percy B.	284
Shenstone, William	191
Sheridan, R. Brinsley	222
Shirley, James	95
Sidney, Sir Philip	8
Smith, Adam	337
Smith, Alexander	304
Smollett, Tobias	199
Southerne, Thomas	141
Southey, Robert	247
Spencer, William R.	254
Spenser, Edmund	6
Sprague, Charles	302
Steele, Sir Richard	147
Steers, Miss Fanny	285
Sterne, Laurence	190
Still, Bishop	6
Story, Joseph	267
Stowell, Lord	219
Suckling, Sir John	93
Swift, Jonathan	145
Talfourd, T. Noon	288
Tarlton, Richard	89
Tate and Brady	329
Taylor, Henry	296
Tennyson, Alfred	297
Tertullian	330
Theobald, Louis	179
Thomson, James	180
Thrale, Mrs.	220
Thurlow, Lord	216
Tickell, Thomas	176
Tillotson, John	138
Tobin, John	232
Tourneur, Cyril	86
Townley, James	197
Trumbull, John	221
Tuke, Samuel	153
Tusser, Thomas	4
Uhland, J. Louis	288
Vaughan, Henry	125
Voltaire	337
Waller, Edmund	100
Walpole, Sir Robert	149
Walton, Izaak	91
Warburton, Thomas	335
Washington, George	218
Watts, Isaac	149

	Page
WEBSTER, DANIEL	267
WEBSTER, JOHN	96
WESLEY, JOHN	183
WHITTIER, JOHN G.	301
WITHER, GEORGE	90
WOLCOT, JOHN	217
WOLFE, CHARLES	287
WOODWORTH, SAMUEL	262
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM	232
WOTTON, SIR HENRY	83
WROTHER, MISS	286
YOUNG, EDWARD	153

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER. 1328—1400.

CANTERBURY TALES.

Ed. Tyrwhitt.

WHANNE that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote.
Prologue. Line 1.

And smale foules maken melodie,
That slepen alle night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages;
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages. *Line* 9.

And of his port as meke as is a mayde. *Line* 69.

He was a veray parfit gentil knight. *Line* 72.

He coude songes make, and wel endite. *Line* 95.

Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe. *Line* 122.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenforde also. *Line* 287.

For him was lever han at his beddes hed
A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.
But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre. *Line* 295.

And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche. *Line* 310.

Nowher so besy a man as he ther n' as,
And yet he semed besier than he was. *Line* 323.

His studie was but litel on the Bible. *Line* 440.

For gold in phisike is a cordial;
Therefore he loved gold in special. *Line* 445.

CANTERBURY TALES—*continued.*]

Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder. *Line* 493.

This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught. *Line* 498.

But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve. *Line* 529.

And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.[1] *Line* 565.

Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely and so large;
Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewe,
Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe. *Line* 733.

For May wol have no slogardie a-night.
The seson priketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte.
The Knightes Tale. *Line* 1044.

Up rose the sonne, and up rose Emelie. *Ibid.* *Line* 2275.

To maken vertue of necessite. *Ibid.* *Line* 3044.

And brought of mighty ale a large quart.
The Milleres Tale. *Line* 3497.

Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.
The Reves Prologue. *Line* 3880.

So was hire joly whistle wel ywette. *The Reves Tale.* 4153.

And for to see, and eek for to be seye.[2]
The Wif of Bathes Prologue. *Line* 6134.

Loke who that is most vertuous alway,
Prive and apert, and most entendeth ay
To do the gentil dedes that he can,
And take him for the gretest gentilman.
The Wif of Bathes Tale. *Line* 6695.

That he is gentil that doth gentil dedis. *Line* 6752.

This flour of wifly patience.
The Clerkes Tale. *Pars* v. *Line* 8797.

Fie on possession,
But if a man be vertuous withal.
The Frankeleines Prologue. *Line* 10998.

---

[1] In allusion to the proverb, "Every honest miller has a golden thumb."
[2] Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsae.
Ovid, *Art of Love*, I. 99.

CANTERBURY TALES—*continued.*]

Mordre wol out, that see we day by day.
The Nonnes Preestes Tale. Line 15058.

The firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere,
Is to restreine, and kepen wel thy tonge.
The Manciples Tale. Line 17281.

For of fortunes sharpe adversite,
The worst kind of infortune is this,
A man that hath been in prosperite,
And it remember, whan it passed is.
Troilus and Creseide. Book iii. *Line* 1625.

One eare it heard, at the other out it went.
Ibid. Book iv. *Line* 435.

The lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th' assay so hard, so sharpe the conquering.
The Assembly of Foules. Line 1.

For out of the old fieldes, as men saithe,
Cometh al this new corne fro yere to yere,
And out of old bookes, in good faithe,
Cometh al this new science that men lere. *Ibid. Line* 22.

Nature, the vicar of the almightie Lord. *Ibid. Line* 379.

Of all the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures white and rede,
Soch that men callen daisies in our toun.
The Legend of Good Women. Line 41.

That well by reason men it call may
The daisie, or els the eye of the day,
The emprise, and floure of floures all. *Ibid. Line* 184.

—□—

THOMAS À KEMPIS. 1380—1471.

Man proposes, but God disposes.[1]
Imitation of Christ. Book i. *Ch.* 19.

And when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind.
Ibid. Book i. *Ch.* 23.

Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen.
Ibid. Book iii. *Ch.* 12.

---

[1] This expression is of much greater antiquity; it appears in the *Chronicle of Battel Abbey*, page 27 (Lower's Translation), and in *Piers Ploughman's Vision*, line 13,994.

A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps. *Proverbs* xvi. 9.

FRANCIS RABELAIS. 1495—1553.

I am just going to leap into the dark.[1] *Motteux's Life.*

To return to our wethers.[2] *Book* i. *Ch.* i. *note* 2.

I drink no more than a sponge. *Ibid. Ch.* 5.

Appetite comes with eating, says Angeston. *Ibid.*

By robbing Peter he paid Paul, ... and hoped to catch larks if ever the heavens should fall. *Book* i. *Ch.* 11.

I'll go his halves. *Book* iv. *Ch.* 23.

The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be;
The Devil was well, the Devil a monk was he. *Book* iv. *Ch.* 24.

—□—

THOMAS TUSSER. 1523—1580.

FIVE HUNDRED POINTS OF GOOD HUSBANDRY.

Time tries the troth in everything. *The Author's Epistle. Ch.* 1.

God sendeth and giveth, both mouth and the meat.
Good Husbandry Lessons.

The stone that is rolling can gather no moss. *Ibid.*

Better late than never.[3] *An Habitation Enforced.*

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
The Farmer's Daily Diet.

Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.[3]
A Description of the Properties of Winds.

All's fish they get
That cometh to net. *February's Abstract.*

Such mistress, such Nan.
Such master, such man.[4] *April's Abstract.*

---

[1] Je m'en vay chercher un grand peut-estre.

[2] *Revenons à nos moutons*, a proverb taken from the old French farce of *Pierre Patelin* (ed. 1762, p. 90).

[3] See Proverbs, *post*.

[4] On the authority of M. Cimber, of the Bibliothèque Royale, we owe this proverb to Chevalier Bayard,

Tel maître, tel valet.

'T is merry in hall
Where beards wag all.[1] *August's Abstract.*

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.[2] *Of Wiving and Thriving.*

Dry sun, dry wind,
Safe bind, safe find. *Washing.*

—□—

SIR EDWARD COKE. 1549—1634.

The gladsome light of jurisprudence. *First Institute.*

For a man's house is his castle, *et domus sua cuique tutissimum refugium.*[3] *Third Institute. Page* 162.

The house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his defence against injury and violence, as for his repose.
Semayne's Case, 5 *Rep.* 91.

They (corporations) cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed nor excommunicate, for they have no souls.
Case of Sutton's Hospital, 10 *Rep.* 32.

—□—

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES. 1547—1616.

He had a face like a benediction. *Don Quixote. Part* i. *Book* ii. *Ch.* 4.

Every one is the son of his own works. *Ibid. Book* iv. *Ch.* 20.

I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will, and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it. *Ibid. Ch.* 23.

Every one is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse.
Part ii. *Ch.* 4.

Now blessings light on him that first invented sleep! it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. *Part* ii. *Ch.* 68

Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted.
The Little Gypsy. (*La Gitanilla.*)

My heart is wax to be moulded as she pleases, but enduring as marble to retain.[4] *Ibid.*

---

[1] Merry swithe it is in halle,
When the beards waveth alle.
Adam Davie, 1312, *Life of Alexander.*

[2] See Proverbs, *post.*

[3] From the *Pandects, Lib.* ii. *tit.* iv. *De in Jus vocando.*

[4] Cf. Byron, *post.*

BISHOP STILL (JOHN). 1543—1607.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Gammer Gurton's Needle. Act ii.[1]

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old. *Ibid.*

—□—

EDMUND SPENSER. 1533—1599.

FAERIE QUEENE.

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine.
Book i. *Canto* i. *St.* 1.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.
Book i. *Canto* i. *St.* 35.

A bold bad man. *Book* i. *Canto* i. *St.* 37.

Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place. *Book* i. *Canto* iii. *St.* 4.

Ay me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall.
Book i. *Canto* viii. *St.* 1.

Entire affection hateth nicer hands. *Book* i. *Canto* viii. *St.* 40.

That darksome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind. *Book* i. *Canto* ix. *St.* 35.

No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
No arborett with painted blossoms drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al arownd.
Book ii. *Canto* vi. *St.* 12.

And is there care in Heaven? *Book* ii. *Canto* viii. *St.* 1.
Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound.
Book ii. *Canto* xii. *St.* 70.

---

[1] Stated by Mr. Dyce to be from a MS. in his possession, and of older date than *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. — Skelton, *Works*, ed. Dyce, i. vii.—x., *n.*

FAERIE QUEENE—*continued.*]

Through thick and thin, both over bank and bush,
In hopes her to attain by hook or crook.

Book iii. *Canto* i. *St.* 17.

Her berth was of the wombe of morning dew,[1]
And her conception of the joyous prime.

Book iii. *Canto* vi. *St.* 3.

Be bolde, Be bolde, and everywhere, Be bold.

Book iii. *Canto* xi. *St.* 54.

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.

Book iv. *Canto* ii. *St.* 32.

Who will not mercie unto others show,
How can he mercy ever hope to have? *Book* vi. *Canto* i. *St.* 42.

What more felicitie can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with libertie,
And to be lord of all the workes of Nature,
To raine in th' aire from earth to highest skie,
To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature.

The Fate of the Butterfly. Line 209.

I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season,
I received nor rhyme nor reason.

Lines on his promised Pension.[2]

For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Hymn in Honour of Beauty. Line 132.

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face
The lineaments of gospel-books.

Elegiac on a Friend's Passion for his Astrophill.[3]

Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To loose good dayes that might be better spent,
To wast long nights in pensive discontent;

---

[1] The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning. *Psalm* cx. 3.

[2] This tradition is confirmed by an entry in Manningham's nearly contemporaneous Diary, May 4, 1602.

[3] This piece was printed in *The Phœnix Nest*, 4to, 1593, where it is anonymous. Todd has shown that it was written by Mathew Roydon.

To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow.
. . . . . .
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaires;
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.

Mother Hubberd's Tale. Line 895.

—□—

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. 1552—1618.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

The Nymph's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.

Passions are likened best to Floods and Streams.

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay.

Verses to Edmund Spenser.

O eloquent, just and mightie Death! whom none could advise, thou hast perswaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawne together all the farre stretchéd greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie and ambition of men, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

Historie of the World, Book v. *Pt.* 1, *ad fin.*

Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall.

Written on a pane of glass, in Queen Elizabeth's presence.[1]

—□—

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. 1554—1586.

Sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge.

The Defence of Poesy.

He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner. *Ibid.*

I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglass, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet. *Ibid.*

---

[1] Her reply was,—

If thy heart fail thee, why then climb at all.

High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy. *Arcadia. Book* i.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts. *Ibid.*

My dear, my better half. *Ibid. Book* iii.

Have I caught my heavenly jewel.[1]
Astrophel and Stella. Second Song.

—□—

LORD BROOKE. 1554—1628.

O wearisome condition of humanity!
Mustapha. Act v. *Sc.* 4.

And out of mind as soon as out of sight.[2] *Sonnet* lvi.

—□—

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. 1565—1593.

WORKS (*Ed. Dyce*, 1862).

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?[3]
Hero and Leander.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains, yields.
The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals. *Ibid.*

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies. *Ibid.*

When all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven. *Faustus.*

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies! *Ibid.*

O, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars. *Ibid.*

---

[1] Quoted by Shakespeare, *Merry Wives of Windsor, Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.
[2] Cf. Kempis, *Imitation of Christ, Book* i. *Ch.* 23.
[3] Quoted by Shakespeare, *As You Like It, Act* iii. *Sc.* 5.

FAUSTUS—*continued.*]

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,[1]
That sometimes grew within this learnèd man. *Ibid.*

Infinite riches in a little room. *The Jew of Malta. Act* i.

Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness. *Ibid. Act* i.

Now will I shew myself to have more of the serpent than the dove; that is, more knave than fool. *Ibid. Act* ii.

Love me little, love me long.[2] *Ibid. Act* iv.

—□—

RICHARD HOOKER. 1553—1600.

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. *Ecclesiastical Polity. Book* i.

That to live by one man's will became the cause of all men's misery. *Ibid. Book* i.

—□—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. 1564—1616.

THE TEMPEST.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

My library
Was dukedom large enough. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

From the still-vex'd Bermoothes. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting[3] gently. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd—
The wild waves whist. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

---

[1] O, withered is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen.
Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra, Act* iv. *Sc.* 13.

[2] See Herrick, p. 95.

[3] 'spiriting,' Cambridge ed.

TEMPEST—*continued.*]

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

A very ancient and fish-like smell. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Fer. Here 's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

He that dies pays all debts. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Deeper than e'er plummet sounded. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack[1] behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.[2] *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

With foreheads villanous low. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

Deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I 'll drown my book. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

---

1 'wreck,' Dyce.

2 This passage probably owes its origin to the following lines in Lord Stirling's *Tragedie of Darius*, 1604:—

Those golden pallaces, those gorgeous halles,
With fourniture superfluouslie faire;
Those statelie courts, those sky encountring walles,
Evanish all like vapours in the aire.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

I have no other but a woman's reason: I think him so, because I think him so. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day! *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

He makes sweet music with th' enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 7.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Except I be by Sylvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

A man I am, cross'd with adversity. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

Is she not passing fair? *Act* iv. *Sc.* 4.[1]

How use doth breed a habit in a man! *Act* v. *Sc.* 4.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

I will make a Star-chamber matter of it. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

All his successors, gone before him, have done 't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Mine host of the Garter. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of songs and sonnets here. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

If there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Convey, the wise it call. Steal? foh! a fico for the phrase! *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Tester I 'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk! *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

The humour of it. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Here will be an old abusing of . . . . the king's English. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

We burn daylight. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

---

[1] *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2, Dyce.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR—*continued.*]

Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Why, then the world 's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

This is the short and the long of it. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Unless experience be a jewel. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

I cannot tell what the dickens his name is. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

I have a kind of alacrity in sinking. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 5.

As good luck would have it. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 5.

The rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 5.

A man of my kidney. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 5.

Think of that, Master Brook. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 5.

In his old lunes again. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

They say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor—
Both thanks and use. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

He was ever precise in promise-keeping. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

I hold you as a thing enskied, and sainted. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.[1]

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.[1]

---

[1] *Act* i. *Sc.* 5, White, Singer, Knight. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4, Cambridge, Dyce, Staunton.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE—*continued.*]

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it! *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And he that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2

O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2

But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,—
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2

That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Servile to all the skyey influences. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Palsied eld. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside

MEASURE FOR MEASURE—*continued.*]

In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.[1]
Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

Every true man's apparel fits your thief. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

'Gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

The pleasing punishment that women bear. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

One Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

---

[1] This song occurs in Act v. Sc. 2, of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*, with the following additional stanza:—

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears!
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

He hath indeed better bettered expectation. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

A very valiant trencher-man. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

A skirmish of wit between them. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

The gentleman is not in your books. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Benedick the married man. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

As merry as the day is long. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

> Friendship is constant in all other things,
> Save in the office and affairs of love:
> Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues:
> Let every eye negotiate for itself,
> And trust no agent. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

> Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
> Men were deceivers ever;
> One foot in sea and one on shore;
> To one thing constant never. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Sits the wind in that corner? *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Every one can master a grief, but he that has it. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Are you good men and true? *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Is most tolerable, and not to be endured. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Comparisons are odorous.[1] *Act* iii. *Sc.* 5.

A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 5.

O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do! *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

[1] This expression is to be found also in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, *Part* 3, *Sect.* 3, *Mem.* 1, *Sub.* 2; in Herbert's *Jacula Prudentum*, p. 350 (Pickering's ed. *Vol.* 1); and in Heywood's *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—*continued.*]

I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us,
Whiles it was ours. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

Th' idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

Into the eye and prospect of his soul. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

Flat burglary as ever was committed. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

O that he were here to write me down, an ass! *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

A fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Patch grief with proverbs. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

'T is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Some of us will smart for it. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

I was not born under a rhyming planet. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

Done to death by slanderous tongues. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST.

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.

And men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST—*continued.*]

That unlettered, small-knowing soul. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

A child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since; but, I think, now 't is not to be found. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

The rational hind Costard. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Devise, wit! write, pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

By my penny of observation. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that 's flat. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

A very beadle to a humorous sigh. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Dictynna, good-man Dull. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the Academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

As sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes Heaven drowsy with the harmony. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST—*continued.*]

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Priscian a little scratch'd; 't will serve. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

In the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

They have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

But earthlier happy[1] is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

For aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.[2] *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Masters, spread yourselves. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

This is Ercles' vein. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove: I will roar you, an 't were any nightingale. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

---

1 'earthlier happy,' White, Cambridge, Dyce.
'earthly happier,' Singer, Staunton, Knight.

2 The same sentiment, in very different language, has been expressed by Milton in *Paradise Lost; Book* 10, *line* 896, and following lines.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—*continued.*]

A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.[1]

In maiden meditation, fancy free. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.[1]

I 'll put a girdle round about the Earth[2]
In forty minutes. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.[1]

My heart
Is true as steel. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.[1]

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.[1]

A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Bless thee, Bottom ! bless thee ! thou art translated. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1

That is the true beginning of our end. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1

The best in this kind are but shadows. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

---

[1] *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1, White, Cambridge, Dyce, Staunton. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2, Singer, Knight.

[2] This expression is also to be found in Champman's *Bussy d'Ambois*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 1 (1607).

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster? *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

There are a sort men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark! *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

They are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Even there where merchants most do congregate.
Act i. *Sc.* 3.

The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath! *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

In a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

It is a wise father that knows his own child. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

MERCHANT OF VENICE—*continued.*]

And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 5.

All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 6.[1]

I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother.[2] *Act* iii. *Sc.* 5.

Let it serve for table-talk. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 5.

What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice? *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'T is mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

A Daniel come to judgment! *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

'T is not in the bond. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

---

1 *Act* ii. *Sc.* 5, Dyce.

2 Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim. Philippe Gaultier (about the 13th century), *Alexandreis, Book* v. *line* 301.

MERCHANT OF VENICE—*continued.*]

You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

He is well paid that is well satisfied. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Act v. *Sc.* 1.

Look, how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Well said: that was laid on with a trowel. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

My pride fell with my fortunes. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Cel. Not a word?
Ros. Not one to throw at a dog. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

O how full of briars is this working-day world! *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

The big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

As You Like It—*continued.*]

"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

And He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 7.

And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags."
Act ii. *Sc.* 7.

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 7.

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 7.

Motley's the only wear. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 7.

If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 7.

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 7.

The why is plain as way to parish church. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 7

As You Like It—*continued.*]

All the world 's a stage[1]
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,—
His Acts being seven ages. At first, the Infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining School-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the Lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the Justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,—
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With spectacle on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans—everything.
Act ii. *Sc.* 7.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 7.

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow-fault came to match it. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.[2] *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

---

[1] "Totus mundus agit histrionem" is said to have been the motto over the Globe Theatre.

[2] See Proverbs, *post.*

AS YOU LIKE IT—*continued.*]

Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.
Act iii. *Sc.* 5.

It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.
Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed.
Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

Pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food[1] of sweet and bitter fancy. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

No sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

An ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own. *Act* v. *Sc.* 4.

The Retort Courteous. . . . . Lie Circumstantial, and the Lie Direct.
Act v. *Sc.* 4.

Your *If* is the only peacemaker; much virtue in *If*. *Act* v. *Sc.* 4.

Good wine needs no bush. *Epilogue.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw. *Induction, Sc.* 2.

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

There's small choice in rotten apples. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

---

[1] 'cud,' Dyce, Staunton.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW—*continued.*]

Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

And thereby hangs a tale.[1] *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

My cake is dough. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Intolerable, not to be endured. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

He must needs go that the Devil drives. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

My friends were poor but honest. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doer's deed. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

Whose words all ears took captive. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

All impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

---

[1] Othello, Act iii. Sc. 1. Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. Sc. 4. As You Like It, Act ii. Sc. 7.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again; it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

I am sure care 's an enemy to life. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

Journeys end in lovers' meeting
Every wise man's son doth know. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Sir To. Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart,
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

An you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortune before you. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 5.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 5.

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

TWELFTH NIGHT—*continued.*]

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Why, this is very Midsummer madness. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Still you keep o' the windy side of the law. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

An I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I 'd have seen him damned ere I 'd have challenged him. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.[1]

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?
Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.
Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?
Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.
Act iv. *Sc.* 2.

Thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.[2]

When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.[2]

KING JOHN.

Lord of thy presence, and no land beside. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

For courage mounteth with occasion. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

---

[1] *Sc.* 5, Dyce. [2] *Sc.* 4, Cambridge ed.

KING JOHN—*continued.*]

I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

St. George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs! *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.[1]

Here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.[2]

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

How now, foolish rheum! *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

---

[1] *Sc.* 2, Singer, Staunton, Knight. *Sc.* 1, White, Dyce, Cambridge.
[2] *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2, White.

KING JOHN—*continued.*]

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Another lean, unwash'd artificer. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done! *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Mocking the air with colours idly spread. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror. *Act* v. *Sc.* 7.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. *Act* v. *Sc.* 7.

KING RICHARD II.

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic Summer's heat.
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by Nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.
Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

The ripest fruit first falls. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

KING RICHARD II.—*continued.*]

Let 's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

A mockery king of snow. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

KING HENRY IV., PART I.

In those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Old father antic the law. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Thou hast damnable iteration. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

And now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

'T is my vocation, Hal; 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

He will give the Devil his due. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

There 's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

KING HENRY IV., PART I.—*continued.*]

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

The blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare! *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

By Heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

I know a trick worth two of that. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I 'll be hanged. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Brain him with his lady's fan. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

A Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

A plague of all cowards, I say. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

KING HENRY IV., PART I.—*continued.*]

I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

Three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

I was a coward on instinct. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me! *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

In King Cambyses' vein. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

I am not in the roll of common men. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Glen. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them? *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Devil. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I 'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

A good mouth-filling oath. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

A fellow of no mark nor likelihood. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn? *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Rob me the exchequer. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

KING HENRY IV., PART I.—*continued.*]

This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

That daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

The cankers of a calm world and a long peace. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I 'll not march through Coventry with them, that 's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There 's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Food for powder, food for powder; they 'll fill a pit as well as better.
Act iv. *Sc.* 2.

I would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore, I 'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere. *Act* v. *Sc.* 4.

I could have better spared a better man. *Act* v. *Sc.* 4.

The better part of valour is discretion. *Act* v. *Sc.* 4.

Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. *Act* v. *Sc.* 4.

Purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly. *Act* v. *Sc.* 4.

KING HENRY IV., PART II.

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departed friend. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.
Act i. *Sc.* 2.

Some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time.
Act i. *Sc.* 2.

We that are in the vaward of our youth. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing and singing of anthems.
Act i. *Sc.* 2.

If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

I 'll tickle your catastrophe. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

He hath eaten me out of house and home. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

He was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness? *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

With all appliances and means to boot. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all: all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair? *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Accommodated: that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is—being—whereby—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

KING HENRY IV., PART II.—*continued.*]

We have heard the chimes at midnight. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 4.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 4.

A joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

A foutra for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

KING HENRY V.

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention! *Chorus.*

Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out my iron. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Base is the slave that pays. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

His nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

KING HENRY V.—*continued.*]

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 6.

You may as well say, that 's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 7.[1]

The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umbered face.
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation. *Act* iv. *Chorus.*

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

That 's a perilous shot out of an elder gun. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths[2] as household words,—
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

In the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 8.

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

---

[1] *Act* iii. *Sc.* 6, Dyce.
[2] 'in his mouth,' White, Cambridge, Knight.

KING HENRY VI., PART I.

Hung be the heavens with black. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

She 's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.[1] *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

KING HENRY VI., PART II.

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I 'd set my ten commandments[2] in your face. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.[3] *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

He dies, and makes no sign. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the King, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 7.

---

[1] See also *Titus Andronicus*, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.
[2] See Proverbs, *post*.
[3] I 'm armed with more than complete steel,
The justice of my quarrel. *Lust's Dominion.*

KING HENRY VI., PART III.

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Things ill got had ever bad success,
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father, for his hoarding, went to hell? *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 8.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief doth fear each bush an officer. *Act* v. *Sc.* 6.

KING RICHARD III.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front.
Act i. *Sc.* 1.

I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them,—
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

To leave this keen encounter of our wits. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won? *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Framed in the prodigality of nature. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

KING RICHARD III.—*continued.*]

And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n out of[1] holy writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the Devil. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

O Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Off with his head![2] *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready with every nod to tumble down. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Even in the afternoon of her best days. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 7.

Thou troublest me: I am not in the vein. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 4.

Tetchy and wayward. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 4.

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 4.

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
Act v. *Sc.* 2.

[1] 'stol'n forth,' White, Knight.

[2] Cf. Cibber, p. 146.

KING RICHARD III.—*continued.*]

The king's name is a tower of strength.[1] *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me! *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

The self-same heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

A thing devised by the enemy.[2] *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse! *Act* v. *Sc.* 4.

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field. *Act* v. *Sc.* 4.

KING HENRY VIII.

Order gave each thing view. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

This bold bad man.[3] *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Verily
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

And then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Press not a falling man too far. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

---

[1] The name of the Lord is a strong tower. *Prov.* xviii. 10.
[2] Cf. Cibber, p. 147.
[3] Cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, *Book* i. *Ch.* i. *St.* 37, and Massinger, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

KING HENRY VIII.—*continued.*]

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

And sleep in dull, cold marble. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee,
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity! *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

So may he rest: his faults lie gently on him. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.[1] *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

[1] For men use, if they have an evil tourne, to write it in marble: and whoso doth us a good tourne we write it in duste. Sir Thomas More, *Richard III.*

L'injure se grave en metal
Et le bienfait s'escrit en l'onde.
Jean Bertaut (1570—1611), *Carey's French Poets.*

KING HENRY VIII.—*continued.*]

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as Summer.
Act iv. *Sc.* 2.

After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures.
Act v. *Sc.* 2.

'T is a cruelty,
To load a falling man. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

I have had my labour for my travail. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

The end crowns all. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 5.

CORIOLANUS.

I thank you for your voices, thank you,—
Your most sweet voices. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Serv. Where dwellest thou?
Cor. Under the canopy. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 5.

A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 5.

CORIOLANUS—*continued.*]

Chaste as the icicle,
That 's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli :
Alone I did it.—Boy ![1] *Act* v. *Sc.* 6.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man ! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of ; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

The weakest goes to the wall. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

An hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Saint-seducing gold. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase. *Act* i. *Sc* 4.

O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

---

[1] *Act* v. *Sc.* 5, Singer, Knight.

ROMEO AND JULIET—*continued.*]

True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

For you and I are past our dancing days. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

Too early seen unknown, and known too late! *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar maid. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.[1]

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek! *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.[1]

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo? *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.[1]

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.[1]

For stony limits cannot hold love out. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.[1]

At lovers' perjuries,[2]
They say, Jove laughs. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.[1]

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—
Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.[1]

The god of my idolatry. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.[1]

This bud of love, by Summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Act ii. *Sc.* 2.[1]

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears! *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.[1]

Good night, good night: parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.[1]

---

[1] *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1, White.
[2] Perjuria ridet amantum Jupiter. Tibullus, *Lib.* iii. *El.* 7, *Line* 17.

ROMEO AND JULIET—*continued.*]

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Stabbed with a white wench's black eye. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

I am the very pink of courtesy. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

My man's as true as steel.[1] *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

Here comes the lady.—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 6.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.
Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 't is enough. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

A plague o' both your houses! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

When he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 5.

Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 5.

Villain and he are many miles asunder. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 5.

---

[1] 'true as steel,' Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide, Book* v. Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida, Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

ROMEO AND JULIET—*continued.*]

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

A beggarly account of empty boxes. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book! *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

A feasting presence full of light. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

Eyes, look your last:
Arms, take your last embrace! *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

We have seen better days. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Are not within the leaf of pity writ. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Beware the Ides of March! *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

JULIUS CÆSAR—*continued.*]

Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Help me, Cassius, or I sink! *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar.*
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Let me have men about me, that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be mov'd to smile at anything. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

But, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost[1] round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

[1] 'utmost,' Singer, Knight.

JULIUS CÆSAR—*continued.*]

The Genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does, being then most flattered. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
Act ii. *Sc.* 2.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

The choice and master spirits of this age. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Though last, not least, in love.[1] *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Cry "Havock!" and let slip the dogs of war. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

[1] See King Lear, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

JULIUS CÆSAR—*continued.*]

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason ! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

See what a rent the envious Casca made. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

This was the most unkindest cut of all. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen ! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :
I am no orator, as Brutus is.
. . . . . I only speak right on. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

You yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

The foremost man of all this world. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces ! *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

JULIUS CÆSAR—*continued.*]

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius.
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

This was the noblest Roman of them all. *Act* v. *Sc.* 5.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!" *Act* v. *Sc.* 5.

MACBETH.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly 's done,
When the battle 's lost and won. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1

Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his penthouse lid. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not.
Act i. *Sc.* 3.

Stands not within the prospect of belief. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

The insane root
That takes the reason prisoner. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

MACBETH—*continued.*]

Nothing is
But what is not. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died,
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 't were a careless trifle. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face. *Act* i. *Sc* 4.

Yet do I fear thy nature:
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses. *Act* i. *Sc.* 6.

The heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. *Act* i. *Sc.* 6.

Coigne of vantage. *Act* i. *Sc.* 6.

If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We 'd jump the life to come. *Act* i. *Sc.* 7.

We but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. *Act* i. *Sc.* 7.

MACBETH—*continued.*]

Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air. *Act* i. *Sc.* 7.

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent; but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other. *Act* i. *Sc.* 7.

I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people. *Act* i. *Sc.* 7.

Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' the adage. *Act* i. *Sc.* 7.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none. *Act* i. *Sc.* 7.

Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere. *Act* i. *Sc.* 7.

Macb. If we should fail,—
Lady M. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we 'll not fail. *Act* i. *Sc.* 7.

Memory, the warder of the brain. *Act* i. *Sc.* 7.

There 's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Shut up
In measureless content. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

MACBETH—*continued.*]

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to Heaven or to Hell! *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman
Which gives the stern'st good night. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.[1]

The attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.[1]

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.[1]

Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep," the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.[1]

Infirm of purpose! *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.[1]

My hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.[1]

The labour we delight in physics pain. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.[2]

Confusion now hath made his master-piece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.[2]

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.[2]

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and killed. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.[3]

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Mur. We are men, my liege.
Mac. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Things without all remedy,
Should be without regard: what 's done is done. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

[1] *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1, White, Dyce, Staunton. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2, Cambridge, Singer, Knight.
[2] *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1, White, Dyce. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2, Staunton. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3, Cambridge, Singer, Knight.
[3] *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2, White, Dyce. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3, Staunton. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4, Cambridge, Singer, Knight.

MACBETH – *continued.*]

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

In them Nature's copy 's not eterne. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

A deed of dreadful note. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

What man dare, I dare
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

MACBETH—*continued.*]

Double, double toil and trouble. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

Eye of newt, and toe of frog. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.[1] *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open, locks, whoever knocks. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags? *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

A deed without a name. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of Fate. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

The weird sisters. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

Stands Scotland where it did? *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Act iv. *Sc.* 3.

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop? *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

Out, damned spot! out, I say! *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

---

[1] This song is found entire in "The Witch," by Thomas Middleton, *Act* v. *Sc.* 2, (*Works*, ed. Dyce,) iii. 328, and is there called *A charme Song about a Vessel.*

MACBETH—*continued.*]

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
Act v. *Sc.* 1.

My way of life[1]
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Act v *Sc.* 3.

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I 'll none of it.
Act v. *Sc.* 3.

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come.* Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. *Act* v. *Sc.* 5.

And my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir,
As life were in 't. I have supp'd full with horrors
Act v. *Sc.* 5

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. *Act* v. *Sc.* 5

[1] Johnson would read, 'May of life.'

MACBETH—*continued.*]

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth : *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane. *Act* v. *Sc.* 5.

Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
At least we 'll die with harness on our back. *Act* v. *Sc.* 5.

I bear a charmed life. *Act* v. *Sc.* 7.[1]

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense ;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. *Act* v. *Sc.* 7.[1]

Live to be the show and gaze o' the time. *Act* v. *Sc.* 7.[1]

Lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, " Hold, enough !"
Act v. *Sc.* 7.[1]

HAMLET.

For this relief much thanks. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

But in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our State. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Does not divide the Sunday from the week. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long :
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir[2] abroad ;
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

---

[1] *Act* v. *Sc.* 7, White, Singer, Knight. *Act* v. *Sc.* 8, Cambridge, Dyce, Staunton.

[2] 'can walk,' White, Knight.

HAMLET—*continued.*]

The morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

The head is not more native to the heart. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

A little more than kin, and less than kind. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

But I have that within, which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world! *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

That it should come to this! *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Frailty, thy name is woman! *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

A little month. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Like Niobe, all tears. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

A beast, that wants discourse of reason. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

My father's brother, but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

It is not, nor it cannot come to, good. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

In my mind's eye, Horatio. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Season your admiration for a while. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

In the dead vast and middle of the night. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Armed at all points. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

HAMLET—*continued.*]

A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Act i. *Sc.* 2.

It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Give it an understanding, but no tongue. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
Act i. *Sc.* 2.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to Heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Give thy thoughts no tongue. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops[1] of steel. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

[1] 'hooks,' Singer.

HAMLET—*continued.*]

Springes to catch woodcocks. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us! *Act* i *Sc.* 4.

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls? *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

I do not set my life at a pin's fee. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

Unhand me, gentlemen,
By Heaven, I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

I am thy father's spirit:
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,[1]
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word

[1] 'to lasting fires,' Singer.

HAMLET—*continued.*]

Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list! *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself[1] in ease on Lethe wharf. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

O my prophetic soul!
Mine uncle! *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there! *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

But soft: methinks I scent the morning air:
Brief let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

Leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. . . . . .
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

While memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

Within the book and volume of my brain. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

My tables, my tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I am sure it may be so in Denmark. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your[2] philosophy. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

The time is out of joint; O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

[1] 'roots itself,' White, Dyce, Cambridge.
[2] 'our,' White, Dyce, Knight.

HAMLET—*continued.*]

The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

This is the very ecstasy of love. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Brevity is the soul of wit. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

More matter, with less art. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

That he is mad, 't is true: 't is true 't is pity,
And pity 't is 't is true. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Find out the cause of this effect;
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Still harping on my daughter. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Pol. What do you read, my lord?
Ham. Words, words, words. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

They have a plentiful lack of wit. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Though this be madness, yet there 's method in 't. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

On Fortune's cap we are not the very button. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

I know a hawk from a hand-saw. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Come, give us a taste of your quality. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

The play, I remember, pleased not the million; 't was caviare to the general. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

They are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

HAMLET—*continued.*]

What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.[1] *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

The Devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

The play 's the thing
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the King. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

With devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The Devil himself. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

To be, or not to be; that is the question:—
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep,—
No more: and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep:—
To sleep! perchance, to dream: ay, there 's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels[2] bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution

[1] Cf. Chaucer, *The Nonnes Preestes Tale, Line* 15058.
[2] 'Who would these fardels,' White, Knight.

HAMLET—*continued.*]

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

It out-herods Herod. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

To hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Not to speak it profanely. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

O, reform it altogether. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2

A man, that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks. *Act* iii. *Sc* 2.

HAMLET—*continued.*]

They are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Here's metal more attractive. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Nay, then let the Devil wear black, for I 'll have a suit of sables. *Act* iii *Sc.* 2.

For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot[1] *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

This is miching *mallecho;* it means mischief *Act* iii. *Sc* 2.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?
Oph. 'T is brief, my lord.
Ham. As woman's love. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

The lady doth protest[2] too much, methinks. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
Thus runs the world away. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2

'T is as easy as lying. *Act* iii. *Sc* 2

It will discourse most eloquent music. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Pluck out the heart of my mystery. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that 's almost in shape of a camel?[3]
Pol. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.
Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.
Pol It is back'd like a weasel.
Ham. Or, like a whale?
Pol. Very like a whale. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

They fool me to the top of my bent. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2

'T is now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and Hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world. *Act* iii. *Sc* 2.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

---

[1] See *Love's Labour's Lost, Act* iii, *Sc* 1
[2] 'protests too much,' White, Knight
[3] 'in shape like a camel'; so the folios.

HAMLET—*continued.*]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Help, angels! make assay:
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

About some act,
That has no relish of salvation in 't. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Dead, for a ducat, dead. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4

False as dicers' oaths. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

At your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it 's humble. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

O shame! where is thy blush? *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

A king of shreds and patches. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

This is the very coinage of your brain. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gamble from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

For 't is the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

HAMLET—*continued.*]

Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason,
To fust in us unus'd. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 4.

Greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour 's at the stake. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 4.

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 5.

We know what we are, but know not what we may be. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 5.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 5.

There 's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 5.

There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance; . . . . and there is pansies, that 's for thoughts. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 5.

A very riband in the cap of youth. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 7.

One woe doth tread upon another's heel
So fast they follow. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 7.

Cudgel thy brains no more about it. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Has this fellow no feeling of his business? *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she 's dead. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

The age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Now get you to my lady's chamber and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

HAMLET—*continued.*]

To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?
Act v. *Sc.* 1.

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring.[1] *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Sweets to the sweet: farewell. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not t' have strewed thy grave. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

For though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Nay, and thou 'lt mouth,
I 'll rant as well as thou. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

Into a towering passion. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.
Act v. *Sc.* 2.

I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

A hit, a very palpable hit. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

Report me and my cause aright. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

This fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

---

[1] Cf. Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, xviii.

KING LEAR.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

Down, thou climbing sorrow!
Thy element 's below. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
Act iii. *Sc.* 2.

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Out-paramoured the Turk. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

'T is a naughty night to swim in. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

The green mantle of the standing pool. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

I 'll talk a word with this same learned Theban. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.
Act iii. *Sc.* 6.

KING LEAR—*continued.*]

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel, grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 6.

Patience and sorrow strove,
Who should express her goodliest. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 6.

Ay, every inch a king. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 6.

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination.
Act iv. *Sc.* 6.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 6.

Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 7.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.[1] *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass: he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

OTHELLO.

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

The bookish theoric. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Whip me such honest knaves. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

---

[1] 'scourge us,' Singer.

OTHELLO—*continued.*]

Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,[1]
Would Desdemona seriously incline. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange;
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;

1 'these things to hear,' Singer, Knight.

OTHELLO—*continued.*]

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake;
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

I do perceive here a divided duty. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief.
Act i. *Sc.* 3.

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

I saw Othello's visage in his mind. *Act.* i. *Sc.* 3.

Put money in thy purse. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Framed to make women false. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

For I am nothing, if not critical. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise. *Act.* ii. *Sc.* 1.

She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—
Des. To do what?
Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.
Des. O, most lame and impotent conclusion! *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Egregiously an ass. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Potations pottle deep. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor, lown.[1] *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
From her propriety. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

[1] Though these lines are from an old ballad given in *Percy's Reliques* they are much altered by Shakespeare, and it is his version we sing in the nursery.

OTHELLO—*continued.*]

Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
Cas. Ay, past all surgery. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil! *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

O that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Cas. Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a devil.
Iago. Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.[1] *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly[2] loves!
Act iii. *Sc.* 3.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough. *Act* iii. *Sc* 3.

To be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolved. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I 'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

---

[1] For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.—*Venus and Adonis.*
[2] 'fondly,' White, Knight. 'soundly,' Staunton.

OTHELLO—*continued.*]

I am declined
Into the vale of years. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know 't, and he 's not robb'd at all. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

O, now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

No hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

On horror's head horrors accumulate. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

But this denoted a foregone conclusion. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues! *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

They 'augh that win. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

But yet the pity of it, Iago! O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!
Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

But, alas! to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger [1] at. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

[1] 'slow and moving finger,' Knight, Staunton.

OTHELLO—*continued.*]

O Heaven! that such companions thou 'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

'T is neither here nor there. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

He hath a daily beauty in his life. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

This is the night
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Put out the light, and then—put out the light. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

One entire and perfect chrysolite. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

I have done the State some service, and they know it;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak
Of one that lov'd, not wisely, but too well:
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med'cinable gum. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

'There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

My salad days,
When I was green in judgment. *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

For her own person,
It beggared all description. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 7.

Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA—*continued.*]

He wears the rose
Of youth upon him. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 11.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 4.

Sometime, we see a cloud that 's dragonish,
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 12.

That which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 12.

Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 13.

Mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers. *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

CYMBELINE.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,[1]
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Some griefs are med'cinable. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth,
Finds the down pillow hard. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 6.

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

---

[1] None but the lark so shrill and clear!
Now at Heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.

John Lylye, *Alexander and Campaspe*, *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

PERICLES.

3 *Fish.* Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.
1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones.
Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

POEMS.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.
Venus and Adonis. Line 145.

For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
Lucrece. Line 1006.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together. *The Passionate Pilgrim*, viii.

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught? *Ibid.* xiv.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,[1] *Ibid.* xv.

She in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime. *Sonnet* iii.

And stretched metre of an antique song. *Sonnet* xvii.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade. *Sonnet* xviii.

The painful warrior, famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the books of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd. *Sonnet* xxv

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past. *Sonnet* xxx.

Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet. *Sonnet* lii.

And art made tongue-tied by authority. *Sonnet* lxvi.

And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill. *Ibid.*

The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air. *Sonnet* lxx.

Do not drop in for an after-loss.
Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow. *Sonnet* xc.

---

[1] See Barnfield, p. 84

POEMS—*continued.*]

When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything. *Sonnet* xcviii.

And beauty, making beautiful old rhyme. *Sonnet* cvi.

My nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand. *Sonnet* cxi.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments: love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds. *Sonnet* cxvi.

That full star that ushers in the even. *Sonnet* cxxxii.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
A Lover's Complaint, St. xlii.

—□—

FRANCIS BACON. 1561—1626.

WORKS (*Ed. Spedding and Ellis*).

Come home to men's business and bosoms.
Dedication to the Essays. Ed. 1625.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth. *Essay* i. *Of Truth.*

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion. *Essay* xvi. *Atheism.*

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.
Essay viii. *Of Marriage and Single Life.*

Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest.[1] *Essay* xix. *Empire.*

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. *Essay* l. *Of Studies.*

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. *Ibid.*

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. *Ibid.*

[1] Cf. Shelley, *Hellas.*

I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavour themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto. *Maxims of the Law. Preface.*

Knowledge is power.—*Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est.*[1]
Meditationes Sacræ. De Hæresibus.

When you wander, as you often delight to do, you wander indeed, and give never such satisfaction as the curious time requires. This is not caused by any natural defect, but first for want of election, when you, having a large and fruitful mind, should not so much labour what to speak, as to find what to leave unspoken. Rich soils are often to be weeded.
Letter of Expostulation to Coke.

My Lord St. Albans said that nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high, and therefore that exceeding tall men had ever very empty heads.[2] *Apothegm, No. 17.*

"Antiquitas sæculi juventus mundi." These times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient, and not those which we account ancient *ordine retrogrado*, by a computation backward from ourselves.[3]
Advancement of Learning. Book i. (1605).

It [Poesy] was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shews of things to the desires of the mind. *Ibid. Book* ii.

---

[1] A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength.—*Prov.* xxiv. 5.

[2] Cf. Fuller, p. 125.

[3] As in the little, so in the great world, reason will tell you that old age or antiquity is to be accounted by the farther distance from the beginning and the nearer approach to the end. The times wherein we now live being in propriety of speech the most ancient since the world's creation.—George Hakewill, *An Apologie or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World.* London, 1627.

For as old age is that period of life most remote from infancy, who does not see that old age in this universal man ought not to be sought in the times nearest his birth, but in those most remote from it?—Pascal, *Preface to the Treatise on Vacuum.*

We are Ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times.
Tennyson, *The Day Dream.* (*L'Envoi.*)

It is worthy of remark that a thought which is often quoted from Francis Bacon occurs in [Giordano] Bruno's *Cena di Cenere*, published in 1584; I mean the notion that the later times are more aged than the earlier.—Whewell, *Philos. of the Inductive Sciences, Vol.* ii. *p.* 198, London, 1847.

ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING—*continued.*]

The sun, which passeth through pollutions and itself remains as pure as before.[1] *Ibid. Book* ii.

For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next ages. *From his Will.*

—□—

RICHARD ALLISON.

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow:
There cherries grow that none may buy
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.
From *An Howres Recreation in Musike*, 1606.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow. *Ibid.*

—□—

GEORGE PEELE. 1552—1598.

His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
O time too swift! O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurn'd in vaine; youth waneth by encreasing.
Sonnet ad fin. Polyhymnia.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lovers' songs be turn'd to holy psalms;
A man at arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms. *Ibid.*

---

[1] The sun, though it passes through dirty places, yet remains as pure as before.—*Adv. of Learning, ed. Dewey.*

Spiritalis enim virtus sacramenti ita est ut lux: etsi per immundos transeat, non inquinatur.—St. Augustine, *Works, Vol.* 3, *In Johannis Evang., Cap.* 1. *Tr.* v. § 15.

The sun reflecting upon the mud of strands and shores is unpolluted in his beam.—Taylor, *Holy Living, Ch.* i. *Sect.* 3.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam. —Milton, *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

My merry, merry, merry roundelay
Concludes with Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods, they change for worse!

Cupid's Curse,
From the *Arraignment of Paris.*

—□—

JOHN HEYWOOD. ——–1565.

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
As sages in all times assert;
The happy man 's without a shirt. *Be Merry Friends.*

Let the world slide, let the world go:
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
If I can't pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal the high and low. *Ibid.*

—□—

SIR HENRY WOTTON. 1568—1639.

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

The Character of a Happy Life.

And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend. *Ibid.*

Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all. *Ibid.*

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies;
What are you when the moon[1] shall rise?

To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.

I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff.

Preface to the Elements of Architecture.

Hanging was the worst use man could be put to.

The Disparity between Buckingham and Essex.

[1] "sun" in *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, Eds.* 1651, 1672, 1685.

WOTTON—*continued.*]

An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth.[1]

The itch of disputing will prove the scab of churches.[2]

A Panegyric to King Charles.

—□—

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON. 1561—1612.

Treason doth never prosper, what 's the reason?
Why if it prosper, none dare call it treason.[3]

Epigrams. Book iv. *Ep.* 5.

—□—

SAMUEL DANIEL. 1562—1619.

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

To the Countess of Cumberland. Stanza 12.

—□—

MICHAEL DRAYTON. 1563—1631.

For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

(Of Marlowe.) *To Henry Reynolds, of Poets and Poesy.*

—□—

RICHARD BARNFIELD. (*Born circa* 1570.)

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made.

Address to the Nightingale.

---

[1] In a letter to Velserus, 1612, Wotton says, "This merry definition of an Ambassador I had chanced to set down at my friend's Mr. Christopher Fleckamore, in his Album."

[2] In his will, he directed the stone over his grave to be thus inscribed :—

Hic jacet hujus sententiæ primus author :
DISPUTANDI PRURITUS ECCLESIARUM SCABIES.
Nomen alias quære.

Walton's *Life of Wotton.*

[3] Prosperum ac felix scelus
Virtus vocatur.

Seneca, *Herc. Furens*, 2, 250.

This song, often attributed to Shakespeare, is now confidently assigned to Barnfield; it is found in his collection of Poems in *Divers Humours*, published in 1598.

DR. JOHN DONNE. 1573—1631.

He was the Word, that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.

Divine Poems. On the Sacrament.

We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought.

Funeral Elegies. On the Death of Mistress Drury.

She and comparisons are odious.[1]

Elegy 8. *The Comparison.*

BEN JONSON. 1574—1637.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.[2] *The Forest. To Celia.*

Still to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to a feast.[3]

The Silent Woman. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace.
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart. *Ibid.*

In small proportion we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Good Life, Long Life.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live. *Epitaph on Elizabeth.*

---

[1] Cf. Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy, Pt.* iii. *Sc.* 3. *Mem.* 1. *Subs.* 2. Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

[2] Ἐμοὶ δὲ μόνοις πρόπινε τοῖς ὄμμασιν. . . . . Εἰ δὲ βούλει, τοῖς χείλεσι προσφέρουσα, πλήρου φιλημάτων τὸ ἔκπωμα, καὶ ὁ τὰς δίδου. Philostratus, *Letter* xxiv.

[3] A true translation from Bonnefonius.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.[1]

Soul of the age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room.[2]

To the Memory of Shakespeare.

Small Latin, and less Greek. *Ibid.*

He was not of an age, but for all time. *Ibid.*

Sweet swan of Avon! *Ibid.*

Get money; still get money, boy;
No matter by what means.[3]

Every Man in his Humour. Act ii. *Sc.* 3.

—□—

CYRIL TOURNEUR.

A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.

The Revenger's Tragedy. Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

—□—

BISHOP HALL. 1574—1656.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues. *Christian Moderation. Introduc.*

Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grave.[4]

Epistles. Dec. iii. *Ep.* 2.

---

[1] In a manuscript collection of Browne's poems preserved amongst the Lansdowne MSS., in the British Museum, this epitaph is ascribed to Browne (1590—1645).

[2] Cf. Basse, p. 125.

[3] Cf. Pope, *Horace, Book* i. *Ep.* 1, *Line* 103.

[4] Cf. Young, *Night Thoughts, N.* 5, *Line* 719.

PHILIP MASSINGER. 1584—1640.

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of it; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn.

A New Way to pay Old Debts. Act v. *Sc.* 1.

This many-headed monster.[1]

The Roman Actor. Act iii. *Sc.* 2.

Grim death.[2] *Ibid. Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

—□—

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY. 1581—1613.

In part to blame is she,
Which hath without consent bin only tride:
He comes to neere that comes to be denide.[3]

A Wife. St. 36.

—□—

JOHN FLETCHER. 1576—1625.

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate.
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

Upon an "Honest Man's Fortune."

All things that are
Made for our general uses are at war,—
Even we among ourselves. *Ibid.*

Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest is the only perfect man. *Ibid.*

And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf still in October.[4]

Rollo, Duke of Normandy. Act ii. *Sc.* 2.

---

1 Cf. Pope, *Satires, Book* ii. *Ep.* 1, *Line* 304.
2 Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost, Book* ii. *Line* 804.
3 Cf. Montague, *post.*
4 The following well-known catch, or glee, is formed on this song:—
He who goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;
But he who goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow.

ROLLO, DUKE OF NORMANDY—*continued.*]

Three merry boys, and three merry boys,
And three merry boys are we,
As ever did sing in a hempen string
Under the gallows-tree. *Ibid. Act.* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There 's naught in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy;
O sweetest Melancholy!
The Nice Valour. Act iii. *Sc.* 3.

Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves! *Ibid.*

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that 's gone:
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.[1]
The Queen of Corinth. Act iii. *Sc.* 2.

—□—

FRANCIS BEAUMONT. 1586—1616.

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life. *Letter to Ben Jonson.*

—□—

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

A soul as white as heaven. *The Maid's Tragedy. Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

There is a method in man's wickedness,
It grows up by degrees.[2] *A King and no King. Act* v. *Sc.* 4.

---

[1] Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.
Percy's Reliques, The Friar of Orders Gray.

[2] Nemo repente venit turpissimus.—Juvenal, ii. 83.

Calamity is man's true touchstone.[1]
Four Plays in One. The Triumph of Honour. Sc. 1.

The fit 's upon me now!
Come quickly, gentle lady:
The fit 's upon me now!
Wit without Money. Act v. *Sc.* 3.

Of all the paths lead to a woman's love
Pity 's the straightest.[2] *The Knight of Malta. Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

What 's one man's poison, signor,
Is another's meat or drink. *Love's Cure. Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness;
To which I leave him. *The False One. Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger.
The Two Noble Kinsmen. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that healest with blood
The earth when it is sick, and curest the world
O' the plurisy of people. *Ibid. Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

—□—

RICHARD TARLTON. —— —1588.

The King of France, with forty thousand men,
Went up a hill, and so came down agen.
From the Pigges Corantoe, 1642.

—□—

THOMAS CAREW. 1589—1639.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away. *Disdain Returned.*

Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer Love, that run away. *Conquest by Flight.*

---

[1] Ignis aurum probat, miseria fortes viros.—Seneca, *De Prov.* v. 9.
[2] Cf. Southerne, *post.*

GEORGE WITHER. 1588—1667.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman 's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

The Shepherd's Resolution.

Jack shall pipe, and Gill shall dance. *Poem on Christmas.*

Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let 's be merry. *Ibid.*

Though I am young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit. *The Shepherd's Hunting.*

And I oft have heard defended
Little said is soonest mended. *Ibid.*

—□—

THOMAS HOBBES. 1588—1679.

For words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools. *The Leviathan. Part* i. *Ch.* 4.

And the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.

Ibid. Ch. 13.

—□—

JOHN SELDEN. 1584—1654.

Equity is a roguish thing: for law we have a measure, know what to trust to; equity is according to the conscience of him that is Chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity. 'T is all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we call a foot a Chancellor's foot; what an uncertain measure would this be? One Chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot. 'T is the same in the Chancellor's conscience. *Table Talk. Equity.*

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet. *Friends.*

Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide. *Judgments.*

No man is the wiser for his learning . . . . wit and wisdom are born with a man. *Learning.*

Take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is. *Libels.*

Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the world.[1] *Pope.*

Syllables govern the world. *Power.*

—□—

IZAAK WALTON. 1593—1683.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER.

Of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge. *The Author's Preface.*

I am, Sir, a Brother of the Angle. *Part* i. *Ch* 1.

Angling is somewhat like Poetry, men are to be born so.
Part i. *Ch.* 1.

Old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good. *Part* i. *Ch.* 4.

We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler[2] said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did": and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling. *Part* i. *Ch.* 5.

Thus use your frog: put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and in so doing use him as though you loved him. *Part* i. *Ch.* 8.

This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men.
Part i. *Ch.* 8.

All that are lovers of virtue, ... be quiet, and go a-Angling.
Part i. *Ch.* 21.

—□—

FRANCIS QUARLES. 1592—1644.

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day
Whose conquering ray
May chase these fogs;
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day;
Light will repay
The wrongs of night;
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day!
Emblems, Book i. 14.

---

[1] Behold, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed. Oxenstiern (1583—1654).

[2] William Butler, styled by Dr. Fuller in his *Worthies* (Suffolk) the "Æsculapius of the Age."

EMBLEMS—*continued.*]

Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise. *Ibid. Book* ii. 2.

This house is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears;
Cupid 't has long stood void; her bills make known,
She must be dearly let, or let alone. *Ibid. Book* ii. 10, *Ep.* 10.

The slender debt to nature 's quickly paid,
Discharged, perchance, with greater ease than made.
Ibid. Book ii. 13.

The next way home 's the farthest way about.
Ibid. Book iv. 2, *Ep.* 2.

—□—

GEORGE HERBERT. 1593—1632.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky. *Virtue*

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie. *Ibid.*

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives. *Ibid.*

Like summer friends,
Flies of estate and sunnenshine. *The Answer.*

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
Makes that and the action fine. *The Elixir.*

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice. *The Church Porch.*

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.[1] *Ibid.*

The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth Pa-ti-ence. *Ibid.*

Bibles laid open, millions of surprises. *Sin.*

Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him. *Man.*

If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast. *The Pulley.*

Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it? *The Size.*

[1] Cf. Watts, *post.*

Do well and right, and let the world sink.[1] *Country Parson. Ch.* 29.

His bark is worse than his bite.
After death the doctor.
Hell is full of good meanings and wishes.
No sooner is a temple built to God, but the devil builds a chapel hard by.
Comparisons are odious.
God's mill grinds slow but sure.
It is a poor sport that is not worth the candle.
To a close-shorn sheep, God gives wind by measure.
Help thyself, and God will help thee. *Jacula Prudentum.*

—□—

MARTYN PARKER.

Ye gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.

—□—

SIR JOHN SUCKLING. 1609—1641.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight. *Ballad upon a Wedding.*

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared with that was next her chin;
Some bee had stung it newly. *Ibid.*

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale? *Song.*

'T is expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.
Against Fruition.

[1] Ruat cœlum, fiat voluntas tua.—Sir T. Browne, *Relig. Med. P.* 2, *Sec.* xi.

She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on. *Brennoralt. Act* ii.

Her face is like the milky way i' the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name. *Ibid. Act* iii.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.[1] *The Goblins.*

—□—

ROBERT HERRICK. 1591—1674.

Some asked me where the Rubies grew,
And nothing I did say;
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.
The Rock of Rubies, and the Quarrie of Pearls.

Some asked how Pearls did grow, and where?
Then spoke I to my Girl,
To part her lips, and showed them there
The quarelets of Pearl. *Ibid.*

Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep
A little out, and then,[2]
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again. *On Her Feet.*

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower, that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.[3]
To the Virgins to make much of Time.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting-stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.
Night Piece to Julia.

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones,—come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer, there,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There 's the land, or cherry-isle. *Cherry Ripe.*

---

[1] Shakespeare, *King Lear, Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.
[2] Cf. Suckling, p. 93.
[3] Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds, before they be withered.—*Wisdom of Solomon*, ii. 8.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers,
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers.
To Music, to becalm his Fever.

Fair daffadills, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon. *To Daffadills.*

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness. *Delight in Disorder.*

A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat,—
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility,—
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part. *Ibid.*

Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave. *Sorrows Succeed.*

You say to me-wards your affection 's strong;
Pray love me little, so you love me long.[1]
Love me little, love me long.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing 's so hard but search will find it out.[2]
Seek and Find.

—□—

JAMES SHIRLEY. 1596—1666.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings.
Contention of Ajax and Ulysses, Sc. iii.

Only the actions of the just[3]
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.[4] *Ibid.*

Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.
The Last Conqueror. Stanza 1.

[1] Love me little, love me long.—Marlowe, *The Jew of Malta, Act* iv. *Sc.* 5.

[2] Nil tam difficile est quin quærendo investigari possit.—Terence, *Heauton Timorumenos*, iv. 2, 8.

[3] The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
Psalm xci. 4. *Common Prayer.*

[4] 'their dust.' Works, ed. Dyce, *Vol.* vi.

JOHN KEPLER. 1571—1630.

It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer. From *Brewster's Martyrs of Science, p.* 197.

—□—

RICHARD LOVELACE. 1618—1658.

Oh! could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And music of her face,[1]
You 'd drop a tear;
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye,
Than now you hear. *Orpheus to Beasts.*

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.
To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.

When flowing cups pass swiftly round
With no allaying Thames.[2]
To Althea from Prison, ii.

Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty. *Ibid.*

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty. *Ibid.* iv.

—□—

JOHN WEBSTER. ——— —1638.

'T is just like a summer bird-cage in a garden; the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair and are in a consumption, for fear they shall never get out.[3]
The White Devil. Act i. *Sc.* 2.

---

[1] There is music in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument.—Sir Thomas Browne, *Relig. Med. Part* 2.
Cf. Byron, *Bride of Abydos, Canto* i. *St.* 6.

[2] A cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in 't.—Shakespeare, *Coriolanus, Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

[3] Le mariage est comme une forteresse assiégée; ceux qui sont dehors

THE WHITE DEVIL—*continued.*]

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men. *Ibid. Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But look'd to near have neither heat nor light.
Ibid. Act iv. *Sc.* 4.

—□—

RICHARD CRASHAW. *Circa* 1616—1650.

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.[1]
Translation of Epigram on John ii.

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me.
Wishes to his Supposed Mistress.

Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny. *Ibid.*

Days that need borrow
No part of their good morrow,
From a fore-spent night of sorrow. *Ibid.*

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend! *Ibid.*

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers. *Ibid.*

---

veulent y entrer, et ceux qui sont dedans veulent en sortir.—Un proverbe Arabe. Quitard, *Etudes sur les Proverbes Français, p.* 102.

It happens as with cages: the birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out.—Montaigne, *Essays, Ch.* v. *Vol.* iii.

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout,
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.
Sir John Davis, *Contention betwixt a Wife, a Widow, and a Maid.* (From Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, Lond. 1826.)

Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in?—Emerson, *Representative Men: Montaigne.*

[1] Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.
Epig. Sacra. Aquæ in vinum versæ, p. 299.

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.
In Praise of Lessius's Rule of Health.

The modest front of this small floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can,—
"Here lies a truly honest man!" *Epitaph upon Mr. Ashton.*

—□—

THOMAS HEYWOOD. ——?—1649.

The world 's a theatre, the earth a stage
Which God and nature do with actors fill.
Apology for Actors. 1612.

Seven cities warr'd for Homer being dead;
Who living had no roofe to shrowd his head.[1]
The Hierarchie of the blessed Angells. Lond. 1635, *p.* 207.

—□—

SIR JOHN DENHAM. 1615—1668.

Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold;
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search out his bottom, but survey his shore.
Cooper's Hill, Line 165.

O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full. *Line* 189.

Actions of the last age are like almanacs of the last year.
The Sophy. A Tragedy.

But whither am I strayed? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built;
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
Of Eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.[2]
On Mr. John Fletcher's Works.

---

[1] Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread. *Anon.*

[2] Poets are sultans, if they had their will;
For every author would his brother kill.
Orrery, "in one of his Prologues," says Johnson.
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear like the Turk, no brother near the throne.
Pope, *Prologue to the Satires, Line* 197.

THOMAS DEKKER. ——–1641.

And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There 's a lean fellow beats all conquerors. *Old Fortunatus.*

The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit.
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.[1]
The Honest Whore. Part i. *Act* i. *Sc.* 12.

We are ne'er like angels till our passion dies.
Ibid. Part ii. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

To add to golden numbers, golden numbers.
Patient Grissell. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Honest labour bears a lovely face. *Ibid.*

—□—

ABRAHAM COWLEY. 1618—1667.

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own? *The Motto.*

His time is for ever, everywhere his place.
Friendship in Absence.

We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry;
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.
On the Death of Mr. William Harvey.

His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his *life*, I 'm sure, was in the right.[2]
On the Death of Crashaw.

We grieved, we sighed, we wept: we never blushed before.
Discourse concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
From Anacreon. Drinking.

Why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why? *Ibid.*

---

[1] Of the offspring of the gentilman Jafeth, come Habraham, Moyses, Aron, and the profettys; and also the Kyng of the right lyne of Mary, of whom that gentilman Jhesus was borne.—Juliana Berners, *Heraldic Blazonry.*

[2] Cf. Pope, *Essay on Man*, *Ep.* iii, *Line* 306.

Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barb'rous skill;
'T is like the poisoning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill. *The Waiting Maid.*

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal now does always last.[1] *Davideis. Vol.* i. *Book* 1.

The monster London . . . .
. . . . . .
Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington will grow,
A solitude almost. *Of Solitude.*

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.[2]
The Garden. Essay v.

Hence ye profane, I hate ye all,
Both the great vulgar and the small. *Horace. Book* iii. *Ode* 1.

—□—

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT. 1605—1668.

Th' assembled souls of all that men held wise.
Gondibert. Book ii. *Canto* v. *St.* 37.

—□—

EDMUND WALLER. 1605—1687.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,[3]
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Verses upon his Divine Poesy.

Under the tropic is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.
Upon the Death of the Lord Protector.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair:
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round. *On a Girdle.*

[1] One of our poets (which is it?) speaks of an *everlasting now*.—Southey, *The Doctor, p.* 63.

[2] Cf. Cowper, *post.*

[3] Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.—Fuller, *The Holy and the Profane State, Book* i. *Ch.* ii.

How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair! *Go, lovely rose.*

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.[1]
To a Lady singing a Song of his Composing.

The yielding marble of her snowy breast.
On a Lady passing through a Crowd of People.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a muse. *Panegyric on Cromwell.*

For all we know
Of what the blessed do above
Is, that they sing and that they love.
While I listen to thy voice.

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.
Upon Roscommon's Trans. of Horace, De Arte Poetica.

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above. *Divine Love. Canto* iii.

—□—

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE. 1612—1650.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all. *My Dear and only Love.*[2]

I 'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword. *Ibid.*

—□—

JOHN MILTON. 1608—1674.

PARADISE LOST.

Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe. *Book* i. *Line* 1.

---

[1] Cf. Byron, *post.*

[2] From Napier's *Mem. of Montrose, Vol.* i. *App.* xxxiv.

That puts it not unto the touch,
To win or lose it all.

From Napier's *Montrose and the Covenanters, Vol.* ii. *p.* 566.

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

Or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God. *Book* i. *Line* 10.

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme. *Book* i. *Line* 16.

What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men. *Book* i. *Line* 22.

As far as Angel's ken. *Book* i. *Line* 59.

Yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible. *Book* i. *Line* 62.

Where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
That comes to all. *Book* i. *Line* 65.

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield. *Book* i. *Line* 105.

To be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering. *Book* i. *Line* 157.

And out of good still to find means of evil. *Book* i. *Line* 165.

Farewell happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells: hail, horrors; hail.
Book i. *Line* 249.

A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
Book i. *Line* 253.

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven. *Book* i. *Line* 261.

Heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle. *Book* i. *Line* 275.

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle. *Book* i. *Line* 292.

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd imbower. *Book* i. *Line* 302.

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen! *Book* i. *Line* 330.

Spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both. *Book* i. *Line* 423.

Execute their airy purposes. *Book* i. *Line* 430.

When night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine. *Book* i. *Line* 500.

Th' imperial ensign, which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind. *Book* i. *Line* 536.

Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night. *Book* i. *Line* 540.

In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders. *Book* i. *Line* 550.

His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruined, and th' excess
Of glory obscured. *Book* i. *Line* 591.

In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. *Book* i. *Line* 597.

Thrice he assayed, and thrice in spite of scorn
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth. *Book* i. *Line* 619.

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe. *Book* i. *Line* 648.

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for ev'n in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific. *Book* i. *Line* 679.

Let none admire
That riches grow in hell: that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. *Book* i. *Line* 690.

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose, like an exhalation. *Book* i. *Line* 710.

From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star. *Book* i. *Line* 742.

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

Faëry elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress. *Book* i. *Line* 781.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence. *Book* ii. *Line* 1.

Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us. *Book* ii. *Line* 39.

The strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair.
Book ii. *Line* 44.

Rather than be less,
Cared not to be at all. *Book* ii. *Line* 47.

My sentence is for open war. *Book* ii. *Line* 51.

That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. *Book* ii. *Line* 75.

When the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance. *Book* ii. *Line* 90.

Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.[1] *Book* ii. *Line* 105.

But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels. *Book* ii. *Line* 112.

Th' ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair. *Book* ii. *Line* 139.

For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night? *Book* ii. *Line* 146.

His red right hand. *Book* ii. *Line* 175.

[1] Rubente dextera.—Horace, *Od.* i. ii. 2.

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved. *Book* ii. *Line* 185.

The never-ending flight
Of future days. *Book* ii. *Line* 221.

Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements. *Book* ii. *Line* 274.

With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic though in ruin. Sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air. *Book* ii. *Line* 300.

The palpable obscure. *Book* ii. *Line* 406.

Long is the way
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light.
Book ii. *Line* 432.

Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. *Book* ii. *Line* 476.

The lowering element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape. *Book* ii. *Line* 490.

Oh, shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational. *Book* ii. *Line* 496.

In discourse more sweet,
For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
Book ii. *Line* 555.

Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy. *Book* ii. *Line* 565.

Arm the obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel. *Book* ii. *Line* 568

A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog,
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire.

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

Thither by harpy-footed Furies hal'd
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire. *Book* ii. *Line* 592.

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death.
Book ii. *Line* 620.

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire. *Book* ii. *Line* 628.

The other shape—
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either—black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart. *Book* ii. *Line* 665.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?
Book ii. *Line* 681.

Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings. *Book* ii. *Line* 699.

So spake the grisly terror. *Book* ii. *Line* 704.

Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. *Book* ii. *Line* 707.

Their fatal hands
No second stroke intend. *Book* ii. *Line* 712.

Hell
Grew darker at their frown. *Book* ii. *Line* 719.

I fled, and cried out DEATH!
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded DEATH.
Book ii. *Line* 787.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe. *Book* ii. *Line* 803.

Death
Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be filled. *Book* ii. *Line* 845.

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder. *Book* ii. *Line* 879.

Where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand:
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery. *Book* ii. *Line* 894.

Into this wild abyss,
The womb of Nature and perhaps her grave.
Book ii. *Line* 910.

O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
Book ii. *Line* 948.

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded. *Book* ii. *Line* 995.

So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he. *Book* ii. *Line* 1021.

And fast by, hanging in a golden chain
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon. *Book* ii. *Line* 1051.

Hail, holy light! offspring of heaven first-born.
Book iii. *Line* 1.

The rising world of waters dark and deep. *Book* iii. *Line* 11.

Thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers. *Book* iii. *Line* 37.

Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flock, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. *Book* iii. *Line* 48.

Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall. *Book* iii. *Line* 99.

Dark with excessive bright. *Book* iii. *Line* 380.

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

Eremites and friars,
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.
Book iii. *Line* 474.

Since called
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown. *Book* iii. *Line* 495.

And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems. *Book* iii. *Line* 686.

The hell within him. *Book* iv. *Line* 20.

Now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be. *Book* iv. *Line* 23.

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads. *Book* iv. *Line* 34.

A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd. *Book* iv. *Line* 55.

Which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven. *Book* iv. *Line* 73.

Such joy ambition finds. *Book* iv. *Line* 92.

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost.
Evil, be thou my good. *Book* iv. *Line* 108.

That practis'd falsehood under saintly shew,
Deep malice to conceal couch'd with revenge.
Book iv. *Line* 122.

Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Arabie the blest. *Book* iv. *Line* 162.

And on the Tree of Life
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant. *Book* iv. *Line* 194.

A heaven on earth. *Book* iv. *Line* 208.

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Book iv. *Line* 256.

For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad.
Book iv. *Line* 297.

Implied
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay. *Book* iv. *Line* 307.

Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve. *Book* iv. *Line* 323.

And with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
Book iv. *Line* 393.

As Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers. *Book* iv. *Line* 499.

Imparadis'd in one another's arms. *Book* iv. *Line* 505.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompany'd; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw. *Book* iv. *Line* 598.

The timely dew of sleep. *Book* iv. *Line* 614.

With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night
With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn when she ascends

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring starlight, without thee is sweet. *Book* iv. *Line* 639.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.
Book iv. *Line* 677.

Eas'd the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear.
Book iv. *Line* 739.

Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring. *Book* iv. *Line* 750.

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve. *Book* iv. *Line* 800.

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper. *Book* iv. *Line* 810.

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng. *Book* iv. *Line* 830.

Abash'd the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely. *Book* iv. *Line* 846.

All hell broke loose. *Book* iv. *Line* 918.

Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd. *Book* iv. *Line* 987.

The starry cope
Of heaven. *Book* iv. *Line* 992

Fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.
Book v. *Line* 1014.

Now morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep
Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred. *Book* v. *Line* 3.

Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces. *Book* v. *Line* 13.

My latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight. *Book* v. *Line* 18.

Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows. *Book* v. *Line* 71.

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Book v. *Line* 153.

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn. *Book* v. *Line* 166.

A wilderness of sweets. *Book* v. *Line* 294.

Another morn
Risen on mid-noon. *Book* v. *Line* 310.

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent. *Book* v. *Line* 331.

Nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell. *Book* v. *Line* 449.

The bright consummate flower. *Book* v. *Line* 481.

Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers.
Book v. *Line* 601.

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy. *Book* v. *Line* 637.

Satan; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heaven. *Book* v. *Line* 658.

Midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence. *Book* v. *Line* 667.

Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower. *Book* v. *Line* 745.

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he. *Book* v. *Line* 896.

Morn,
Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. *Book* vi. *Line* 2.

Servant of God, well done. *Book* vi. *Line* 29.

Arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict. *Book* vi. *Line* 209.

Far off his coming shone. *Book* vi. *Line* 768.

More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues.
Book vii. *Line* 24.

Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few. *Book* vii. *Line* 30.

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

Heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving. *Book* vii. *Line* 205.

Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light. *Book* vii. *Line* 364.

Now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts. *Book* vii. *Line* 463.

Indued
With sanctity of reason. *Book* vii. *Line* 507.

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear.
Book viii. *Line* 1.

And grace that won who saw to wish her stay.
Book viii. *Line* 43.

And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
Book viii. *Line* 47.

With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb. *Book* viii. *Line* 83.

To know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom. *Book* viii. *Line* 192.

Liquid lapse of murmuring streams. *Book* viii. *Line* 263.

And feel that I am happier than I know. *Book* viii. *Line* 282.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love. *Book* viii. *Line* 488.

Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unsought be won.
Book viii. *Line* 502.

She what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
I led her, blushing like the morn: all heaven,
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub.
Book viii. *Line* 508.

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

So well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
Book viii. *Line* 548.

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine. *Book* viii. *Line* 561.

Those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
From all her words and actions. *Book* viii. *Line* 600.

To whom the angel with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue. *Book* viii. *Line* 618.

My unpremeditated verse. *Book* ix. *Line* 23.

Pleas'd me, long choosing and beginning late.
Book ix. *Line* 26.

Unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing. *Book* ix. *Line* 44.

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils. *Book* ix. *Line* 171.

The work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint. *Book* ix. *Line* 208.

Smiles from reason flow,
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food. *Book* ix. *Line* 239.

For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return. *Book* ix. *Line* 249.

At shut of evening flowers. *Book* ix. *Line* 278.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air.
Book ix. *Line* 445.

So glozed the tempter. *Book* ix. *Line* 549.

Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest. *Book* ix. *Line* 633.

Left that command
Sole daughter of his voice.[1] *Book* ix. *Line* 652.

Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. *Book* ix. *Line* 782.

In her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt. *Book* ix. *Line* 853.

[1] Cf. Wordsworth, *Ode to Duty*, *post*.

PARADISE LOST—*continued.*]

A pillar'd shade
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between.
Book ix. *Line* 1106.

Yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease. *Book* x. *Line* 77.

So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far. *Book* x. *Line* 279.

How gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap! *Book* x. *Line* 775.

Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades?
Book xi. *Line* 269.

Then purged with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see. *Book* xi. *Line* 414.

Moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness. *Book* xi. *Line* 485.

And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invok'd.
Book xi. *Line* 491.

So mayst thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap. *Book* xi. *Line* 535.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well; how long or short permit to heaven.[1]
Book xi. *Line* 553.

A bevy of fair women. *Book* xi. *Line* 582.

Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way. *Book* xii. *Line* 645.

PARADISE REGAINED.

Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive. *Book* ii. *Line* 220.

Rocks whereon greatest men have oftest wreck'd.
Book ii. *Line* 228.

[1] Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.—Martial, *lib.* x. 47; 14.

PARADISE REGAINED—*continued.*]

Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise.
Book iii. *Line* 56.

Elephants endors'd with towers. *Book* iii. *Line* 329.

Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotic isle. *Book* iv. *Line* 70.

Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd.
Book iv. *Line* 76.

The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day.[1] *Book* iv. *Line* 220.

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence. *Book* iv. *Line* 240.

The olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.
Book iv. *Line* 244.

Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne. *Book* iv. *Line* 267.

Socrates . . . .
Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd
Wisest of men. *Book* iv. *Line* 274.

Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself.
Book iv. *Line* 327.

As children gath'ring pebbles on the shore.[2] *Book* iv. *Line* 330.

Till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray.
Book iv. *Line* 426.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon! *Line* 80.

The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave. *Line* 86.

Ran on embattled armies clad in iron. *Line* 129.

Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men;
Unless there be who think not God at all. *Line* 293.

What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe? *Line* 560.

---

[1] Cf. Wordsworth, *post.*

[2] Cf. Newton, p. 140.

SAMSON AGONISTES—*continued.*]

But who is this? what thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger. *Line* 710.

He 's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame? *Line* 1350.

For evil news rides post, while good news baits. *Line* 1538.

And as an evening dragon came,
Assailant on the perched roosts
And nests in order rang'd
Of tame villatic fowl. *Line* 1692.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble. *Line* 1721.

COMUS.

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call Earth. *Line* 5.

That golden key
That opes the palace of eternity. *Line* 13.

The nodding horror of whose shady brows. *Line* 38.

The star that bids the shepherd fold. *Line* 93.

Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity. *Line* 103.

Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice morn, on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep. *Line* 138.

When the gray-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain. *Line* 188.

A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses. *Line* 205.

COMUS—*continued.*]

O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings! *Line* 213.

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night? *Line* 221.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment? *Line* 244.

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled. *Line* 249.

Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul
And lap it in Elysium. *Line* 256.

Such sober certainty of waking bliss. *Line* 263.

I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live
And play i' th' plighted clouds. *Line* 298.

It were a journey like the path to heaven,
To help you find them. *Line* 303.

With thy long-levell'd rule of streaming light. *Line* 340.

Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. *Line* 373.

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun. *Line* 381.

The unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasure. *Line* 398.

'T is chastity, my Brother, chastity:
She that has that is clad in complete steel. *Line* 420.

Some say no evil thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity. *Line* 432.

So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt. *Line* 453.

COMUS—*continued*.]

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;
But musical as is Apollo's lute,[1]
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns. *Line* 476.

Fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance. *Line* 550.

I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death. *Line* 560.

If this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. *Line* 597.

The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon. *Line* 631.

Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off. *Line* 646.

And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons. *Line* 727.

It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence. *Line* 748.

What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn? *Line* 752.

Swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. *Line* 777.

Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence. *Line* 790.

His rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dissevering power. *Line* 816.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair. *Line* 859.

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run. *Line* 1012.

Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her. *Line* 1022.

[1] As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute. *Love's Labour's Lost. Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

LYCIDAS.

I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. *Line* 3.

He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme. *Line* 10.

Without the meed of some melodious tear. *Line* 14.

Under the opening eyelids of the morn. *Line* 26.

The gadding vine. *Line* 40.

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse. *Line* 66.

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair. *Line* 68.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise[1]
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. *Line* 70.

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil. *Line* 78.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse and rigg'd with curses dark. *Line* 100.

The pilot of the Galilean lake. *Line* 109.

Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd wood-bine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears. *Line* 139.

So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky. *Line* 168.

To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new. *Line* 193.

[1] Erant quibus appetentior famæ videretur, quando etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur.—Tacitus, *Histor.* iv. 6.

ARCADES.

Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof. *Line* 88.

L' ALLEGRO.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles. *Line* 25.

Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe. *Line* 31.

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale. *Line* 67.

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes. *Line* 75.

Herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses. *Line* 85.

To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade. *Line* 95.

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale. *Line* 100.

Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men. *Line* 117.

Ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize. *Line* 121.

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild. *Line* 129.

And ever, against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out. *Line* 135.

L' ALLEGRO—*continued.*]

Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony. *Line* 143

IL PENSEROSO.

The gay motes that people the sunbeams. *Line* 8

And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes. *Line* 39.

And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet. *Line* 45.

And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure. *Line* 49.

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy! *Line* 61.

To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud. *Line* 67.

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom. *Line* 79.

Save the cricket on the hearth. *Line* 82.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine. *Line* 97.

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek. *Line* 105.

Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold. *Line* 109.

Where more is meant than meets the ear. *Line* 120.

Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves. *Line* 129

And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light. *Line* 159.

Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain. *Line* 173.

Nor war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around.
Hymn on Christ's Nativity. Line 53.

IL PENSEROSO—*continued.*]

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold. *Line* 135.

Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail. *Line* 172.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell. *Line* 173.

From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent. *Line* 184.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim. *Line* 197.

Under a star-y-pointing pyramid.
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame.
Epitaph on Shakespeare. Line 4.

And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die. *Line* 15.

SONNETS.

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day. *To the Nightingale.*

As ever in my great task-master's eye.
On his being arrived to the Age of Twenty-Three.

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground.
When the Assault was intended to the City.

That old man eloquent. *To the Lady Margaret Ley.*

That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
On the Detraction which followed upon my Writing Certain Treatises.

License they mean when they cry liberty. *On the Same.*

Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war. *To the Lord General Cromwell.*

Thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait. *On his Blindness.*

In mirth, that after no repenting draws. *To Cyriac Skinner.*

SONNETS—*continued.*]

For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains.
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains. *Ibid.*

Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. *To the Same.*

Of which all Europe rings from side to side. *Ibid.*

But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.
On his Deceased Wife.

Have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god of sea.
Translation of Horace. Book i. *Ode* 5.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.
The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.

A poet soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him. *The Reason of Church Government. Book* ii.

By labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die. *Ibid.*

Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies. *Ibid.*

He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem.
Apology for Smectymnuus.

Litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees.
Tractate of Education.

I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but strait conduct ye to a hillside, where I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. *Ibid.*

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth. *Ibid.*

TRACTATE OF EDUCATION—*continued.*]

Enflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages. *Ibid.*

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself. *Areopagitica.*

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. *Ibid.*

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary. *Ibid.*

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam. *Ibid.*

Who ever knew truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter? *Ibid.*

By this time, like one who had set out on his way by night, and travelled through a region of smooth and idle dreams, our history now arrives on the confines, where daylight and truth meet us with a clear dawn, representing to our view, though at far distance, true colours and shapes.

History of England. Book i. *ad fin.*

Men of most renowned virtue have sometimes by transgressing most truly kept the law. *Tetrarchordon.*

For such kind of borrowing as this, if it be not bettered by the borrower, among good authors is accounted Plagiarè.

Iconoclastes, xxiv. *ad fin.*

—□—

THOMAS FULLER. 1608—1661.

THE HOLY AND THE PROFANE STATE.

Ed. Nichols, 1841.

Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.[1] *The Life of Monica.*

But our captain counts the image of God, nevertheless his image, cut in ebony as if done in ivory. *The Good Sea-Captain.*

The lion is not so fierce as painted.[2] *Of Expecting Preferment.*

Their heads sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room. *Of Natural Fools.*

[1] Cf. Waller, p. 100.

[2] The lion is not so fierce as they paint him.—Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

The Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders. *Of Tombs.*

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost. *Of Books.*

They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves, in hope that one will come and cut the halter. *Of Marriage.*

To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul. *The Court Lady.*

Often the cockloft is empty, in those whom Nature hath built many stories high.[1] *Andronicus. Ad. fin.* 1.

—□—

FRANCIS DUC DE ROCHEFOUCAULD. 1613—1680.

Philosophy triumphs easily over past, and over future evils, but present evils triumph over philosophy.[2] *Maxim* 23.

Hypocrisy is a sort of homage that vice pays to virtue. *Maxim* 227.

In the adversity of our best friends we often find something which does not displease us.[3] *Maxim* 245.

—□—

WILLIAM BASSE. 1613—1648.

Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.[4]
On Shakespeare.

—□—

HENRY VAUGHAN. 1621—1695.

I see them walking in an air of glory
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays. *They are all gone.*

---

[1] My Lord St. Albans said that wise nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high, and therefore that exceeding tall men had ever very empty heads.—Bacon, *Apothegm, No.* 17.

[2] This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey.—Goldsmith, *The Good-Natured Man, Act* i.

[3] I am convinced that we have a degree of delight and that no small one in the real misfortunes and pains of others.—Burke, *The Sublime and Beautiful. Pt.* 1, *Sec.* 14, 15.

[4] I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room.
Jonson, *To the Memory of Shakespeare.*

THEY ARE ALL GONE—*continued.*]

Dear beauteous death, the jewel of the just. *Ibid.*

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep. *Ibid.*

—□—

SAMUEL BUTLER. 1600—1680.

HUDIBRAS.

And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick. *Part* i. *Canto* i. *Line* 11.

We grant, altho' he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it. *Part* i. *Canto* i. *Line* 45.

Beside, 't is known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile
Than to a blackbird 't is to whistle. *Part* i. *Canto* i. *Line* 51.

He could distinguish, and divide
A hair, 'twixt south and south-west side. *Part* i. *Canto* i. *Line* 67.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope. *Part* i. *Canto* i. *Line* 81.

For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools. *Part* i. *Canto* i. *Line* 89.

For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale. *Part* i. *Canto* i. *Line* 121.

And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by Algebra. *Part* i. *Canto* i. *Line* 125.

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore. *Part* i. *Canto* i. *Line* 131.

Where entity and quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies fly. *Part* i. *Canto* i. *Line* 145.

He knew what 's what, and that 's as high[1]
As metaphysic wit can fly. *Part* i. *Canto* i. *Line* 149.

Such as take lodgings in a head
That 's to be let unfurnished.[2] *Part* i. *Canto* i. *Line* 161.

'T was Presbyterian true blue. *Part* i. *Canto* i. *Line* 191.

[1] He said he knew what was what. —Skelton, *Why come ye not to Courte? Line* 1106.

[2] Often the cockloft is empty in those whom Nature hath built many stories high.—Fuller, *Holy and Profane State.* Andronicus, *Ad. fin.* 1.

HUDIBRAS—*continued.*]

And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks. *Part* i. *Canto* i. *Line* 199.

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 215.

The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack. *Part* i. *Canto* i. *Line* 359.

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
Part i. *Canto* i. *Line* 463.

And force them, though it were in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write. *Part* i. *Canto* i. *Line* 647.

Quoth Hudibras, "I smell a rat;[1]
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate." *Part* i. *Canto* i. *Line* 821.

Or shear swine, all cry and no wool.[2] *Part* i. *Canto* i. *Line* 852.

With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang. *Part* i. *Canto* ii. *Line* 831.

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.[3] *Part* i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 1.

Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome. *Part* i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 263.

He had got a hurt
O' th' inside of a deadlier sort. *Part* i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 309.

For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least o' th' enemy.[4] *Part* i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 609.

I am not now in fortune's power;
He that is down can fall no lower.[5] *Part* i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 877.

Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers. *Part* i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 1011.

If he that in the field is slain
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle-bed. *Part* i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 1047.

---

[1] See Proverbs, *post.*

[2] And so his Highness schal have thereof, and as had the man that scheryd his Hogge, *moche Crye and no Wull.*—Fortescue (1395—1485), *Treatise on Absolute and Limited Monarchy, Ch.* x.

[3] Ay me, how many perils do enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall.
Spenser, *Faerie Queene, Book* i. *Canto* 8. *St.* 1.

[4] See *Appendix, post: He that fights and runs away.* [5] Cf. Bunyan, p. 137.

HUDIBRAS—*continued.*]

When pious frauds and holy shifts
Are dispensations and gifts. *Part* i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 1145.

Friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the constable at last. *Part* i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 1367.

Some force whole regions, in despite
O' geography, to change their site;
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before, come after;
But those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think 's sufficient at one time. *Part* ii. *Canto* i. *Line* 23.

Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel 's of by th' blow;
Some kick'd until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather. *Part* ii. *Canto* i. *Line* 221.

Quoth she, I 've heard old cunning stagers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers. *Part* ii. *Canto* i. *Line* 297.

For what is worth in anything,
But so much money as 't will bring? *Part* ii. *Canto* i. *Line* 465.

Love is a boy by poets styl'd;
Then spare the rod and spoil the child.[1] *Part* ii. *Canto* i. *Line* 843.

The sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn. *Part* ii. *Canto* ii. *Line* 29.

Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing. *Part* ii. *Canto* ii. *Line* 79.

For truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine. *Part* ii. *Canto* ii. *Line* 257.

He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made? *Part* ii. *Canto* ii. *Line* 377.

As the ancients
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,[2]
And look before you ere you leap;[2]
For as you sow, y' are like to reap.[3] *Part* ii. *Canto* ii. *Line* 501.

---

[1] He that spareth his rod hateth his son.—*Proverbs*, ch. xiii. 24.

[2] See Proverbs, *post.*

[3] Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.—*Galatians*, ch. vi. 7.

Cf. Tusser, *ante*, p. 4.

HUDIBRAS—*continued.*]

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat. *Part* ii. *Canto* iii. *Line* 1.

He made an instrument to know
If the moon shine at full or no. *Part* ii. *Canto* iii. *Line* 261.

Each window like a pill'ry appears,
With heads thrust thro' nailed by the ears.
Part ii. *Canto* iii. *Line* 391.

To swallow gudgeons ere they 're catched,
And count their chickens ere they 're hatched.
Part ii. *Canto* iii. *Line* 923.

There 's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war. *Part* ii. *Canto* iii. *Line* 957.

As quick as lightning in the breech,
Just in the place where honour 's lodged,
As wise philosophers have judged;
Because a kick in that place more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before.
Part ii. *Canto* iii. *Line* 1067.

As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon 't. *Part* iii. *Canto* i. *Line* 481.

Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling. *Part* iii. *Canto* i. *Line* 687.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was proved true before,
Prove false again? Two hundred more.
Part iii. *Canto* i. *Line* 1277.

'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true saint allows
They should be suffer'd to espouse. *Part* iii. *Canto* i. *Line* 1293.

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
Though he gave his name to our old Nick.
Part iii. *Canto* i. *Line* 1313.

With crosses, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;
The tools of working out Salvation
By mere mechanic operation. *Part* iii. *Canto* i. *Line* 1495.

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon. *Part* iii. *Canto* ii. *Line* 175.

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that 's slain.[1] *Part* iii. *Canto* iii. *Line* 243.

[1] See Appendix. *Post: He that fights and runs away.*

HUDIBRAS—*continued.*]

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still. *Part* iii. *Canto* iii. *Line* 547.

With books and money plac'd for show,
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay. *Part* iii. *Canto* iii. *Line* 624.

—□—

ANDREW MARVELL. 1620—1678.

And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time. *Bermudas.*

In busy companies of men. *The Garden.* (Translated.)

Annihilating all that 's made
To a green thought in a green shade. *Ibid.*

The world in all doth but two nations bear,
The good, the bad, and these mixed everywhere.
The Loyal Scot.

The inglorious arts of peace.
Upon Cromwell's return from Ireland.

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene. *Ibid.*

So much one man can do,
That does both act and know. *Ibid.*

—□—

JOHN DRYDEN. 1631—1701.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

None but the brave deserves the fair. *Line* 15.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres. *Line* 37.

Bacchus, ever fair and young. *Line* 54.

Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain. *Line* 58.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
Line 66.

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;

ALEXANDER'S FEAST—*continued.*]

Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes. *Line* 77.

For pity melts the mind to love. *Line* 96.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.
If all the world be worth the winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee. *Line* 97.

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again. *Line* 120.

And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy. *Line* 154.

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire. *Line* 160.

He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down. *Line* 169.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 't was natural to please. *Part* i. *Line* 27.

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.[1] *Part* i. *Line* 156.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.[2] *Part* i. *Line* 163.

And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son. *Part* i. *Line* 169.

Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state. *Part* i. *Line* 174.

And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.[3] *Part* i. *Line* 197.

---

[1] He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to fret a passage through it.—Fuller, *Holy and Profane State. Life of Duke d'Alva.*

[2] Cf. Pope, *Essay on Man, Ep.* 1, *Line* 226.

[3] Greatnesse on goodnesse loves to slide, not stand,
And leaves, for Fortune's ice, Vertue's ferme land.
From *Knolles's History* (under a portrait of Mustapha I.).

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL—*continued.*]

The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream ![1]
Part i. *Line* 238.

Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.[2] *Part* i. *Line* 268.

Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark. *Part* i. *Line* 301.

Not only hating David, but the king. *Part* i. *Line* 512.

Who think too little, and who talk too much. *Part* i. *Line* 534.

A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long.
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.[3] *Part* i. *Line* 545.

So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil. *Part* i. *Line* 557.

His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen. *Part* i. *Line* 645.

Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence. *Part* i. *Line* 868.

Beware the fury of a patient man.[4] *Part* i. *Line* 1005.

Made still a blundering kind of melody;
Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and thin,
Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in.
Part ii. *Line* 413.

For every inch that is not fool is rogue. *Part* ii. *Line* 463

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought. *Line* 84.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise. *Line* 107.

She hugged the offender, and forgave the offence.
Sex to the last.[5] *Line* 367.

---

[1] Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.—*Joel* ii. 28.

[2] Cf. Young, *Night Thoughts*, v. 661.

[3] Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit.
Juvenal, *Sat.* iii. *Line* 76.

[4] Furor fit læsa sæpius patientia.—Publius Syrus.

[5] Cf. Pope, *Eloisa to Abelard*, *Line* 192.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA—*continued.*]

And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
Mouths without hands: maintained at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence;
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand. *Line* 400.

Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day. *Line* 407

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.
Epistle xiii. *Line* 92.

And threatening France, plac'd like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.
Annus Mirabilis. Stanza 39.

Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher that they took,
Friends to congratulate their friends made haste;
And long-inveterate foes saluted as they pass'd.
Threnodia Augustalis. Line 124.

For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.[1]
The Hind and Panther. Line 33.

And kind as kings upon their coronation day. *Ibid. Line* 271.

But Shadwell never deviates into sense. *Mac Flecknoe. Line* 20.

And torture one poor word ten thousand ways. *Ibid. Line* 208.

Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.[2]
Palamon and Arcite. Book ii. *Line* 758.

For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.
The Cock and Fox. Line 452.

And that one hunting, which the Devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.
Theodore and Honoria.

Three Poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;

---

[1] Cf. Pope, *Essay on Man, Ep.* ii. *Line* 217.

[2] Perjuria ridet amantum
Jupiter.
Tibullus, *Lib.* iii. *El.* 7, *Line* 17.
This proverb Dryden repeats in *Amphitryon, Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.[1]
Under Mr. Milton's Picture.

A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.
The Secular Masque. *Line* 40.

Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.
Epistle to Congreve. *Line* 19.

Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend! *Ibid.* *Line* 72.

Happy who in his verse can gently steer,
From grave to light; from pleasant to severe.[2]
The Art of Poetry. *Canto* i. *Line* 75.

Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Elegy on Mrs. Killegrew. *Line* 15.

Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.[3]
Ibid. *Line* 70.

Above any Greek or Roman name.[4]
Upon the Death of Lord Hastings. *Line* 76.

He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.[5]
On the Death of a very Young Gentleman.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.
A Song for St. Cecilia's Day. *Line* 11.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.
Imitation of Horace. *Book* i. *Ode* 29. *Line* 65.

Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.
Ibid. *Line* 71.

---

[1] Græcia Mæonidam, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.
Selvaggi, *Ad Joannem Miltonum.*

[2] Cf. Pope, *Essay on Man*, *Ep.* iv. *Line* 379.

[3] Cf. Pope, *Epitaph on Gay.*

[4] Cf. Pope, *Satires and Epistles*, *Book* ii. *Ep.* 1, *Line* 26.

[5] Cf. Young, *Night Thoughts*, v. *Line* 600.

IMITATION OF HORACE—*continued.*]

I can enjoy her while she 's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes the wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away. *Ibid. Line* 81.

And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm. *Ibid. Line* 87.

Arms and the man I sing, who, forced by fate
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate. *Virgil. Æneid,* I.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
Ovid. Metamorphoses. Book XV. *Line* 155.

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her with a single hair.[1]
Persius. Satire V. *Line* 246.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!
Juvenal. Satire X.

Thespis, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes sung ballads from a cart.
Prologue to Lee's Sophonisba.

Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.
All for Love. Prologue.

Men are but children of a larger growth. *Ibid. Act* IV. *Sc.* 1.

Your ignorance is the mother of your devotion to me.
The Maiden Queen. Act I. *Sc.* 2.

But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.
The Tempest. Prologue.

I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.
The Conquest of Granada. Part I. *Act* I. *Sc.* 1.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.[2]
Ibid. Part II. *Act* I. *Sc.* 2.

What precious drops are those,
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew?
Ibid. Part II. *Act* III. *Sc.* 1.

[1] Cf. Pope, *The Rape of the Lock, Canto* II. *Line* 27.

[2] Quos læserunt et oderunt.—Seneca, *De Ira, Lib.* II. *cap.* XXXIII.
Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem læseris.—Tacitus, *Agricola,* 42, 4.
The offender never pardons.—Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

When I consider life, 't is all a cheat.
Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
To-morrow 's falser than the former day;
Lies worse; and while it says, "We shall be blest
With some new joys," cuts off what we possest.
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
Aureng-zebe. Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

All delays are dangerous in war.[1] *Tyrannic Love. Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are. *Ibid. Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

His hair just grizzled
As in a green old age. *Œdipus. Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long;
Even wondered at, because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more:
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still. *Ibid. Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

She, though in full-blown flower of glorious beauty,
Grows cold, even in the summer of her age.
Ibid. Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

There is a pleasure sure
In being mad which none but madmen know.[2]
The Spanish Friar. Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

This is the porcelain clay of humankind.[3]
Don Sebastian. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.[4] *Ibid. Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

A knock-down argument: 't is but a word and a blow.
Amphitryon. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

The true Amphitryon. *Ibid. Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

The spectacles of books. *Essay on Dramatic Poetry.*

[1] Delays have dangerous ends.—Shakespeare, *King Henry VI. Part* i. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.
[2] Cf. Cowper, *post.*
[3] Cf. Byron, *Don Juan, Canto* iv. *St.* 11.
[4] Cf. Gray, *post.*

STEPHEN HARVEY.

And there 's a lust in man no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing our neighbour's shame;
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.
Juvenal. Satire ix.[1]

—□—

JOHN BUNYAN. 1628—1688.

And so I penned
It down, until at last it came to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.
Apology for His Book.

Some said, "John, print it," others said, "Not so,"
Some said, "It might do good," others said, "No." *Ibid.*

The name of the slough was Despond. *Pilgrim's Progress. Part* i.

It beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where 't is kept is lighter than vanity. *Ibid. Part* i.

Some things are of that nature as to make
One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache.
The Author's Way of sending forth his Second Part of the Pilgrim.

He that is down needs fear no fall.[2] *Ibid. Part* ii

—□—

RICHARD BAXTER. 1615—1691.

I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.
Love breathing Thanks and Praise.

—□—

EARL OF ROSCOMMON. 1633—1684.

Remember Milo's end,
Wedged in that timber which he strove to rend.
Essay on Translated Verse. Line 87.

Choose an author as you choose a friend. *Ibid. Line* 96.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense. *Ibid. Line* 113.

The multitude is always in the wrong. *Ibid. Line* 184.

My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me at my end. *Translation of Dies Iræ.*

---

[1] From Anderson's *British Poets, Vol.* xii. *p.* 697.

[2] He that is down can fall no lower.—Butler, *Hudibras, Part* i. *Canto* iii. *Line* 877.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE. 1616—1740.

Though this may be play to you,
'T is death to us.
Fables from Several Authors. Fable 398.

—□—

JOHN TILLOTSON. 1630—1694.

If God were not a necessary Being of himself, he might almost seem to be made for the use and benefit of men.[1] *Sermon* 93, 1712.

—□—

MATTHEW HENRY. 1662—1714.

To their own second and sober thoughts.[2]
Exposition, Job vi. 29. (London, 1710.)

—□—

SIR JOHN POWELL. —— —1713.

Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason.[3] *Coggs* vs. *Bernard*, 2 *Ld. Raym.* 911.

—□—

RICHARD RUMBOLD. —— —1685.

I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden. *When on the Scaffold* (1685). Macaulay, *Hist. of England.*

—□—

EARL OF ROCHESTER. 1647—1680.

Angels listen when she speaks:
She 's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder. *Song.*

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.
Written on the Bedchamber Door of Charles II.

And ever since the conquest have been fools.
Artemisia in the Town to Chloe in the Country.

---

[1] Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudroit l'inventer.—Voltaire, *A l'Auteur du livre des trois imposteurs, Epit.* cxi.

[2] I consider biennial elections as a security that the sober, second thought of the people shall be law.—Fisher Ames, *Speech on Biennial Elections*, 1788.

[3] Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason. . . . . The law, which is perfection of reason.—Coke, *Institute, Book* i. *Fol.* 976.

For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,
The best good man with the worst-natured muse.
An Allusion to Satire x. *Horace. Book* i.

A merry monarch, scandalous and poor. *On the King.*

—□—

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY. 1639—1701.

When change itself can give no more,
'T is easy to be true. *Reasons for Constancy.*

—□—

SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. 1649—1720.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well. *Essay on Poetry.*

There 's no such thing in nature, and you 'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw. *Ibid.*

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor;
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need. *Ibid.*

—□—

HENRY ALDRICH. 1647—1710.

If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why men drink:
Good wine, a friend, because I 'm dry,
Or least I should be by and by,
Or any other reason why.[1] *Biog. Britannica. Vol.* i. *p.* 131.

—□—

THOMAS OTWAY. 1651—1685.

O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There 's in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.
Venice Preserved. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

---

[1] These lines are a translation of a Latin epigram (erroneously ascribed to Aldrich in the Biog. Brit.) which Menage and De la Monnoye attribute to Père Sirmond.

Si bene commemini, causæ sunt quinque bibendi;
Hospitis adventus; præsens sitis atque futura;
Et vini bonitas, et quælibet altera causa.
Menagiana, Vol. i. *p.* 172.

VENICE PRESERVED—*continued.*]

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life;
Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness o'er thee.[1]
Ibid. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was 't betray'd the Capitol? A woman!
Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!
The Orphan. Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

—□—

ANDREW FLETCHER OF SALTOUN. 1653—1716.

I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation. *Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earl of Rothes, etc.*

—□—

ISAAC NEWTON. 1642—1727.

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.[2]
Brewster's *Memoirs of Newton. Vol.* ii. *Ch.* 27.

—□—

NATHANIEL LEE. 1655—1692.

Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk![3]
Alexander the Great. Act i. *Sc.* 3.

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.
Ibid. Act iv. *Sc.* 2.

'T is beauty calls, and glory shows the way.[4]
Ibid. Act iv. *Sc.* 2.

Man, false man, smiling, destructive man.
Theodosius. Act iii. *Sc.* 2.

---

[1] Cf. Gray, *The Bard, Part* i. *St.* 3.
[2] Cf. Milton, *Paradise Reg., Book* iv. *Lines* 327—330.
[3] It would talk,
Lord! how it talked!
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Scornful Lady, Act* v. *Sc.* 1.
[4] 'leads the way,' in the stage editions, which contain various interpolations, among them
"See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums."

JOHN NORRIS. 1657—1711.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,[1]
Mortality 's too weak to bear them long. *The Parting.*

—□—

DR. WALTER POPE. 1630—1714.

May I govern my passion with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away.
The Old Man's Wish.

—□—

THOMAS SOUTHERNE. 1660—1746.

Pity 's akin to love.[2] *Oroonoka. Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

—□—

JOHN DENNIS. 1657—1734.

A man who could make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket.[3]

They will not let my play run; and yet they steal my thunder.[4]

—□—

JOHN POMFRET. 1667—1703.

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.[5]
Verses to his Friend under Affliction.

Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastises those whom most he likes. *Ibid.*

---

[1] Cf. Campbell, *post.*

[2] *Vio.* I pity you.
Oli. That 's a degree to Love.
Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night, Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Of all the paths that lead to woman's love
Pity 's the straightest.
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Knight of Malta, Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

[3] This on the authority of *The Gentleman's Magazine, Vol* li. *p.* 324.

[4] Our author, for the advantage of this play [Appius and Virginia], had invented a new species of thunder, which was approved of by the actors, and is the very sort that at present is used in the theatre. The tragedy, however, was coldly received notwithstanding such assistance, and was acted but a short time. Some nights after, Mr. Dennis being in the pit, at the representation of Macbeth, heard his own thunder made use of; upon which he rose in a violent passion, and exclaimed, with an oath, that it was his thunder. "See," said he, "how the rascals use me! They will not let my play run; and yet they steal my thunder."—*Biog. Britannica, Vol.* v. *p.* 103.

[5] Bless the hand that gave the blow.
Dryden, *The Spanish Friar, Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

DANIEL DEFOE. 1663—1731.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;[1]
And 't will be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.

The True-Born Englishman. Part i. *Line* 1.

Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords, whose parents were the Lord knows who.

Ibid. Lin. ult.

—□—

RICHARD BENTLEY. 1662—1742.

It is a maxim with me that no man was ever written out of reputation but by himself. Monk's *Life of Bentley, p.* 90.

—□—

TOM BROWN. 1663—1704.

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.[2]

—□—

MATTHEW PRIOR. 1664—1721.

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind. *An English Padlock.*

Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
And, though I call'd another, Abra came.

Solomon on the Vanity of the World. Book ii. *Line* 364.

For hope is but the dream of those that wake.[3]

Ibid. Book iii. *Line* 102.

Who breathes, must suffer, and who thinks, must mourn;
And he alone is bless'd who ne'er was born. *Ibid. Book* iii. *Line* 240.

---

[1] See Proverbs, *post.*

[2] A slightly different version is found in Brown's Works collected and pulished after his death.

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.—Martial, *Ep.* 1. xxxiii.

Je ne vous aime pas, Hylas;
Je n'en saurois dire la cause,
Je sais seulement un chose;
C'est que je ne vous aime pas.

Bussy, *Comte de Rabutin, Epistle* 33, *Book* i.

[3] This thought is ascribed to Aristotle by Diogenes Laertius, *Lib.* v. § 18. **Ἐρωτηθεὶς τί ἐστιν ἐλπίς; Ἐγρηγορότος, εἶπεν, ἐνύπνιον.**

Menage, in his *Observations upon Laertius*, says that Stobœus (*Serm.* cix.) ascribes it to Pindar, whilst Ælian (*Var. Hist.* xiii. 29) refers it to Plato: **Ἔλεγεν ὁ Πλάτων, τὰς ἐλπίδας ἐγρηγορότων ἀνθρώπων ὀνείρους εἶναι.**

Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
And often took leave; but was loth to depart.
The Thief and the Cordelier.

Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And, oft repeating, they believe 'em.
Alma. Canto iii. *Line* 13.

And thought the nation ne'er would thrive
Till all the whores were burnt alive. *Paulo Purganti.*

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve:
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?[1] *Epitaph on Himself.*

Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song?
A Better Answer.

That, if weak women went astray,
Their stars were more in fault than they. *Hans Carvel.*

The end must justify the means. *Ibid.*

That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.[2] *Henry and Emma.*

Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height;
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.[3] *To the Hon. Charles Montague.*

From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.[4] *Ibid.*

They never taste who always drink;
They always talk who never think.
Upon a Passage in the Scaligerana.

—□—

HENRY CAREY. 1663—1743.

God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king. *God save the King.*

---

[1] The following epitaph was written long before the time of Prior:—
Johnnie Carnegie lais heer.
Descendit of Adam and Eve,
Gif ony con gang hieher,
Ise willing give him leve.

[2] Cf. Pope, *Moral Essays, Epistle* ii. *Line* 43.

[3] But all the pleasure of the game
Is afar off to view the flight.
Variations in a copy printed 1692.

[4] Cf. Gray, *Eton College, post.*

Aldeborontiphoscophornio!
Where left you Chrononhotonthologos? *Chronon.* *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

His cogitative faculties immers'd
In cogibundity of cogitation. *Ibid.* *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Let the singing singers
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation, out-vociferize
Ev'n sound itself. *Ibid.* *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

To thee, and gentle Rigdom Funnidos,
Our gratulations flow in streams unbounded. *Ibid.* *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Go call a coach, and let a coach be called,
And let the man who calleth be the caller;
And in his calling let him nothing call,
But Coach! Coach! Coach! O for a coach, ye gods!
Ibid. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

Genteel in personage,
Conduct, and equipage;
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free. *The Contrivances.* *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

What a monstrous tail our cat has got!
The Dragon of Wantley. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There 's none like pretty Sally.[1] *Sally in our Alley.*

Of all the days that 's in the week
I dearly love but one day,
And that 's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday. *Ibid.*

—□—

SAMUEL GARTH. 1670—1719.

To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 't is o'er.
The Dispensary.[2] *Canto* iii. *Line* 225.

---

[1] Of all the girls that e'er was seen,
There 's none so fine as Nelly.
Swift, *Ballad on Miss Nelly Bennet.*

[2] Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy,
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.
Christopher Codrington, *On Garth's Dispensary.*

JONATHAN SWIFT. 1667—1745.

I 've often wished that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end.

Imitation of Horace. Book ii. *Sat.* 6.

So geographers, in Afric maps,[1]
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns. *Poetry, a Rhapsody.*

Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension. *Ibid.*

Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature. *Ibid.*

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
And so proceed *ad infinitum*. *Ibid.*

Libertas et natale solum;
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.

Verses occasioned by Whitshed's Motto on his Coach.

A college joke to cure the dumps. *Cassimus and Peter.*

'T is an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery 's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit. *Cadenus and Vanessa.*

The two noblest things, which are sweetness and light.

Battle of the Books.

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together

Gulliver's Travels. Part ii. *Ch.* vii. *Voyage to Brobdingnag.*

He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers.

Ibid. Part iii. *Ch.* v. *Voyage to Laputa.*

Seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship.[2] *Tale of a Tub, Preface.*

[1] As geographers crowd into the edges of their maps parts of the world which they do not know about, adding notes in the margin to the effect that beyond this lies nothing but sandy deserts full of wild beasts and unapproachable bogs.—Plutarch, *Theseus.*

[2] In Sebastian Munster's *Cosmography*, there is a cut of a ship, to which

Bread is the staff of life. *Tale of a Tub.*

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.
Thoughts on Various Subjects.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. *Ibid.*

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas. *Ibid.*

Not die here in a rage like a poisoned rat in a hole.
Letter to Bolingbroke, March 21, 1729.

I shall be like that tree, I shall die at the top. Scott's *Life of Swift.*[1]

—□—

ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE. 1668—1747.

I wish you all sorts of prosperity with a little more taste.
Gil Blas. Book vii. *Ch.* 4.

—□—

COLLEY CIBBER. 1671—1757.

So mourned the dame of Ephesus her love;
And thus the soldier, armed with resolution,
Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.
Richard III. Altered. Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

Now by St. Paul the work goes bravely on. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

I've lately had two spiders
Crawling upon my startled hopes.
Now tho' thy friendly hand has brushed 'em from me,
Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes;
I would have some kind friend to tread upon 'em. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

Off with his head! so much for Buckingham! *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay
Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

With clink of hammers[2] closing rivets up. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

---

a whale was coming too close for her safety, and of the sailors throwing a tub to the whale evidently to play with. This practice is also mentioned in an old prose translation of the *Ship of Fools.*—Sir James Mackintosh, *Appendix to the Life of Sir Thomas More.*

[1] When the poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa," was the general topic of conversation some one said, "Surely that Vanessa must be an extraordinary woman, that could inspire the Dean to write so finely upon her." Mrs. Johnson smiled and answered, that "she thought that point not quite so clear, for it was well known the Dean could write finely upon a broom stick."—Johnson's *Life of Swift.*

[2] With busy hammers.—Shakespeare, *Henry V.*, *Act* iv. *Chorus.*

RICHARD III.—*continued.*]

Perish that thought! No, never be it said
That Fate itself could awe the soul of Richard.
Hence, babbling dreams; you threaten here in vain.
Conscience, avaunt, Richard 's himself again!
Hark! the shrill trumpet sounds, to horse, away,
My soul 's in arms, and eager for the fray. *Ibid.* *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

A weak invention of the enemy.[1] *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

—□—

SUSANNAH CENTLIVRE. 1667—1723.

The real Simon Pure. *A Bold Stroke for a Wife.* *Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

—□—

SIR RICHARD STEELE. 1671—1729.

(Lady Elizabeth Hastings.) Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour; to love her was a liberal education.[2] *The Tatler.* *No.* 49.

—□—

JOSEPH ADDISON. 1672—1719.

CATO.

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Cato, and of Rome. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

'T is not in mortals to command success,
But we 'll do more, Sempronius; we 'll deserve it. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

'T is pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
I think the Romans call it stoicism. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

Were you with these, my prince, you 'd soon forget
The pale, unripened beauties of the north. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex. *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

[1] A thing devised by the enemy.—Shakespeare, *Richard III.*, *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

[2] Leigh Hunt incorrectly ascribes this expression to Congreve.

CATO—*continued.*]

My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death? *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

The woman that deliberates is lost. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station. *Act* iv. *Sc.* 4.

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'T is the divinity that stirs within us;
'T is heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought! *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

I 'm weary of conjectures,—this must end 'em.
Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds. *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow. *Act* v. *Sc.* 4.

Unbounded courage and compassion joined,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
The Campaign. Line 219.

And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.[1] *Ibid. Line* 291.

And those that paint them truest praise them most.[2]
Ibid. Line ult.

[1] This line is frequently ascribed to Pope, as it is found in the *Dunciad*, *Book* iii. *Line* 261.

[2] Cf. Pope, Eloisa to Abelard, *Lin. ult.*

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around.
And still I seem to tread on classic ground.[1]
A Letter from Italy.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim. *Ode.*

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole. *Ibid.*

For ever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine. *Ibid.*

—□—

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE. 1674—1746.

Flowery oratory he despised. He ascribed to the interested views of themselves or their relatives the declarations of pretended patriots, of whom he said, All those men have their price.[2]
From *Coxe's Memoirs of Walpole. Vol.* iv. *p.* 369.

Anything but history, for history must be false. *Walpoliana. No.* 141.

The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favours.[3]

—□—

AMBROSE PHILIPS. 1671—1749.

Studious of ease and fond of humble things.
From Holland to a Friend in England.

—□—

ISAAC WATTS. 1674—1748.

DIVINE SONGS.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me? *Song* iv.

[1] Malone states that this was the first time the phrase "classic ground," since so common, was ever used.

[2] The political axiom, *All men have their price*, is commonly ascribed to Walpole.

[3] Hazlitt, in his *Wit and Humour*, says, "This is Walpole's phrase."

DIVINE SONGS—*continued.*]

A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice. *Song* xii.

And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.[1] *Song* xv.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 't is their nature too. *Song* xvi.

Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes. *Ibid.*

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower! *Song* xx.

For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do. *Ibid.*

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one;
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.
Glory to the Father and the Son.

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head. *A Cradle Hymn.*

'T is the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."
The Sluggard.

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound. *A Funeral Thought.*

Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
Hymns and Spiritual Songs. Book ii. *Hymn* 19.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul:
The mind 's the standard of the man.[2]
Horæ Lyricæ. Book ii. *False Greatness.*

---

[1] Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.
Herbert, *The Church Porch.*

[2] I do not distinguish by the eye, but by the mind, which is the proper judge of the man. — Seneca, *On a Happy Life, Ch.* i. (L'Estrange's Abstract.)

WILLIAM CONGREVE. 1670—1729.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
The Mourning Bride. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

By magic numbers and persuasive sound. *Ibid. Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned. *Ibid. Act* iii. *Sc.* 8.

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds. *Ibid. Act* v. *Sc.* 12.

If there 's delight in love, 't is when I see
That heart which others bleed for bleed for me.
The Way of the World. Act iii. *Sc.* 12.

Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude. *Love for Love. Act* ii. *Sc.* 5.

Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days.
The Old Bachelor. Act ii. *Sc.* 2.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.[1] *Ibid. Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.[2] *Letter to Cobham.*

—□—

NICHOLAS ROWE. 1673—1718.

As if Misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none could be unhappy but the great.[3]
The Fair Penitent. Prologue.

Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love? *Ibid. Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Is this that haughty gallant, gay Lothario? *Ibid. Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

—□—

JOHN PHILIPS. 1676—1708.

My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued, (what will not time subdue!)
A horrid chasm disclosed. *The Splendid Shilling. Line* 121.

---

1 Cf. Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew, Act* ii. *Sc.* 2; Quarles, *Enchiridion, Canto* 4, xl.
2 Cf. Young, *Night Thoughts*, i. *Line* 1.
3 Cf. Young, *The Love of Fame, Satire* i. *Line* 238.

BISHOP BERKELEY. 1684—1753.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;[1]
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.

—□—

HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE. 1678—1751.

I have read somewhere or other, in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, I think, that History is Philosophy teaching by examples.[2]

On the Study and Use of History. Letter 2.

—□—

GEORGE FARQUHAR. 1678—1707.

Cos. Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour?

Kite. Oh! a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed at Ware: ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another. *The Recruiting Officer. Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly.

The Beaux' Stratagem. Act iii. *Sc.* 1.

'T was for the good of my country that I should be abroad.[3]

Ibid. Act iii. *Sc.* 2.

Necessity, the mother of invention. *The Twin Rivals. Act* 1.

—□—

THOMAS PARNELL. 1679—1717.

Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you. *When thy beauty appears.*

Remote from man, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

The Hermit. Line 5.

We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

An Elegy to an Old Beauty.

Let those love now who never lov'd before,
Let those who always loved now love the more.

Translation of the Pervigilium Veneris.[4]

---

[1] Westward the *star* of empire takes its way.
Epigraph to Bancroft's *History of the United States.*

[2] Dionysius of Halicarnassus, *Ars Rhet.* xi. 2 (*p.* 398, *R.*), says:—
Παιδεία ἄρα ἐστὶν ἡ ἔντευξις τῶν ἠθῶν· τοῦτο καὶ Θουκυδίδης ἔοικε λέγειν, περὶ ἱστορίας λέγων· ὅτι καὶ ἱστορία φιλοσοφία ἐστὶν ἐκ παραδειγμάτων, quoting Thucydides, I. 22.

[3] Cf. Barrington, *post.*

[4] Written in the time of Julius Cæsar, and by some ascribed to Catullus:—
Cras amet qui numquam amavit;
Quique amavit, cras amet.

JANE BRERETON. 1685—1740.

The picture, placed the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly 's at full length.

On Beau Nash's Picture at full length, between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope.[1]

—□—

AARON HILL. 1685—1750.

First, then, a woman will, or won 't, depend on 't;
If she will do 't, she will; and there 's an end on 't.
But if she won 't, since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice.[2] *Epilogue to Zara.*

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

Verses written on a Window in Scotland.

'T is the same with common natures:
Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well. *Ibid.*

—□—

SIR SAMUEL TUKE. ——1673.

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.

Adventures of Five Hours. Act v. *Sc.* 3.

—□—

EDWARD YOUNG. 1684—1765.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep! *Night* i. *Line* 1.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world. *Night* i. *Line* 18.

---

[1] From Dyce's *Specimens of British Poetesses.* This epigram is generally ascribed to Chesterfield; see Campbell's *Specimens, Note, p.* 521.

[2] The following lines are copied from the pillar erected on the mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury:—*Examiner, May* 31, 1829.

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't;
And if she won't she won't: so there 's an end on 't.

NIGHT THOUGHTS—*continued.*]

Creation sleeps! 'T is as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end. *Night* i. *Line* 23.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time,
But from its loss. *Night* i. *Line* 55.

Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour. *Night* i. *Line* 67.

To waft a feather or to drown a fly. *Night* i. *Line* 154.

Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice: and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
Night i. *Line* 212.

Be wise to-day; 't is madness to defer.[1] *Night* i. *Line* 390.

Procrastination is the thief of time. *Night* i. *Line* 393.

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan. *Night* i. *Line* 417.

All men think all men mortal but themselves. *Night* i. *Line* 424.

He mourns the dead who lives as they desire. *Night* ii. *Line* 24.

And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
Night ii. *Line* 51.

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more. *Night* ii. *Line* 90.

"I 've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown. *Night* ii. *Line* 99.

Ah! how unjust to nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man. *Night* ii. *Line* 112.

The spirit walks of every day deceased. *Night* ii. *Line* 180.

Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
Hell threatens. *Night* ii. *Line* 292.

'T is greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven.
Night ii. *Line* 376.

Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun. *Night* ii. *Line* 466.

How blessings brighten as they take their flight!
Night ii. *Line* 602.

---

[1] Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.
Congreve, *Letter to Cobham.*

NIGHT THOUGHTS—*continued.*]

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven. *Night* ii. *Line* 633.

A death-bed 's a detector of the heart. *Night* ii. *Line* 641.

Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.[1] *Night* iii. *Line* 63.

Beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay! *Night* iii. *Line* 81.

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love. *Night* iii. *Line* 104.

Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself
That hideous sight, a naked human heart. *Night* iii. *Line* 226.

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm.
Night iv. *Line* 10.

Man makes a death which nature never made. *Night* iv. *Line* 15.

Wishing, of all employments, is the worst. *Night* iv. *Line* 71.

Man wants but little, nor that little long.[2] *Night* iv. *Line* 118.

A God all mercy is a God unjust. *Night* iv. *Line* 233

'T is impious in a good man to be sad. *Night* iv. *Line* 676.

A Christian is the highest style of man.[3] *Night* iv. *Line* 788.

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die. *Night* iv. *Line* 843.

By night an atheist half believes a God. *Night* v. *Line* 177.

Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.[4] *Night* v. *Line* 600.

We see time's furrows on another's brow,
And death intrench'd, preparing his assault;
How few themselves in that just mirror see! *Night* v. *Line* 627.

---

[1] One woe doth tread upon another's heel,—
So fast they follow. Shakespeare, *Hamlet, Act* iv. *Sc.* 7.
Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.
Herrick, *Hesperides, Sorrows Succeed.*

[2] Cf. Goldsmith, *post.*

[3] A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman.—Hare, *Guesses at Truth.*
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel, Pt.* i. *L.* 645.

[4] He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.
Dryden, *On the Death of a very Young Gentleman.*

NIGHT THOUGHTS—*continued.*]

Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.[1] *Night* v. *Line* 661.

While man is growing, life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.[2] *Night* v. *Line* 717.

That life is long which answers life's great end.
Night v. *Line* 773.

The man of wisdom is the man of years. *Night* v. *Line* 775.

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow. *Night* v. *Line* 1011.

Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall. *Night* vi. *Line* 309.

And all may do what has by man been done. *Night* vi. *Line* 606.

The man that blushes is not quite a brute. *Night* vii. *Line* 496.

Prayer ardent opens heaven. *Night* viii. *Line* 721.

A man of pleasure is a man of pains. *Night* viii. *Line* 793.

To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain. *Night* viii. *Line* 1045.

Final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation.[3] *Night* ix. *Line* 167.

'T is elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand:
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man. *Night* ix. *Line* 644.

An undevout astronomer is mad. *Night* ix. *Line* 771.

The course of nature is the art of God.[4] *Night* ix. *Line* 1267.

LOVE OF FAME.

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart. *Satire* i. *Line* 51.

Some, for renown, on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote. *Satire* i. *Line* 89.

---

[1] Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.
Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*, *Line* 268.

[2] Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grave.—Bishop Hall, *Epistles*, *Dec.* iii. *Epist.* ii.

[3] Cf. Burns, *post*.

[4] In brief, all things are artificial; for Nature is the art of God.—Sir Thomas Browne, *Relig. Med.*, *Pt.* i. *Sect.* xvi.

LOVE OF FAME—*continued.*]

None think the great unhappy, but the great.[1]
Satire i. *Line* 238.

Where nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind.[2] *Satire* ii. *Line* 207.

Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed. *Satire* ii. *Line* 282.

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. *Satire* vi. *Line* 208.

One to destroy is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
Satire vii. *Line* 55.

How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.[3] *Satire* vii. *Line* 97.

Their feet through faithless leather met the dirt,
And oftener changed their principles than shirt.
Epistle to Mr. Pope. Line 277.

Accept a miracle, instead of wit,—
See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ.
Lines written with the Diamond Pencil of Lord Chesterfield.[4]

Time elaborately thrown away. *The Last Day. Book* i.

There buds the promise of celestial worth. *Ibid. Book* iii.

In records that defy the tooth of time. *The Statesman's Creed.*

Great let me call him, for he conquered me.
The Revenge. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear. *Ibid. Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue. *Ibid. Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

---

[1] As if Misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none could be unhappy but the great.
Rowe, *The Fair Penitent, Prologue.*

[2] The germ of this thought is found in Jeremy Taylor: Lloyd, South, Butler, Young, and Goldsmith have repeated it after him; see Appendix, *Speech given to man to conceal his thoughts.*

[3] But to enlarge or illustrate this power and effects of love is to set a candle in the sun.—Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy, Pt.* iii. *Sect.* 2. *Mem.* 1. *Subs.* 2.

I forbear to light a candle to the sun.—Selden, *Preface to Mare Clausum, ed.* 1635.

To match the candle with the sun.—Surrey, *A Praise of His Love.*

[4] From Mitford's *Life of Young.* See also Spence's *Anecdotes, p.* 378.

BARTON BOOTH. 1681—1733.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.[1] *Song.*

—□—

ALEXANDER POPE. 1688—1744.

ESSAY ON MAN.

Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan. *Epistle* i. *Line* 1.

Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield. *Epistle* i. *Line* 9.

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.[2] *Epistle* i. *Line* 13.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate.
Epistle i. *Line* 77.

Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Epistle i. *Line* 83.

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world. *Epistle* i. *Line* 87.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.
Epistle i. *Line* 95.

Far as the solar walk or milky way. *Epistle* i. *Line* 102.

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company. *Epistle* i. *Line* 111.

---

[1] True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon.
Butler, *Hudibras*, *Pt.* iii. *C.* 2, *L.* 175.

[2] And justify the ways of God to men.
Milton, *Paradise Lost*, *Book* i. *Line* 26.

ESSAY ON MAN—*continued.*]

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blessed abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Epistle i. *Line* 123.

Die of a rose in aromatic pain. *Epistle* i. *Line* 200.

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.[1]
Epistle i. *Line* 217.

What thin partitions sense from thought divide.[2]
Epistle i. *Line* 226.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul. *Epistle* i. *Line* 267.

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees.
Epistle i. *Line* 272.

As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all!
Epistle i. *Line* 277.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.[3] *Epistle* i. *Line* 289.

---

[1] Much like a subtle spider which doth sit,
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide;
If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on every side.
Sir John Davies (1570—1626), *The Immortality of the Soul.*

Our souls sit close and silently within,
And their own web from their own entrails spin;
And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such,
That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest touch.
Dryden, *Mariage à la Mode*, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

[2] Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.
Dryden, *ante*, *p.* 131.

"Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ fuit." Seneca, *De Tranquillitate Animi*, xvii. 10, quotes this from Aristotle, who gives as one of his *Problemata* (xxx. 1.), Διὰ τί πάντες ὅσοι περιττοὶ γεγόνασιν ἄνδρες ἢ κατὰ φιλοσοφίαν ἢ πολιτικὴν ἢ ποίησιν ἢ τέχνας φαίνονται μελαγχολικοὶ ὄντες.

[3] Whatever is, is in its causes just.
Dryden, *Œdipus*, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

ESSAY ON MAN—*continued.*]

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.[1] *Epistle* ii. *Line* 1

Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world![2] *Epistle* ii. *Line* 13.

Fix'd like a plant, on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot. *Epistle* ii. *Line* 63.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale. *Epistle* ii. *Line* 107.

And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest. *Epistle* ii. *Line* 131.

The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.
Epistle ii. *Line* 135.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,[3]
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace. *Epistle* ii. *Line* 217.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree. *Epistle* ii. *Line* 231.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age,
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Epistle ii. *Line* 275.

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Epistle iii. *Line* 177.

---

[1] La vraye science et le vray étude de l'homme c'est l'homme.—Charron, *De la Sagesse, Lib.* i. *Ch.* i.

[2] Quelle chimère est-ce donc que l'homme! quelle nouveauté, quel chaos, quel sujet de contradiction! Juge de toutes choses, imbécile ver de terre, dépositaire du vrai, amas d'incertitude, gloire et rebut de l'univers.—Pascal, *Systèmes des Philosophes*, xxv.

[3] For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.
Dryden, *The Hind and Panther*, *Line* 33.

ESSAY ON MAN—*continued.*]

Th' enormous faith of many made for one. *Epistle* iii. *Line* 242.

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.[1]
Epistle iii. *Line* 303.

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity. *Epistle* iii. *Line* 307.

O happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die. *Epistle* iv. *Line* 1.

Order is Heaven's first law. *Epistle* iv. *Line* 49.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.
Epistle iv, *Line* 79.

The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy.
Epistle iv. *Line* 168.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies. *Epistle* iv. *Line* 193.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunello. *Epistle* iv. *Line* 203.

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Epistle iv. *Line* 215.

A wit 's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man 's the noblest work of God.[2] *Epistle* iv. *Line* 247.

Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas:
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels. *Epistle* iv. *Line* 254.

---

[1] His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I 'm sure, was in the right.
Cowley, *On the Death of Crashaw.*

[2] Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest is the only perfect man.
Fletcher, *Upon an Honest Man's Fortune.*

ESSAY ON MAN—*continued.*]

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,[1]
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame![2]
Epistle iv. *Line* 281.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
"Virtue alone is happiness below." *Epistle* iv. *Line* 309.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God.[3]
Epistle iv. *Line* 331.

Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.[4] *Epistle* iv. *Line* 379.

Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale? *Epistle* iv. *Line* 385.

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend.
Epistle iv. *Line* 390.

That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.
Epistle iv. *Line* 397.

MORAL ESSAYS.

To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for the observer's sake. *Epistle* i. *Line* 11.

Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect. *Epistle* i. *Line* 29.

Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take. *Epistle* i. *Line* 40.

'T is from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn. *Epistle* i. *Line* 135.

'T is education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined. *Epistle* i. *Line* 149.

---

[1] Charm'd with the foolish whistling of a name.
Cowley, *Trans. Georgics, Book* ii. *Line* 458.

[2] May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.
Savage, *Character of Foster.*

[3] You will find that it is the modest, not the presumptuous inquirer, who makes a real and safe progress in the discovery of divine truths. One follows nature and nature's God—that is, he follows God in his works and in his word.—Bolingbroke, *A Letter to Mr. Pope.*

[4] Happy who in his verse can gently steer,
From grave to light: from pleasant to severe.
Dryden, *The Art of Poetry, C.* i. *Line* 75.

Heureux qui, dans ses vers, sait d'une voix légère
Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère.
Boileau, *L'Art Poétique,* Chant Ier

MORAL ESSAYS—*continued.*]

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.[1]
Epistle i. *Line* 172.

Odious! in woollen! 't would a saint provoke,
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.
Epistle i. *Line* 246.

And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.
Epistle i. *Line* 262.

Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it. *Epistle* ii. *Line* 15.

Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Epistle ii. *Line* 19.

Fine by defect, and delicately weak.[2] *Epistle* ii. *Line* 43.

With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought.
Epistle ii. *Line* 97.

To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor. *Epistle* ii. *Line* 149.

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies forever. *Epistle* ii. *Line* 163.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake. *Epistle* ii. *Line* 215.

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards. *Epistle* ii. *Line* 243.

Oh! bless'd with temper whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day. *Epistle* ii. *Line* 257.

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules. *Epistle* ii. *Line* 261.

And mistress of herself, though china fall. *Epistle* ii. *Line* 268.

Woman 's at best a contradiction still. *Epistle* ii. *Line* 270.

Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
Epistle iii. *Line* 1.

Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly. *Epistle* iii. *Line* 39.

---

[1] Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis. Borbonius.

[2] Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.
Prior, *Henry and Emma.*

MORAL ESSAYS—*continued.*]

But thousands die without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college or a cat. *Epistle* iii. *Line* 95.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still. *Epistle* iii. *Line* 153.

Extremes in nature equal good produce;
Extremes in man concur to general use. *Epistle* iii. *Line* 161.

Rise, honest muse! and sing The Man of Ross.
Epistle iii. *Line* 250.

Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.[1] *Epistle* iii. *Line* 282.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name. *Epistle* iii. *Line* 285.

Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies. *Epistle* iii. *Line* 339.

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.
Epistle iv. *Line* 43.

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.[2] *Epistle* iv. *Line* 149.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend. *Epistle* v. *Line* 67.

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'T is with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.[3] *Part* i. *Line* 9.

One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit. *Part* i. *Line* 60.

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art. *Part* i. *Line* 154.

---

[1] At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads.
Milton, *Par. Lost, Book* iv. *Line* 34.

[2] In the reign of Charles II. a certain worthy divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon:—"In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the Gospel, but abandon yourselves to your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place which 't is not good manners to mention here."—Tom Brown, *Laconics.*

[3] But as when an authentic watch is shown,
Each man winds up and rectifies his own,
So in our very judgments, &c.
Suckling. *Epilogue to Aglaura.*

ESSAY ON CRITICISM—*continued.*]

Pride, the never-failing vice of fools. *Part* ii. *Line* 4.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.[1] *Part* ii. *Line* 15.

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise! *Part* ii. *Line* 32.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.[2]
Part ii. *Line* 53.

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.
Part ii. *Line* 97.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. *Part* ii. *Line* 109.

Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Part ii. *Line* 126.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside. *Part* ii. *Line* 133.

Some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there. *Part* ii. *Line* 142.

These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line. *Part* ii. *Line* 144.

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.[3]
Part ii. *Line* 158.

---

[1] A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—Bacon, *Essays, Of Atheism.*
A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery; but depth in that study brings him about again to our religion.—Fuller, *Holy State, The True Church Antiquary.*

[2] "High characters," cries one, and he would see
Things that ne'er were, nor are, nor e'er will be.
Suckling, *Epilogue to The Goblin.*
There 's no such thing in nature, and you 'll draw
A faultless monster, which the world ne'er saw.
Sheffield, *Essay on Poetry.*

[3] Solvuntur, tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbes.
Virgil, *Georgics, Lib.* iii. 424.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM—*continued.*]

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'T is not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Part ii. *Line* 162.

For fools admire, but men of sense approve. *Part* ii. *Line* 191.

But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines! *Part* ii. *Line* 220.

Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true. *Part* ii. *Line* 266.

To err is human, to forgive divine. *Part* ii. *Line* 325.

All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye. *Part* ii. *Line* 358.

And make each day a critic on the last. *Part* iii. *Line* 12.

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Part iii. *Line* 15.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head. *Part* iii. *Line* 53.

Most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary. *Part* iii. *Line* 59.

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.[1] *Part* iii. *Line* 66.

Led by the light of the Mæonian star. *Part* iii. *Line* 89.

Content if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew.[2] *Part* iii. *Line* 180.

---

[1] That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.
Shakespeare, *Richard III.*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

[2] "Indocti discant et ament meminisse periti."
This Latin hexameter, which is commonly ascribed to Horace, appeared for the first time as an epigraph to President Hénault's *Abrégé Chronologique*, and in the preface to the third edition of this work, Hénault acknowledges that he had given it as a translation of this couplet.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things. *Canto* i. *Line* 1.

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box. *Canto* i. *Line* 134.

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore. *Canto* ii. *Line* 7.

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget them all. *Canto* ii. *Line* 17.

Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.[1] *Canto* ii. *Line* 27.

Here thou, great Anna ! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
Canto iii. *Line* 7.

At every word a reputation dies. *Canto* iii. *Line* 16.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine. *Canto* iii. *Line* 21.

Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes.
Canto iii. *Line* 117.

The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever ! *Canto* iii. *Line* 153.

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane. *Canto* iv. *Line* 123.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
Canto v. *Line* 34.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

(*Prologue to the Satires.*)

Shut, shut the door, good John ! fatigu'd, I said;
Tie up the knocker, say I 'm sick, I 'm dead. *Line* 1.

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land. *Line* 5.

E'en Sunday shines no sabbath day to me. *Line* 12.

Is there a parson much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross ? *Line* 15.

---

[1] She knows her man, and, when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her with a single hair.
Dryden, *Persius, Satire* i.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT—*continued.*]

Friend to my life, which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song. *Line* 27.

Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends. *Line* 44.

Fir'd that the house rejects him, "'Sdeath! I'll print it,
And shame the fools." *Line* 61.

No creature smarts so little as a fool. *Line* 84.

Destroy his fib, or sophistry—in vain!
The creature's at his dirty work again. *Line* 91.

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came. *Line* 127.

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there. *Line* 169.

Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad. *Line* 186.

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne. *Line* 197.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike. *Line* 201.

By flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause. *Line* 207.

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he? *Line* 213.

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe. *Line* 283.

Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel? *Line* 307.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way. *Line* 315.

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust. *Line* 333.

That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song. *Line* 340.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT—*continued.*]

Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky. *Line* 408.

SATIRES, EPISTLES, AND ODES OF HORACE.

Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Satire i. *Book* ii. *Line* 6.

Satire 's my weapon, but I 'm too discreet
To run amuck, and tilt at all I meet. *Satire* i. *Book* ii. *Line* 69.

But touch me, and no minister so sore;
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme;
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song.
Satire i. *Book* ii. *Line* 76.

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
Satire i. *Book* ii. *Line* 127.

For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.[1]
Satire ii. *Book* ii. *Line* 159.

Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty. *Satire* vi. *Book* ii. *Line* 220.

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
Epilogue to the Satires. Dialogue i. *Line* 136.

To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.
Epilogue to the Satires. Dialogue ii. *Line* 76.

When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one.
Epistle i. *Book* i. *Line* 38.

Get place and wealth; if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.[2]
Epistle i. *Book* i. *Line* 103.

---

[1] Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
The Odyssey, Book xv. *Line* 84.

[2] Get money; still get money, boy;
No matter by what means.
Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour, Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

EPISTLES OF HORACE—*continued.*]

Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.[1]
Epistle i. *Book* ii. *Line* 26.

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.
Epistle i. *Book* ii. *Line* 108.

One simile that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines.
Epistle i. *Book* ii. *Line* 111.

Who says in verse what others say in prose.
Epistle i. *Book* ii. *Line* 202.

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
Epistle i. *Book* ii. *Line* 267.

The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
Epistle i. *Book* ii. *Line* 281.

Who pants for glory, finds but short repose;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Epistle i. *Book* ii. *Line* 300.

The many-headed monster of the pit.[2]
Epistle i. *Book* ii. *Line* 305.

"Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise."[3]
Epistle i. *Book* ii. *Line* 413.

Years following years steal something every day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.
Epistle ii. *Book* ii. *Line* 72.

The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg.
Epistle ii. *Book* ii. *Line* 85.

Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spoke.
Epistle ii. *Book* ii. *Line* 168.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died. *Ode* 9. *Book* iv.

---

[1] Above any Greek or Roman name.
Dryden, *Upon the Death of Lord Hastings.*

[2] This many-headed monster.—Massinger, *The Roman Actor*, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2. Scott, *Lady of the Lake*, *Canto* v. *St.* 30.
Many-headed multitude.—Sidney, *Arcadia*, *Book* ii. Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, *Act.* ii. *Sc.* 3.

[3] This line is from a poem entitled *To the Celebrated Beauties of the British Court.* Bell's *Fugitive Poetry*, *Vol.* iii. *p.* 118.
The following epigram is from *The Grove.* London, 1721.

When one good line did much my wonder raise,
In Br—st's works, I stood resolved to praise;
And had, but that the modest author cries
"Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise."
On a Certain Line of Mr. Br——, Author of a Copy of Verses called the British Beauties.

EPISTLES OF HORACE—*continued.*]

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.
Epitaph intended for Sir Isaac Newton.

Ye Gods! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy.
Martinus Scriblerus on the Art of Sinking in Poetry. Ch. II.

THE DUNCIAD.

O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy-chair. *Book* i. *Line* 21.

Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise. *Book* i. *Line* 52.

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived in Settle's numbers one day more. *Book* i. *Line* 89.

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep. *Book* i. *Line* 93.

Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole. *Book* i. *Line* 127.

How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail. *Book* i. *Line* 279.

And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke. *Book* ii. *Line* 34.

Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn. *Book* iii. *Line* 109.

All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
Book iii. *Line* 158.

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous;[1]—answer him, ye owls.
Book iii. *Line* 165.

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.[2] *Book* iv. *Line* 90.

The right divine of kings to govern wrong. *Book* iv. *Line* 188.

Stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddess, and about it. *Book* iv. *Line* 249.

---

[1] Making night hideous.—Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 4.
[2] See Cowper, *post.*

THE DUNCIAD—*continued.*]

Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every vice on Christian ground. *Book* iv. *Line* 311.

Judicious drank, and greatly daring din'd. *Book* iv. *Line* 318.

Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness. *Book* iv. *Line* 342.

E'en Palinurus nodded at the helm. *Book* iv. *Line* 614.

Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal darkness buries all. *Book* iv. *Line* 649.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid. *Line* 51.

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole. *Line* 57.

Curse on all laws but those which love has made.
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies. *Line* 74.

And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence.[1] *Line* 192.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot. *Line* 207.

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight;
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.[2] *Line* 273.

See my lips tremble and my eyeballs roll;
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul. *Line* 323.

He best can paint them who shall feel them most. *Line ult.*

Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd,
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Windsor Forest. *Line* 13.

---

[1] She hugged the offender and forgave the offence.
Dryden, *Cymon and Iphigenia*, *Line* 107.

[2] Priests, tapers, temples, swam before my sight.
Edmund Smith, *Phædra and Hippolytus.*

WINDSOR FOREST—*continued.*]

A mighty hunter, and his prey was man. *Ibid. Line* 62.

From old Belerium to the northern main. *Ibid. Line* 316.

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
The Temple of Fame. Line 513.

Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
O grant an honest fame, or grant me none! *Ibid. Lin. ult.*

I am his Highness's dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you? *On the Collar of a Dog.*

There, take, (says Justice,) take ye each a shell;
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you;
'T was a fat oyster—live in peace—adieu.[1]
Verbatim from Boileau.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.
The Universal Prayer. Stanza 1.

And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will. *Stanza* 3.

And deal damnation round the land. *Stanza* 7.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.[2] *Stanza* 10.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
The Dying Christian to his Soul.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away! *Ibid.*

Tell me, my soul, can this be death? *Ibid.*

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting? *Ibid.*

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie. *Ode on Solitude.*

---

[1] "Tenez voilà," dit-éle, "à chacun une écaille,
Des sottises d'autrui nous vivons au Palais;
Messieurs, l'huître étát bonne. Adieu. Vivez en paix."
Epître, ii. (à *M. L'Abbé des Roches.*)

[2] Cf. Spenser *The Faerie Queene*, *Book* iv. *C.* i. *St.* 42.

What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps and points to yonder glade?[1]
To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady. Line 1.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.
Ibid. Line 51.

And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show. *Ibid. Line* 57.

How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'T is all thou art, and all the proud shall be! *Ibid. Line* 71.

Such were the notes thy once lov'd poet sung,
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Epist. to Robert, Earl of Oxford.

Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.
Epitaph on the Hon. S. Harcourt.

The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.
Epitaph on Mrs. Corbet.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child.[2] *Epitaph on Gay.*

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Prologue to Mr. Addison's Cato.

The mouse that always trusts to one poorhole
Can never be a mouse of any soul.[3]
The Wife of Bath. Her Prologue. Line 298.

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise. *Ibid. Line* 369.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there 's nobody at home.[4] *Epigram.*

---

[1] What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?
Ben Jonson, *Elegy on the Lady Jane Pawlet.*

[2] Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.
Dryden, *Elegy on Mrs. Killegrew.*

[3] I hold a mouse's hert not worth a lek,
That hath but oon hole to sterte to.
Chaucer, *The Prologue of The Wyfe of Bathe, V.* 572.

[4] Cf. Cowper, *post.*

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.[1]

Thoughts on Various Subjects.

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian. *Ibid.*

ILIAD.

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess, sing! *Book* i. *Line* 1.

The distant Trojans never injured me. *Book* i. *Line* 200.

Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod;
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god. *Book* i. *Line* 684.

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen. *Book* iii. *Line* 208.

Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise;
Such men as live in these degenerate days. *Book* v. *Line* 371.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground:
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise. *Book* vi. *Line* 181.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell. *Book* ix. *Line* 412.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows.
Book ix. *Line* 725.

ODYSSEY.

Few sons attain the praise
Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.
Book ii. *Line* 315.

Far from gay cities and the ways of men. *Book* xiv. *Line* 410.

Who love too much, hate in the like extreme. *Book* xv. *Line* 79.

True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.[2]
Book xv. *Line* 83.

Whatever day
Makes man a slave takes half his worth away.
Book xvii. *Line* 392.

---

[1] From Roscoe's edition of Pope, *Vol.* v. *p.* 376; originally printed in Motte's *Miscellanies*, 1727. In the edition of 1736, Pope says, "I must own that the prose part (The Thoughts on Various Subjects), at the end of the second volume, was wholly mine. January, 1734."

[2] Cf. *Satire* ii. *Book* ii. *Line* 160, *p.* 169.

ODYSSEY—*continued.*]

Yet, taught by time, my heart has learned to glow
For others' good, and melt at others' woe. *Book* xviii. *Line* 279.

This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew.[1]

—□—

THOMAS TICKELL. 1686—1740.

Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints who taught, and led the way to Heaven.
On the Death of Mr. Addison. Line 41.

Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade. *Ibid. Line* 45.

There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.[2] *Ibid. Line* 81.

The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.
To a Lady; with a Present of Flowers.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay,
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away. *Colin and Lucy.*

—□—

DR. GEORGE SEWELL. ——1726.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on. *The Suicide.*

—□—

JOHN GAY. 1688—1732.

'T was when the sea was roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
The What D' ye call 't. Act ii. *Sc.* 8.

[1] On the 14th of February, 1741, Macklin established his fame as an actor, in the character of Shylock, in the "Merchant of Venice." . . . Macklin's performance of this character so forcibly struck a gentleman in the pit, that he, as it were involuntarily, exclaimed,

"This is the Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

It has been said that this gentleman was Mr. Pope, and that he meant his panegyric on Macklin as a satire against Lord Lansdowne.—*Biog. Dram. Vol.* i. *Pt.* ii. *p.* 469.

[2] Cf. Porteus, *Death, Line* 318.

I have taught you, my dear flock, for above thirty years how to live; and I will show you in a very short time how to die.—Sandys, *Anglorum Speculum, p.* 903.

'THE WHAT D' YE CALL 'T—*continued.*]

So comes a reckoning when the banquet 's o'er,
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more.
Ibid. Act ii. *Sc.* 9.

'T is woman that seduces all mankind;
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts.
The Beggar's Opera. Act i. *Sc* 1.

Over the hills and far away.[1] *Ibid. Act* i. *Sc* 1.

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears.
Ibid. Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets.
Ibid. Act ii. *Sc.* 2.

Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong. *Ibid. Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

How happy could I be with either,
Were t' other dear charmer away. *Ibid. Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
The judges all rang'd; a terrible show! *Ibid. Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd.
Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan.

Adieu, she cried, and wav'd her lily hand. *Ibid.*

FABLES.

Long experience made him sage.
The Shepherd and the Philosopher.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?[2] *Ibid.*

When yet was ever found a mother
Who 'd give her booby for another?
The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy.

Is there no hope? the sick man said;
The silent doctor shook his head.
The Sick Man and the Angel.

While there is life there 's hope, he cried.[3] *Ibid.*

---

[1] And 't is o'er the hills and far away.
Jockey's Lamentation. From *Wit's Mirth, Vol.* iv.

[2] 'midnight oil,' a common phrase, used by Quarles, Shenstone, Cowper, Lloyd, and others.

[3] Ἐλπίδες ἐν ζωοῖσιν, ἀνέλπιστοι δὲ θανόντες.
Theocritus, *Id.* iv. *Line* 42.

Ægroto, dum anima est, spes est.
Cicero, *Epist. ad Att.* ix. 10.

FABLES—*continued.*]

Those who in quarrels interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose. *The Mastiffs.*

And when a lady 's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
The Hare and many Friends.

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it. *My own Epitaph.*

—□—

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE. 1690—1762.

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide,—
In part she is to blame that has been tried :
He comes too near that comes to be denied.
The Lady's Resolve.[1]

And we meet, with champagne and a chicken, at last.[2]
The Lover.

Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet;
In short, my deary ! kiss me, and be quiet.
A Summary of Lord Lyttleton's Advice.

Satire should, like a polish'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that 's scarcely felt or seen.
To the Imitator of the First Satire of Horace. Book ii.

—□—

KANE O'HARA. —— —1782.

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue;
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes ?
Remember, when the judgment 's weak, the prejudice is strong.
Midas. Act i. *Sc.* 4.

—□—

CHARLES MACKLIN. 1690—1797.

The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it. *Love à la Mode. Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

—□—

MATTHEW GREEN. 1696—1737.

Fling but a stone, the giant dies. *The Spleen. Line* 93.

---

[1] A fugitive piece, written on a window by Lady Montague, after her marriage (1713). The last lines were taken from Overbury :—

In part to blame is she
Which hath without consent bin only tride :
He comes to neere that comes to be denide.
The Wife, St. 36.

[2] What say you to such a supper with such a woman ?
Byron, *Note to Letter on Bowles.*

LOUIS THEOBALD. 1691—1744.

None but himself can be his parallel.[1] *The Double Falsehood.*

—□—

JOHN BYROM. 1691—1763.

God bless the King, I mean the faith's defender;
God bless—no harm in blessing—the pretender;
But who pretender is, or who is king,—
God bless us all,—that 's quite another thing.

To an Officer of the Army, extempore.

Take time enough: all other graces
Will soon fill up their proper places.[2]

Advice to Preach Slow.

Some say, compar'd to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel 's but a ninny;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

On the Feuds between Handel and Bononcini.[3]

As clear as a whistle. *Epistle to Lloyd.*

Bone and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it;
But be it known to Skin and Bone
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.

Epigram on Two Monopolists.

—□—

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD. 1694—1773.

Sacrifice to the Graces.[4] *Letter. March* 9, 1748.

---

[1] Quæris Alcidæ parem?
Nemo est nisi ipse.
Seneca, *Hercules Furens, Act* i. *Sc.* 1.
And but herself admits no parallel.
Massinger, *Duke of Milan, Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

[2] Learn to read slow: all other graces
Will follow in their proper places.
Walker, *Art of Reading.*

[3] "Nourse asked me if I had seen the verses upon Handel and Bononcini, not knowing that they were mine." *Byrom's Remains* (Chetham Soc.), *Vol.* i. *p.* 173. The last two lines have been attributed to Swift and Pope. See Scott's edition of Swift, and Dyce's edition of Pope.

[4] Literally from the Greek Θύε τάις Χάρισι. Diog. Laert. Lib. iv. § 6. *Xenocrates.*

"Xenocrates was always of a solemn and grave character, so that Plato was continually saying to him,—Xenocrates, sacrifice to the Graces."

Manners must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world. Like a great rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet by way of curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value. *Letter. July* 1, 1748.

Style is the dress of thoughts. *Letter. Nov.* 24, 1749.

I assisted at the birth of that most significant word "flirtation," which dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world. *The World. No.* 101.

Unlike my subject now shall be my song,
It shall be witty, and it sha'n't be long. *Impromptu Lines.*

The dews of the evening most carefully shun,—
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.
Advice to a Lady in Autumn.

—□—

DAVID MALLETT. 1700—1765.

While tumbling down the turbid stream,
Lord love us, how we apples swim! *Tyburn.*

—□—

ROBERT BLAIR. 1699—1747.

The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou 'rt nam'd: Nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness. *The Grave. Line* 9.

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up.[1] *Ibid. Line* 58.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society! *Ibid. Line* 88.

Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance! *Ibid. Line* 109.

The good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, in visits
Like those of angels, short and far between.[2]
Ibid. Part ii. *Line* 586.

—□—

RICHARD SAVAGE. 1698—1743.

He lives to build, not boast, a generous race;
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face. *The Bastard. Line* 7.

—□—

JAMES THOMSON. 1700—1748.

Come, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness! come.
The Seasons. Spring. Line 1.

---

[1] Whistling to keep myself from being afraid.
Dryden, *Amphitryon, Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

[2] Cf. Campbell, *post.*

THE SEASONS. SPRING—*continued.*]

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach. *Line* 283.

But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers? *Line* 465.

Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest. *Line* 996.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot. *Line* 1149.

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven! *Line* 1158.

The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews.
Summer. Line 47.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake? *Line* 67.

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day
Rejoicing in the east. *Line* 81.

Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds. *Line* 946.

And Mecca saddens at the long delay. *Line* 979.

Sigh'd and look'd unutterable things. *Line* 1188.

A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs. *Line* 1285.

So stands the statue that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece. *Line* 1346.

Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age. *Line* 1516.

Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain. *Autumn. Line* 2.

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.[1] *Line* 204.

He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd. *Line* 229.

For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn. *Line* 233.

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year. *Winter. Line* 1.

[1] In naked beauty, more adorn'd,
More lovely, than Pandora.
Milton, *Par. Lost, Book* iv. *Line* 713.

THE SEASONS. WINTER—*continued.*]

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave. *Line* 393.

There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead.
Line 431.

The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid. *Line* 625.

These as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. *Hymn. Line* 1.

Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade. *Line* 25.

From seeming evil still educing good. *Line* 114.

Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise. *Line* 118.

A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.
The Castle of Indolence. Canto i. *Stanza* 6.

O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. *Canto* i. *Stanza* 26.

Plac'd far amid the melancholy main. *Canto* i. *Stanza* 30.

Scoundrel maxim. *Canto* i. *Stanza* 50.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems.
Canto i. *Stanza* 68

A little round, fat, oily man of God. *Canto* i. *Stanza* 69

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.
Canto ii. *Stanza* 3.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And, when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part?
Song, For ever, Fortune.

Whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
Of Nature's own creating. *Coriolanus. Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

O Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O![1] *Sophonisba. Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sung the strain:
Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves. *Alfred. Act* ii. *Sc.* 5.

—□—

JOHN DYER. 1700—1758.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view? *Grongar Hill. Line* 5.

—□—

JOHN WESLEY. 1703—1791.

That execrable sum of all villanies commonly called A Slave Trade.
Journal. Feb. 12, 1792.

Certainly this is a duty, not a sin. "Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness." *Sermon* xcii. *On Dress.*

—□—

ROBERT DODSLEY. 1703—1764.

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu;
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you. *The Parting Kiss.*

—□—

JAMES BRAMSTON. ——1744.

But Titus said, with his uncommon sense,
When the Exclusion Bill was in suspense:
"I hear a lion in the lobby roar;
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door
And keep him there, or shall we let him in
To try if we can turn him out again?"[2] *Art of Politics.*

[1] The line was altered, after the second edition, to
"O Sophonisba! I am wholly thine."

[2] "I hope," said Col. Titus, "we shall not be wise as the frogs to whom

So Britain's monarch once uncover'd sat,
While Bradshaw bullied in a broad-brimm'd hat. *Man of Taste.*

—□—

DR. SAMUEL HOWARD. ——1782.

Gentle shepherd, tell me where? *Song.*

—□—

HENRY FIELDING. 1707—1754.

All nature wears one universal grin.
Tom Thumb the Great. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day;
Let other hours be set apart for business.
To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk;
And this our queen shall be as drunk as we. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

When I 'm not thank'd at all, I 'm thank'd enough.
I 've done my duty, and I 've done no more. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Thy modesty 's a candle to thy merit. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

To sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Lo, when two dogs are fighting in the streets,
With a third dog one of the two dogs meets,
With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,
And this dog smarts for what that dog has done.[1] *Act* i. *Sc.* 6.

Oh! the roast beef of Old England,
And oh! the old English roast beef.
The Roast Beef of Old England.

Jupiter gave a stork for their king. To trust expedients with such a king on the throne would be just as wise as if there were a lion in the lobby, and we should vote to let him in and chain him, instead of fastening the door to keep him out."—*On the Exclusion Bill. January* 7, 1681.

Bom. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
A hungry lion give a grievous roar;
The grievous roar echoed along the shore.
Artax. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar,
And the first lion thought the last a bore.
T. B. Rhodes, *Bombastes Furioso.*

[1] Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier—white;
The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber—black.
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the collier and the barber—red;
Black, red, and white, in various clouds are tost,
And in the dust they raise the combatants are lost.
Christ. Smart, From *The Trip to Cambridge.*
Campbell's *Specimens, Vol.* vi. *p.* 185.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1702—1751.

Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

Epigram on his Family Arms.

—□—

NATHANIEL COTTON. 1707—1788.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut,— our home. *The Fireside. St. 3.*

Thus hand in hand through life we 'll go;
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we 'll tread. *Ibid. St. 13.*

—□—

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. 1706—1790.

God helps them that help themselves.[2] *Poor Richard.*

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of. *Ibid.*

Plough deep while sluggards sleep. *Ibid.*

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day. *Ibid.*

Three removes are as bad as a fire. *Ibid.*

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore. *Ibid.*

He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle. *The Whistle.* (*Nov.* 1719.)

There never was a good war or a bad peace.[3]
Letter to Quincy, Sept. 11, 1773.

Here Skugg
Lies snug,
As a bug
In a rug.

From a Letter to Miss Georgiana Shipley.

---

[1] Dum vivimus vivamus. From Ortin's *Life of Doddridge.*

[2] Help thyself, and God will help thee.
Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

[3] It hath been said that an unjust peace is to be preferred before a just war.—S. Butler, *Speeches in the Rump Parliament.* Butler's *Remains.*

SAMUEL JOHNSON. 1709—1784.

Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind from China to Peru.[1]
Vanity of Human Wishes. Line 1.

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,—
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail. *Line* 159.

He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale. *Line* 221.

Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That life protracted is protracted woe. *Line* 257.

An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away. *Line* 293.

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage. *Line* 308.

Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires, a driveller and a show. *Line* 316.

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate? *Line* 345.

For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill. *Line* 362.

Of all the griefs that harass the distrest,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest. *London. Line* 166.

This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd. *Line* 176.

Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds and then imagin'd new.
Prologue on the Opening of Drury Lane Theatre.

And panting Time toil'd after him in vain. *Ibid.*

For we that live to please must please to live. *Ibid.*

Catch, then, O catch the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life 's a short summer—man a flower—
He dies—alas! how soon he dies! *Winter. An Ode.*

Officious, innocent, sincere;
Of every friendless name the friend.
Verses on Robert Levet. Stanza 2.

---

[1] All human race, from China to Peru,
Pleasure, howe'er disguis'd by art, pursue.
Rev. T. Warton, *The Universal Love of Pleasure.*

VERSES ON ROBERT LEVET—*continued.*]

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh[1]
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retired to die. *Stanza* 5.

Then with no throbs of fiery pain,[2]
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way. *Stanza* 9.

Philips, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power and hapless love;
Rest here, distrest by poverty no more,
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep, undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine!
Epitaph on Claudius Philips, the Musician.

A Poet, Naturalist, and Historian,
Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
And touched nothing that he did not adorn.[3]
Epitaph on Goldsmith.

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find.
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
Lines added to Goldsmith's Traveller.

Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay.
Line added to Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end. *The Rambler. No.* 7.

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. *Rasselas. Chap.* 1.

---

[1] Var. His ready help was always nigh.
[2] Var. Then with no fiery throbbing pain.
[3] Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.
He adorns whatever he attempts.
Fénelon, *Eulogy on Cicero.*
He adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon by the most splendid eloquence.—Chesterfield's *Characters: Bolingbroke.*

I am not so lost in lexicography as to forget that *words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven.*[1]

From *The Preface to his Dictionary.*

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.[2]

From *Dr. Madden's "Boulter's Monument." Supposed to have been inserted by Dr. Johnson,* 1745.

Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison. *Life of Addison.*

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by Faith and Hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated and reimpressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example. *Life of Milton.*

The trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary commonwealth. *Ibid.*

His death eclipsed the gayety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.

Life of Edmund Smith (alluding to the death of Garrick).

That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona. *Journey to the Western Islands: Inch Kenneth.*

If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, Sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons.

Boswell's Life of Johnson. An. 1763.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it. *Ibid. An.* 1775.

There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn. *Ibid. An.* 1776.

Claret is the liquor for boys; port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy. *Ibid. An.* 1779.

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.[3] *Ibid. An.* 1784.

If the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'T is a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

Johnsoniana. Piozzi, 30.

[1] The italics and the word "forget" would seem to imply that the saying was not his own. Sir William Jones gives a similar saying in India: "Words are the daughters of earth and deeds are the sons of heaven."

[2] Words are women, deeds are men.—Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.* Sir Thomas Bodley, *Letter to his Librarian,* 1604.

[3] Parody on "Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."—From Brooke's *Gustavus Vasa, First edition.*

A good hater. *Johnsoniana. Piozzi*, 39.

Books that you may carry to the fire, and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all. *Ibid. Hawkins*, 197.

—□—

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM. 1708—1778.

The atrocious crime of being a young man. *Speech, March* 6, 1741.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.
Speech, January 14, 1766.

A long train of these practices has at length unwillingly convinced me that there is something behind the Throne greater than the King himself.[1]
Speech, March 2, 1770. (*Chatham Correspondence.*)

Where law ends, tyranny begins. *Speech, Jan.* 9, 1770. *Case of Wilkes.*

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms, never—never—never. *Speech, Nov.* 18, 1777.

Necessity is the argument of tyrants,[2] it is the creed of slaves.
Speech on the India Bill, Nov. 1783.

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter, the rain may enter,—but the King of England cannot enter! all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement.[3] *Speech on the Excise Bill.*

Indemnity for the past and security for the future.[4]

The Church of England hath a Popish liturgy, a Calvinistic creed, and an Arminian clergy. *Ascribed to Pitt.*

—□—

LORD LYTTELTON. 1709—1773.

For his chaste Muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.
Prologue to Thomson's Coriolanus.

Women, like princes, find few real friends. *Advice to a Lady.*

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair. *Ibid.*

---

[1] Quoted by Lord Mahon, "greater than the Throne itself."—*History of England, Vol.* v. *p.* 258.

[2] Necessity, the tyrant's plea. Milton, *Par. Lost, Book* iv. *Line* 393.

[3] From Brougham's *Statesmen of George III., First Series, p.* 41.

[4] Mr. Pitt's phrase.—De Quincey, *Theol. Essays, Vol.* ii. *p.* 170. See also Russell's *Memoir of Fox, Vol.* iii. *p.* 345. *Letter to the Hon. T. Maitland.*

ADVICE TO A LADY—*continued.*]

The lover in the husband may be lost. *Ibid.*

How much the wife is dearer than the bride.
An Irregular Ode.

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair. *Epigram.*

Where none admire, 't is useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 't is vain to be a belle.
Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country.

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain. *Song.*

—□—

EDWARD MOORE. 1712—1757.

Can't I another's face commend,
And to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead lowers,
As if *her* merit lessened *yours?*
Fable ix. *The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat.*

The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals;
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
Fable x. *The Spider and the Bee.*

But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has power to wound. *Ibid.*

Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.
The Happy Marriage.

'T is now the summer of your youth: time has not cropt the roses from your cheek, though sorrow long has washed them.
The Gamester. Act iii. *Sc.* 4.

—□—

——— DYER.

And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.
Published in the early part of the reign of George I.

—□—

LAURENCE STERNE. 1713—1768.

Go, poor devil, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.
Tristram Shandy. Vol. ii. *Ch.* xii.

TRISTRAM SHANDY—*continued.*]

"Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," cried my uncle Toby, "but nothing to this." *Ibid. Vol.* iii. *Ch.* xi.

The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out for ever.[1]

Ibid. Vol. vi. *Ch.* viii.

"They order," said I, "this matter better in France."

Sentimental Journey. Page 1.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'T is all barren. *Ibid. In the Street. Calais.*

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.[2] *Ibid. Maria.*

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery," said I, "still thou art a bitter draught." *Ibid. The Passport. The Hotel at Paris.*

—□—

WILLIAM SHENSTONE. 1714—1763.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.[3]

Written on a Window of an Inn.

So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return. *A Pastoral. Part* i.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed.

Ibid. Part ii. *Hope.*

For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true. *Jemmy Dawson.*

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblems right meet of decency does yield.

The Schoolmistress. St. 5.

Pun-provoking thyme. *Ibid. St.* 11.

A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo. *Ibid. St.* 28.

[1] Cf. Campbell, *Pleasures of Hope*, ii. *Line* 357.

[2] Dieu mesure le froid à la brebis tondue.—Henri Estienne, *Prémices, etc., p.* 47. (1594.)

To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure.—Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

[3] There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.—Johnson, *Boswell's Life*, 1766.

Archbishop Leighton often said, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn.—*Works, Vol.* i. *p.* 76.

THOMAS GRAY. 1716—1771.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers.
On a Distant Prospect of Eton College. *Stanza* 1.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow. *Stanza* 2.

They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy. *Stanza* 4.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast. *Stanza* 5.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense they have of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.
. . . . . .
Ah, tell them they are men! *Stanza* 6.

And moody madness laughing wild,
Amid severest woe. *Stanza* 8.

To each his sufferings; all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan,—
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise.[1] *Stanza* 10.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best! *Hymn to Adversity.*

From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take.
The Progress of Poesy. I. 1. *Line* 3.

[1] From ignorance our comfort flows.
The only wretched are the wise.
Prior, *To the Hon. Charles Montague.*
He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.—*Ecclesiastes* i. 18.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY—*continued.*]

Glance their many-twinkling feet. I. 3. *Line* 11.

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.
I. 3. *Line* 16.

Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and gen'rous shame,
The unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.
II. 2. *Line* 10.

Ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears. III. 1. *Line* 12.

He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night. III. 2. *Line* 4.

Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.[1] III. 3. *Line* 2.

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far,—but far above the Great.
III. 3. *Line* 16.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state. *The Bard.* I. 1. *Line* 1.

Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air.[2] I. 2. *Line* 5.

To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.
I. 2. *Line* 14.

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes;
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.[3]
I. 3. *Line* 12.

---

[1] Words that weep and tears that speak. Cowley, *The Prophet.*

[2] An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care.
Cowley, *Davideis, Book* ii. *Line* 102.
The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.
Milton, *Paradise Lost, Book* i. *Line* 536.

[3] As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar, Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.
Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life;
Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness o'er thee.
Otway, *Venice Preserved, Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

THE BARD—*continued.*]

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough,[1]
The characters of hell to trace. II. 1. *Line* 1.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning prey.
II. 2. *Line* 5.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed. II. 2. *Line* 11.

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul! III. 1. *Line* 11.

And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest. III. 3. *Line* 3.

Comus, and his midnight crew. *Ode for Music.* *Line* 2.

While bright-eyed Science watches round. *Line* 11.

The still small voice of gratitude. *Line* 64.

Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.
The Fatal Sisters. *Line* 3

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.[2]
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Elegy in a Country Churchyard. *Stanza* 1.

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep. *Stanza* 4.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn. *Stanza* 5.

Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor. *Stanza* 8

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave. *Stanza* 9.

---

[1] Like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
Dryden, *Don Sebastian*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

[2] The first edition reads,—
"The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea."

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD—*continued.*]

Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. *Stanza* 10.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death? *Stanza* 11.

Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre. *Stanza* 12.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;[1]
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul. *Stanza* 13.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.[2] *Stanza* 14.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood. *Stanza* 15.

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes. *Stanza* 16.

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind. *Stanza* 17.

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way. *Stanza* 19.

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. *Stanza* 20.

And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die. *Stanza* 21.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind? *Stanza* 22.

---

[1] Rich with the spoils of nature.
Sir Thomas Browne, *Relig. Med.*, *Part* i. *Sect.* xiii.

[2] Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air.
Churchill, *Gotham*, *Book* ii. *Line* 20.
And waste their music on the savage race.
Young, *Love of Fame*, *Sat.* v. *Line* 228.

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD—*continued.*]

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.[1] *Stanza* 23.

Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn. *Stanza* 25.

One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill. *Stanza* 28.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own. *The Epitaph.*

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from heaven ('t was all he wish'd) a friend. *Ibid.*

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God. *Ibid.*

And weep the more, because I weep in vain.
Sonnet. On the Death of Mr. West.

The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe.
Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude. *Line* 45.

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise. *Line* 53.

And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast and calm repose. *Line* 87.

From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health. *Line* 93.

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And Gospel-light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.[2]

Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing. *A Long Story.*

[1] Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.
Chaucer, *The Reves Prologue*, *Line* 28.

[2] This was intended to be introduced in the poem on the "Alliance of Education and Government."—Mason. *Vol.* iii. *p.* 114.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He had not the method of making a fortune.
On his own Character.

A favorite has no friend.[1]
On the Death of a Favorite Cat.

Now as the Paradisaical pleasures of the Mahometans consist in playing upon the flute and lying with Houris, be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon. *To Mr. West. Letter* iv. *3d Series.*

—□—

RICHARD HURD. 1720—1808.

In this awfully stupendous manner, at which Reason stands aghast, and Faith herself is half confounded, was the grace of God to man at length manifested. *Sermons. Vol.* ii. *p.* 287.

—□—

JOHN BROWN. 1715—1766.

Now let us thank the Eternal Power: convinc'd
That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction,—
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.
Barbarossa. Act v. *Sc.* 3.

And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley by a grin.
An Essay on Satire, occasioned by the Death of Mr. Pope.[2]

—□—

MARK AKENSIDE. 1721—1770.

Such and so various are the tastes of men.
Pleasures of the Imagination. Book iii. *Line* 567.

Than Timoleon's arms require,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.
Ode. On a Sermon against Glory. St. ii.

The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise.
Epistle to Curio.

Seeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys. *The Virtuoso. St.* x.

—□—

JAMES TOWNLEY. 1715—1778.

Kitty. Shikspur? Shikspur? Who wrote it? No, I never read Shikspur.

Lady Bab. Then you have an immense pleasure to come.
High Life below Stairs. Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

From humble Port to imperial Tokay. *Ibid.*

---

[1] One of Aristotle's sayings was *ὦ φίλοι, οὐδεὶς φίλος*, according to Casaubon's reading of Diog. Laertius, Lib. v. § 21, *Cui sunt amici, non est amicus.*

[2] Anderson's *British Poets*, x. 879. See note in *Contemporary Review, Sept.* 1867, *p.* 4.

DAVID GARRICK. 1716—1779.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.
Prologue to The Gamesters.

Their cause I plead,—plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.[1]
Prologue on Quitting the Stage in 1776.

Let others hail the rising sun:
I bow to that whose course is run.[2]
On the Death of Mr. Pelham.

This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet.
Jupiter and Mercury.

—□—

WILLIAM COLLINS. 1720—1756.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes bless'd! *Ode in* 1746.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there. *Ibid.*

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung. *The Passions. Line* 1.

Filled with fury, rapt, inspir'd. *Ibid. Line* 10.

'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild. *Ibid. Line* 28.

In notes by distance made more sweet. *Ibid. Line* 60.

In hollow murmurs died away. *Ibid. Line* 68.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid! *Ibid. Line* 95.

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'T is virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.
Eclogue 1. *Line* 5.

Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almost lost in Art.
To Sir Thomas Hanmer on his Edition of Shakespeare.

In yonder grave a Druid lies. *Ode on the Death of Thomson.*

---

[1] I would help others, out of a fellow-feeling.—Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy; Democritus to the Reader.*

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.
Virgil, *Æneid, Lib.* i. 630.

[2] Pompey . . . . bade Sylla recollect that more worshipped the rising than the setting sun.—Clough, *Dryden's Plutarch*, iv. 66. *Life of Pompey.*

JAMES MERRICK. 1720—1769.

Not what we wish, but what we want. *Hymn.*

—□—

TOBIAS SMOLLETT. 1721—1771.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;
Lord of the lion heart, and eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Ode to Independence.

Facts are stubborn things.[1]
Translation of Gil Blas. Book x. *Ch.* i.

—□—

JOHN HOME. 1724—1808.

In the first days
Of my distracting grief, I found myself
As women wish to be who love their lords.
Douglas. Act i. *Sc.* i.

My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home. *Ibid. Act* ii. *Sc.* i.

Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die. *Ibid. Act* v. *Sc.* i.

—□—

RICHARD GIFFORD. 1725—1807.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;
All at her work the village maiden sings,
Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things. *Contemplation.*

—□—

ARTHUR MURPHY. 1727—1805.

Thus far we run before the wind. *The Apprentice. Act* v. *Sc.* i.

Above the vulgar flight of common souls. *Zenobia. Act* v.

—□—

OLIVER GOLDSMITH. 1728—1774.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow. *The Traveller. Line* i.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain. *Line* 7

[1] Facts are stubborn things.—Elliot, *Essay on Field Husbandry, p.* 35. (1747.)

THE TRAVELLER—*continued.*]

And learn the luxury of doing good.[1] *Line* 22.

Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view. *Line* 26.

These little things are great to little man. *Line* 42.

Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine! *Line* 50.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home. *Line* 73.

Man seems the only growth that dwindles here. *Line* 126.

By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
The sports of children satisfy the child. *Line* 153.

But winter lingering chills the lap of May. *Line* 172.

So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more. *Line* 217.

Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore. *Line* 251.

Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand
Where the broad ocean leans against the land. *Line* 282.

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by.[2] *Line* 327.

The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms. *Line* 356.

For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil. *Line* 372.

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law. *Line* 386.

Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train. *Line* 409.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind. *Line* 423.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.
The Deserted Village. *Line* 1.

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made. *Line* 13.

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love. *Line* 29.

---

[1] For all their luxury was doing good.
Garth, *Claremont*, *Line* 148.
He tried the luxury of doing good.
Crabbe, *Tales of the Hall*, *Book* iii.

[2] Lord of humankind.—Dryden, *The Spanish Friar.* *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE—*continued.*]

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;[1]
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied. *Line* 51.

His best companions, innocence and health
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth. *Line* 61.

How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease! *Line* 99.

While resignation gently slopes away,—
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past. *Line* 110.

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind. *Line* 121.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year. *Line* 141.

Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how fields were won.
Line 157.

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began. *Line* 161.

And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side. *Line* 164.

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way. *Line* 167.

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray. *Line* 179.

And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
Line 184.

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head. *Line* 189.

---

[1] C'est un verre qui luit,
Qu'un souffle peut détruire, et qu'un souffle a produit.
De Caux (comparing the world to his hour-glass).
Who pants for glory, finds but short repose;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Pope, *Sat. and Ep. of Horace, Book* ii. *Ep.* 1. *Line* 299.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE—*continued.*]

Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:
Yet was he kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault. *Line* 199.

In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew. *Line* 211.

The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door,
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day. *Line* 227.

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art. *Line* 253.

And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy. *Line* 263.

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn. *Line* 329.

In all the silent manliness of grief. *Line* 384.

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree. *Line* 385.

Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so. *Line* 413.

Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth.
Retaliation. Line 24.

Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind:
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote.
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining:
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit. *Line* 31.

His conduct still right, with his argument wrong. *Line* 46.

A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are. *Line* 63.

RETALIATION—*continued.*]

An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man. *Line* 94.

As a wit, if not first, in the very first line. *Line* 96.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'T was only that when he was off he was acting. *Line* 101.

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back.
Line 107.

Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please. *Line* 112.

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff. *Line* 145.

Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them. *The Hermit. Stanza* 6.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.[1] *Ibid. Stanza* 8.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep? *Ibid. Stanza* 19.

The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too. *Ibid. Stanza ult.*

The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes.
Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree. *Ibid.*

The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man. *Ibid.*

The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died. *Ibid.*

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?
On Woman (*Vicar of Wakefield, Ch.* xxiv.).

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die. *Ibid.*

[1] Cf. Young, *Night Thoughts*, iv. *Line* 118.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise. *The Captivity. Act* ii. *Orig. MS.*

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray. *Ibid.*

Measures, not men, have always been my mark.[1]
The Good-Natured Man. Act ii.

The very pink of perfection. *She stoops to conquer. Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

A concatenation accordingly. *Ibid. Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Ask me no questions, and I 'll tell you no fibs. *Ibid. Act* iii.

The king himself has follow'd her
When she has walk'd before.
Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize.[2]

Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt;
It 's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.[3]
The Haunch of Venison.

—□—

WILLIAM MASON. 1725—1797.

The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty. *Heroic Epistle.*

—□—

EDMUND BURKE. 1729—1797.

The writers against religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own.
Preface to A Vindication of Natural Society.[4] *Vol.* i. *p.* 7.

"War," says Machiavel, "ought to be the only study of a prince;" and, by a prince, he means every sort of state, however constituted. "He ought," says this great political Doctor, "to consider peace only as a breathing-time, which gives him leisure to contrive, and furnishes ability to

[1] Of this stamp is the cant of *Not men, but measures.*—Burke, *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents.*

[2] Written in imitation of *Chanson sur le fameux La Palisse*, which is attributed to Bernard de la Monnoye.

"On dit que dans ses amours
Il fut caressé des belles,
Qui le suivirent toujours,
Tant qu'il marcha devant elles."

[3] To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy and fill his snuff-box, is like giving a pair of laced ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back.—Tom Brown, *Laconics.*

[4] Boston Ed. 1865—1867.

execute, military plans." A meditation on the conduct of political societies made old Hobbes imagine that war was the state of nature.

A Vindication of Natural Society. Vol. i. *p.* 15.

There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

Observations on a Late Publication on the Present State of the Nation. Vol. i. *p.* 273.

Illustrious predecessor.

Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents. Vol. i. *p.* 456.

When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice, in a contemptible struggle.

Ibid. Vol. i. *p.* 526.

A people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.

Speech on Conciliation with America. Vol. ii. *p.* 117.

A wise and salutary neglect. *Ibid.*

My vigour relents,—I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

Ibid. Vol. ii. *p.* 118.

All government, indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter.

Ibid. Vol. ii. *p.* 169.

The worthy gentleman who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm, and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.

Speech at Bristol on Declining the Poll.[1] *Vol* ii. *p.* 429.

They made and recorded a sort of institute and digest of anarchy, called the Rights of Man. *On the Army Estimates. Vol.* iii. *p.* 221.

You had that action and counteraction, which, in the natural and in the political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers draws out the harmony of the universe.[2]

Reflections on the Revolution in France. Vol. iii. *p.* 277.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and

[1] At the conclusion of one of Mr. Burke's eloquent harangues, Mr. Cruger, finding nothing to add, or perhaps, as he thought, to add with effect, exclaimed earnestly in the language of the counting-house, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke, I say ditto to Mr. Burke."— Prior's *Life of Burke. p.* 152.

[2] Mr. Breen, in his *Modern English Literature*, says: "This remarkable thought, Alison, the historian, has turned to good account; it occurs so often in his disquisitions, that he seems to have made it the staple of all wisdom and the basis of every truth."

REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE—*continued.*]

splendour, and joy. . . Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded. *Ibid. Vol.* iii. *p.* 331.

The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone. *Ibid.*

That chastity of honour which felt a stain like a wound.
Ibid. Vol. iii. *p.* 332.

Vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.
Ibid. Vol. iii. *p.* 332.

Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle.
Ibid. Vol. iii. *p.* 334.

Learning will be cast into the mire and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude.[1] *Ibid. Vol.* iii. *p.* 335.

Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field,—that, of course, they are many in number,—or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour. *Ibid. Vol.* iii. *p.* 344.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. *Ibid. Vol.* iii. *p.* 453.

The cold neutrality of an impartial judge.
Preface to Brissot's Address. Vol. v. *p.* 67.

And having looked to government for bread, on the very first scarcity they will turn and bite the hand that fed them.[2]
Thoughts and Details on Scarcity. Vol. v. *p.* 156.

All those instances to be found in history, whether real or fabulous, of a doubtful public spirit, at which morality is perplexed, reason is staggered, and from which affrighted Nature recoils, are their chosen and almost sole examples for the instruction of their youth.
Letter i. *On a Regicide Peace. Vol.* v. *p.* 311.

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.
Speech on the Petition of the Unitarians. Vol. vii. *p.* 50.

[1] This expression was tortured to mean that he actually thought the people no better than swine, and the phrase, *the swinish multitude*, was bruited about in every form of speech and writing, in order to excite popular indignation.

[2] We set ourselves to bite the hand that feeds us.—*Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents. Vol.* i. *p.* 439.

I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard, than in the tomb of the Capulets.[1]

Letter to Matthew Smith. Prior's Life, p. 33.

It has all the contortions of the sibyl, without the inspiration.[2]

Prior's Life of Burke.

—□—

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE. 1723—1780.

The royal navy of England hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength,—the floating bulwark of our island. *Commentaries. Vol.* i. *Book* i. *Ch.* xiii. § 418.

Time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

Ibid. Book i. *Ch.* xviii. § 472.

—□—

BEILBY PORTEUS. 1731—1808.

In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way.[3] *Death. Line* 108.

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.[4] *Ibid. Line* 154.

War its thousands slays, Peace its ten thousands.

Ibid. Line 178.

Teach him how to live,
And oh! still harder lesson, how to die.[5] *Ibid. Line* 316.

—□—

CHARLES CHURCHILL. 1731—1764.

He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.

The Rosciad. Line 322.

But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel—must feel themselves.[6]

Ibid. Line 861.

---

[1] Family vault of "all the Capulets."—*Reflections on the Revolution in France. Vol.* iii. *p.* 349.

[2] When Croft's *Life of Dr. Young* was spoken of as a good imitation of Dr. Johnson's style, "No, no," said he, "it is not a good imitation of Johnson; it has all his pomp, without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak, without its strength; it has all the contortions of the sibyl, without the inspiration."—Prior's *Life of Burke, p.* 468.

[3] Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
Gray, *Elegy, Stanza* 19.

[4] Cf. Young, p. 157.

[5] There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.
Tickell, *On the Death of Addison.*

[6] Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi.—Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 102.

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought.
Epistle to William Hogarth.

Be England what she will,
With all her faults she is my country still. *The Farewell.*

Apt alliteration's artful aid. *Prophecy of Famine.*

Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
And those who fear not guilt yet start at shame. *The Author.*

—□—

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF. *Circa* 1735—1787.

Hope! thou nurse of young desire.
Love in a Village. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

There was a jolly miller once,
Lived on the river Dee;
He work'd and sung from morn till night:
No lark more blithe than he. *Ibid. Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

And this the burthen of his song
For ever used to be:—
I care for nobody, no, not I,
If no one cares for me.[1] *Ibid. Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Young fellows will be young fellows. *Ibid. Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Ay, do despise me. I 'm the prouder for it; I like to be despised.
The Hypocrite. Act v. *Sc.* 1.

—□—

EDWARD GIBBON. 1737—1794.

History, which is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind.[2]
Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Ch. iii.

A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.[3]
Ibid. Ch. xlviii.

—□—

JAMES BEATTIE. 1735—1803.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?
The Minstrel. Book i. *St.* 1.

Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.
Ibid. Book i. *St.* 25.

---

[1] If naebody care for me,
I 'll care for naebody.
Burns, *I hae a Wife o' my Ain.*

[2] L'histoire n'est que le tableau des crimes et des malheurs.—Voltaire, *L'Ingénu, Ch.* x.

[3] Heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute.—Junius, *Letter* xxxvii., *Feb.* 14, 1770.

THE MINSTREL—*continued.*]

Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrewn,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave!
Ibid. Book ii. *St.* 17.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove.
The Hermit.

He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man. *Ibid.*

But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
O, when shall it dawn on the night of the grave? *Ibid.*

By the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind. *Ibid.*

And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb. *Ibid.*

—□—

RICHARD GRAVES. 1715—1804.

Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project cross'd:
How hard their lot who neither won nor lost.
An Incident in High Life.[1]

—□—

WILLIAM COWPER. 1731—1800.

United yet divided, twain at once.
So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne.[2]
The Task. Book i. *The Sofa. Line* 77.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. *Ibid. Line* 181.

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged. *Ibid. Line* 506.

God made the country, and man made the town.[3]
Ibid. Line 749.

---

[1] From the *Festoon, A Collection of Epigrams.* London, 1767. In the *Appendix of Original Pieces*, this epigram is generally ascribed to Beattie, without reason. It does not appear in any collection of his poems.

[2] *Two Kings of Brentford*, from Buckingham's play of *The Rehearsal.*

[3] God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.
Cowley, *The Garden. Essay* v.
God Almighty first planted a garden.—Bacon, *Essays. Of Gardens.*
Divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes.
Varro, *Res Rom.* 3, 1.

THE TASK—*continued.*]

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,[1]
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more.
Book ii. *The Timepiece. Line* 1.

Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one. *Ibid. Line* 17.

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd. *Ibid. Line* 29.

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country and their shackles fall.[2]
Ibid. Line 40.

England, with all thy faults I love thee still,
My country![3] *Ibid. Line* 206.

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause. *Ibid. Line* 231.

Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue.
Ibid. Line 235.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know.[4] *Ibid. Line* 285.

Transforms old print
To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
Of gallery critics by a thousand arts. *Ibid. Line* 364.

Reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene. *Ibid. Line* 411.

Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not. *Ibid. Line* 444.

[1] Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men.—Jeremiah ix. 2.

[2] Servi peregrini, ut primum Galliæ fines penetraverint eodem momento liberi sunt.—Bodinus, *Liber* i. *c.* 5.

[3] Be England what she will,
With all her faults she is my country still.
Churchill, *The Farewell.*

[4] There is a pleasure sure
In being mad which none but madmen know.
Dryden, *Spanish Friar. Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

THE TASK—*continued.*]

Variety 's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour. *Ibid.* *Line* 606.

She that asks
Her dear five hundred friends. *Ibid.* *Line* 642.

Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has surviv'd the fall!
Book iii. *The Garden.* *Line* 41.

Great contest follows, and much learned dust. *Ibid.* *Line* 161.

From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up. *Ibid.* *Line* 188.

How various his employments, whom the world
Calls idle; and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too! *Ibid.* *Line* 352.

Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse too. *Line* 566.

I burn to set the imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,[1]
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
Book iv. *Winter Evening.* *Line* 34.

Which not even critics criticise. *Ibid.* *Line* 51.

And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
'T is pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world,—to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd. *Ibid.* *Line* 86.

While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home. *Ibid.* *Line* 118.

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year. *Ibid.* *Line* 120.

With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves. *Ibid.* *Line* 217.

Gloriously drunk, obey the important call. *Ibid.* *Line* 510.

[1] [Tar-water] is of a nature so mild and benign and proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate. —Bishop Berkeley, *Siris*, *par.* 217.

THE TASK—*continued.*]

Sidney, warbler of poetic prose. *Ibid. Line* 516.

The Frenchman's darling.[1] *Ibid. Line* 765.

But war 's a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.
Book v. *Winter Morning Walk. Line* 187.

The beggarly last doit. *Ibid. Line* 316.

As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Adored through fear, strong only to destroy. *Ibid. Line* 444.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free. *Ibid. Line* 733.

With filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, "My Father made them all!"
Ibid. Line 745.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
And as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleased
With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet! *Book* vi. *Winter Walk at Noon. Line* 1.

Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books. *Ibid. Line* 85.

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells. *Ibid. Line* 96.

Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment hoodwink'd. *Ibid. Line* 100.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. *Ibid. Line* 560.

An honest man, close-button'd to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.
Epistle to Joseph Hill.

Shine by the side of every path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.[2]
Tirocinium. Line 79.

[1] It was Cowper who gave this now common name to the Mignonette.
[2] Cf. Habakkuk ii. 2.

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.
Retirement. Line 623.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
As useless if it goes as if it stands. *Ibid. Line* 681.

Built God a church, and laughed his word to scorn.
Ibid. Line 688.

I praise the Frenchman, his remark was shrewd,
How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, solitude is sweet. *Ibid. Line* 739.

Is base in kind, and born to be a slave. *Table Talk. Line* 28.

No. Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know. *Ibid. Line* 260.

Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true,
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew. *Truth. Line* 327.

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.
The Progress of Error. Line 415.

A kick that scarce would move a horse
May kill a sound divine. *The Yearly Distress.*

O that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture.

The son of parents passed into the skies. *Ibid.*

There goes the parson, oh! illustrious spark!
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.
On observing some Names of Little Note.

A fool must now and then be right by chance.
Conversation. Line 96.

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can. *Ibid. Line* 193.

I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss-gentleman that 's all perfume. *Ibid. Line* 283.

The solemn fop; significant and budge;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge.[1] *Ibid. Line* 299.

---

[1] If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows.—Shakespeare, *King Henry V. Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

This man (Chesterfield) I thought had been a lord among wits, but I find he is only a wit among lords.—Boswell's *Johnson, Vol.* ii. p. 13. *An.* 1754.

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.—Pope, *Dunciad, Book* iv. *Line* 92.

Although too much of a soldier among sovereigns, no one could claim

CONVERSATION—*continued.*]

His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But, when you knock, it never is at home.[1] *Ibid. Line* 303.

Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.[2] *Ibid. Line* 357.

That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind. *History of John Gilpin.*

A hat not much the worse for wear. *Ibid.*

Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see! *Ibid.*

Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore! *On the Loss of the Royal George.*

Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry,—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry. *Pairing Time Anticipated.*

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill. *Walking with God.*

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees. *Exhortation to Prayer.*

---

with better right to be a sovereign among soldiers.—Walter Scott, *Life of Napoleon.*

He (Steele) was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes.—Macaulay, *Review of Aikin's Life of Addison.*

Temple was a man of the world amongst men of letters, a man of letters amongst men of the world.—Macaulay, *Life and Writings of Sir William Temple.*

[1] You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there 's nobody at home.
Pope, *Epigram.*

[2] Love in your hearts as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns.
Butler, *Hudibras, Part* ii. *Canto* i. 309.

The story of the lamp which was supposed to have burned above 1,550 years in the sepulchre of Tullia, the daughter of Cicero, is told by Panci-rollus and others.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm. *Light Shining out of Darkness.*

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a shining face. *Ibid.*

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.
Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk.

O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face? *Ibid.*

But the sound of the church-going bell
Those valleys and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabbath appeared. *Ibid.*

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light. *Ibid.*

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
To an Afflicted Protestant Lady.

'T is Providence alone secures
In every change both mine and yours. *A Fable.* (Moral.)

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves, by thumping on your back,[1]
His sense of your great merit,[2]
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon, or to bear it. *On Friendship.*

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.
The Needless Alarm. (Moral.)

He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he?—Caw. *The Jackdaw.*

[1] And friend received with thumps upon the back.
Young, *Universal Passion.*

[2] Var. "How he esteems your merit."

For 't is a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right. *The Retired Cat.*

But strive still to be a man before your mother.[1]
Motto of No. iii. *Connoisseur.*

—□—

ERASMUS DARWIN. 1731—1802.

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam ! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car ;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying-chariot through the field of air.
The Botanic Garden. Part i. *Ch.* 1. *Line* 289.

No radiant pearl, which crested Fortune wears,
No gem, that twinkling hangs from Beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars, which Night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down Virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.
Ibid. Part ii. *The Loves of the Plants. Canto* iii. *Line* 459.

—□—

LORD THURLOW. 1732—1806.

The accident of an accident.
Speech in Reply to the Duke of Grafton.
Butler's Reminiscences, 1. 142.

When I forget my sovereign, may my God forget me.[2]
27 Parl. Hist. 680 ; *Ann. Reg.* 1789.

—□—

MRS. GREVILLE.[3] 17——17—.

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too. *A Prayer for Indifference.*

[1] Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Love's Cure, Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

[2] Whereupon Wilkes, seated upon the foot of the throne, and who had known him long and well, is reported to have said, somewhat coarsely but not unhappily it must be allowed, "Forget you ! He'll see you d—d first."—Brougham, *Statesmen of the Time of Geo. III. Thurlow.*

[3] The pretty Fanny Macartney. *Walpole's Memoirs,*

W. J. MICKLE. 1734—1788.

For there 's nae luck about the house,
There 's nae luck at a';
There 's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman 's awa'. *The Mariner's Wife.*

His very foot has music in 't
As he comes up the stairs. *Ibid.*

—□—

THOMAS MOSS. *Circa* 1740—1808.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store. *The Beggar.*

A pampered menial drove me from the door. *Ibid.*

—□—

JOHN LANGHORNE. 1735—1779.

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew;
The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptized in tears.[1]
The Country Justice. Part i.

—□—

JOHN WOLCOT. 1738—1819.

What rage for fame attends both great and small!
Better be d—d than mentioned not at all.
To the Royal Academicians.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.
Expostulatory Odes. Ode xv.

A fellow in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down.
Farewell Odes. Ode iii.

---

[1] This allusion to the dead soldier and his widow, on the field of battle, was made the subject of a print by Bunbury, under which were engraved the pathetic lines of Langhorne. Sir Walter Scott has mentioned, that the only time he saw Burns, this picture was in the room. Burns shed tears over it; and Scott, then a lad of fifteen, was the only person present who could tell him where the lines were to be found.—Chambers's *Cyc. of Literature, Vol.* ii. *p.* 10.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. 1732—1799.

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.[1] *Speech to both Houses of Congress, January* 8, 1790.

—□—

JOHN ADAMS. 1735—1826.

The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore.

Letter to Mrs. Adams, July 3, 1776.

—□—

PATRICK HENRY. 1736—1799.

Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First, his Cromwell—and George the Third—("Treason!" cried the speaker)—*may profit by their example.* If *this* be treason, make the most of it. *Speech*, 1765.

Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

Speech, March, 1775.

—□—

THOMAS PAINE. 1737—1809.

And the final event to himself (Mr. Burke) has been that, as he rose like a rocket, he fell like the stick. *Letter to the Addressers.*

These are the times that try men's souls. *The American Crisis. No.* 1.

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.[2]

Age of Reason. Part ii. *ad fin.* (*note.*)

—□—

THOMAS JEFFERSON. 1743—1826.

The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time.

Summary View of the Rights of British America.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and

---

[1] Qui desiderat pacem præparet bellum.

Vegetius, *Rei Mil.* 3. *Prolog.*

[2] Probably the original of Napoleon's celebrated mot, "Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas."

to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights: that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. *Ibid.*

We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour. *Ibid.*

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. *Inaugural Address.*

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship, with all nations,—entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigour, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; . . . . . freedom of religion; freedom of the press; freedom of person under the protection of habeas corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected,—these principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. *Ibid.*

If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few: by resignation none.[1]

Letter to a Committee of the Merchants of New Haven, 1801.

—□—

LORD STOWELL. 1745—1836.

A dinner lubricates business. Boswell's *Johnson*, viii. 67, *n.*

The elegant simplicity of the three per cents.

Campbell's *Chancellors*, *Vol.* x. *Ch.* 212.

—□—

MRS. BARBAULD. 1743—1825.

Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,
And souls are ripened in our northern sky. *The Invitation.*

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.[2]

A Summer's Evening Meditation.

[1] Usually quoted, "Few die, and none resign."

[2] Often ascribed to Young.

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'T is hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not "Good night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good morning." *Life.*

—□—

MRS. THRALE. 1740—1822.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'T was therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears. *Three Warnings.*

—□—

CHARLES DIBDIN. 1745—1814.

There 's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack. *Poor Jack.*

Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle?
He was all for love and a little for the bottle.
Captain Wattle and Miss Roe.

—□—

HANNAH MORE. 1745—1833.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
And those who know thee know all words are faint!
Sensibility.

In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind. *Florio. Part* i.

Small habits well pursued betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes. *Ibid.*

—□—

SIR WILLIAM JONES. 1746—1794.

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung. *A Persian Song of Hafiz.*

On parent knees, a naked new-born child
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.
From the Persian.

What constitutes a state?

. . . . .

Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.

. . . . .

And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.[1]

—□—

JOHN LOGAN. 1748—1788.

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year. *To the Cuckoo.*

—□—

CHARLES MORRIS. 1739—1832.

Solid men of Boston, make no long orations;
Solid men of Boston, banish strong potations.[2]
Billy Pitt and the Farmer.

Oh give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall.
Town and Country.

—□—

JOHN TRUMBULL. 1750—1831.

But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.
McFingal. Canto i. *Line* 67.

But as some muskets so contrive it,
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And though well aimed at duck or plover,
Bear wide, and kick their owners over. *Canto* i. *Line* 93.

As though there were a tie,
And obligation to posterity.
We get them, bear them, breed and nurse.
What has posterity done for us,
That we, lest they their rights should lose,
Should trust our necks to gripe of noose.
Canto ii. *Line* 121.

No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law. *Canto* iii. *Line* 489.

---

1 Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix.
Translation of lines quoted by Sir Edward Coke.

2 From Debrett's *Asylum for Fugitive Pieces, Vol.* ii. *p.* 250.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. 1751—1816.

A progeny of learning. (Mrs. Malaprop.) *The Rivals. Act.* i. *Sc.* 2.

You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?
(Mrs. Malaprop.) *Ibid. Act.* iv. *Sc.* 2.

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it. *Ibid. Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile.
(Mrs. Malaprop.) *Ibid. Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

My valour is certainly going! it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palm of my hands. *Ibid. Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

I own the soft impeachment. (Mrs. Malaprop.) *Ibid. Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

Steal! to be sure they may, and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children,—disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.[1] *The Critic. Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope. *Ibid. Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Where they *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful.
The Critic. Act ii. *Sc.* 2.

An oyster may be crossed in love. *Ibid. Act* iii.

You shall see a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin. *School for Scandal. Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

I leave my character behind me. *Ibid. Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Here 's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here 's to the widow of fifty;
Here 's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,
And here 's to the housewife that 's thrifty.
Let the toast pass;
Drink to the lass;
I 'll warrant she 'll prove an excuse for the glass.
Ibid. Act iii. *Sc.* 3.

An unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance.
Ibid. Act iv. *Sc.* 1.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip. *The Duenna. Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you. *Ibid. Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

---

[1] Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse;
Like gipsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for his own.
Churchill, *The Apology, Line* 233.

THE DUENNA—*continued.*]

Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics.
Ibid. Act ii. *Sc.* 4.

The Right Honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts.[1]
Speech in Reply to Mr. Dundas. (*Sheridaniana.*)

You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing 's curst hard reading.
Clio's Protest. Moore's *Life of Sheridan. Vol.* i. *p.* 155.

—□—

GEORGE CRABBE. 1754—1832.

Oh! rather give me commentators plain,
Who with no deep researches vex the brain;
Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,
And hold their glimmering tapers to the sun.[2]
The Parish Register. Pt. i. *Introduc.*

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd. *Ibid. Pt.* ii. *Marriages.*

In this fool's paradise[3] he drank delight.
The Borough. Letter xii. *Players.*

Books cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food.
Ibid. Letter xxiv. *Schools.*

In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way. *The Birth of Flattery.*

—□—

ROBERT BURNS. 1759—1796.

Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm. *Tam O'Shanter.*

Ah gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How monie lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises. *Ibid.*

His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
They had been fou for weeks thegither. *Ibid.*

---

[1] On peut dire que son esprit brille aux dépens de sa mémoire.—Le Sage, *Gil Blas, Livre* iii. *Ch.* xi.

[2] Cf. Young, *Ante, p.* 157.

[3] Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost, Book* iii. *Line* 496.

TAM O'SHANTER—*continued.*]

The landlady and Tam grew gracious
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious. *Ibid.*

The landlord's laugh was ready chorus. *Ibid.*

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious. *Ibid.*

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or, like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever. *Ibid.*

That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane. *Ibid.*

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn,
What dangers thou canst make us scorn! *Ibid.*

As Tammie gloured, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious. *Ibid.*

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!
A Winter's Night.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human. *Address to the Unco Guid.*

What 's done we partly may compute,
But know not what 's resisted. *Ibid.*

If there 's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel 's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he 'll prent it.
On Captain Grose's Peregrinations through Scotland.

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion. *To a Louse.*

The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley;
And leave us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy. *To a Mouse.*

Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom.[1] *To a Mountain Daisy.*

[1] Final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation.
Young, *Night Thoughts*, ix. *Line* 167.

Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon. *Epistle to a Young Friend.*

I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But, och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling! *Ibid.*

The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border. *Ibid.*

An Atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange
For Deity offended! *Ibid.*

And may you better reck the *rede*,[1]
Than ever did th' adviser! *Ibid.*

In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep.[2]
Epistle from Esopus to Maria.

His locked, lettered, braw brass collar
Shewed him the gentleman and scholar. *The Twa Dogs.*

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys at th' expected warning,
To joy and play. *Epistle to James Smith.*

O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such a I! *Despondency.*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne? *Auld Lang Syne.*

Misled by fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven. *The Vision.*

And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away. *Ibid.*

---

[1] And recks not his own rede. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

[2] Durance vile.—W. Kenrick (1766), *Falstaff's Wedding*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 2. It will not be amiss to take a view of the effects of this royal servitude and vile durance, which was so deplored in the reign of the last monarch. —Burke, *Thoughts on the Present Discontents.*

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour. *Bannockburn.*

Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do or die.[1] *Ibid.*

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn. *Man was made to mourn.*

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O![2] *Green grow the Rashes.*

Some wee short hour ayont the twal.
Death and Dr. Hornbook.

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that.[3] *Is there for Honest Poverty.*

A prince can make a belted knight,[4]
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man 's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that. *Ibid.*

But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever. *Song. Ae Fond Kiss.*

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted! *Ibid.*

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever. *Bonny Lesley*

O, my luve 's like a red, red rose,
That 's newly sprung in June,
O, my luve 's like the melodie,
That 's sweetly played in tune. *Song. A Red, Red Rose.*

It 's guid to be merry and wise,
It 's guid to be honest and true,
It 's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.
Here 's a health to them that 's awa.

---

[1] See Proverbs, *post.*

[2] Man was made when Nature was
But an apprentice, but woman when she
Was a skilful mistress of her art. *Cupid's Whirligig.* 1607.

[3] I weigh the man, not his title; 't is not the king's stamp can make the metal better.—Wycherley, *The Plaindealer*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

[4] Of the king's creation you may be; but he who makes a Count ne'er made a man.—Southerne, *Sir Anthony Love*, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

'T is sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside,—Jessy! *Jessy.*

Gars auld claes look amaist as weel 's the new.
The Cotter's Saturday Night.

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale. *Ibid.*

He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air. *Ibid.*

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man 's the noblest work of God." *Ibid.*

—□—

J. P. KEMBLE. 1757—1823.

I give thee all—I can no more,
Tho' poor the offering be;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee. *Lodoiska. Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me down stairs?
The Panel.[1] *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

—□—

GEORGE BARRINGTON. 1755— ——.

True patriots all; for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good.[2]
Prologue written for the Opening of the Play-house at New South Wales, Jan. 16, 1796. *Barrington's "New South Wales," p.* 152.

—□—

WILLIAM PITT. 1759—1806.

Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies; and all
That shared its shelter, perish in its fall.
From *The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin. No.* xxxvi.

—□—

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER. 1762—1836.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.
Epilogue to the Heir at Law.

And what 's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass. *The Maid of the Moor.*

Three stories high, long, dull, and old,
As great lords' stories often are. *Ibid.*

[1] Altered from Bickerstaff's *'T is Well it's no Worse.* The lines are also found in Debrett's *Asylum for Fugitive Pieces, Vol.* i. *p.* 15.

[2] 'T was for the good of my country that I should be abroad.—Farquhar, *The Beaux' Stratagem, Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

Like two single gentlemen, rolled into one.
Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

But when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed. *Ibid.*

When taken
To be well shaken.
The Newcastle Apothecary.

Thank you, good sir, I owe you one.
The Poor Gentleman. Act i. *Sc.* 2.

O Miss Bailey,
Unfortunate Miss Bailey!
Love laughs at Locksmiths. Act ii. *Song.*

—□—

JAMES HURDIS. 1763—1801.

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.
The Village Curate.

—□—

HENRY LEE. 1756—1816.

To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.
Eulogy on Washington. Delivered by Gen. Lee, Dec. 26, 1799.[1] *Memoirs of Lee.*

—□—

DAVID EVERETT. 1769—1813.

You 'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.
Lines written for a School Declamation.

—□—

MADAME ROLAND. 1754—1793.

O liberty! liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name! (1793.)

—□—

BERTRAND BARÈRE. 1755—1841.

The tree of liberty only grows when watered by the blood of tyrants.[2]
Speech in the Convention Nationale. 1792.

[1] To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.—From *the Resolutions presented to the House of Representatives, on the Death of General Washington, December,* 1799. *Marshall's Life of Washington.*

[2] L'arbre de la liberté ne croît qu'arrosé par le sang des tyrans,

JOSEPH FOUCHÉ. 1763—1820.

It is more than a crime, it is a political fault;[1] words which I record because they have been repeated and attributed to others. *Memoirs of Fouché.*

—□—

THOMAS MORTON. 1764—1838.

What will Mrs. Grundy say? *Speed the Plough. Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Push on—keep moving. *A Cure for the Heartache. Act.* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed. *Ibid. Act* v. *Sc.* 2.

—□—

JOHN FERRIAR. 1764—1815.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF STERNE.

The princeps copy, clad in blue and gold. *Bibliomania. Line* 6.

Now cheaply bought—for thrice their weight in gold. *Ibid. Line* 65.

Torn from their destined page (unworthy meed
Of knightly counsel, and heroic deed). *Ibid. Line* 121.

How pure the joy, when first my hands unfold
The small, rare volume, black with tarnish'd gold! *Ibid. Line* 137.

—□—

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH. 1765—1832.

Diffused knowledge immortalizes itself. *Vindiciæ Gallicæ.*

The commons, faithful to their system, remained in a wise and masterly inactivity. *Ibid.*

Disciplined inaction. *Causes of the Revolution of* 1688, *ch. vii.*

The frivolous work of polished idleness.
Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy. Remarks on Thomas Brown.

—□—

ROBERT HALL. 1764—1831.

His imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation and every walk of art. (Of Burke.)
Apology for the Freedom of the Press.

He might be a very clever man by nature, for aught I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move. (Of Kippis.)
From *Gregory's Life of Hall.*

Call things by their right names. . . . . Glass of brandy and water! That is the current, but not the appropriate name; ask for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation. *Ibid.*

[1] Commonly quoted, "It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder," and attributed to Talleyrand.

KOTZEBUE. 1761—1819.

There is another and a better world.
The Stranger. Act i. *Sc.* 1. *Trans. by A. Schink, London.* 1799.

—□—

SIR SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES. 1762—1837.

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.
Sonnet on the Death of Sir Walter Scott.

—□—

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. 1767—1848.

This hand, to tyrants ever sworn the foe,
For freedom only deals the deadly blow;
Then sheathes in calm repose the vengeful blade,
For gentle peace in freedom's hallowed shade.[1]
Written in an Album, 1842.

—□—

JOSIAH QUINCY. 1772—1864.

If this bill (for the admission of Orleans territory as a State) passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligation, and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must.[2]
Abridged Cong. Debates, Jan. 14, 1811. *Vol.* iv. *p.* 327.

—□—

GEORGE CANNING. 1770—1827.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir.
The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d—d first. *Ibid.*

So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying *Three* INSIDES.
The Loves of the Triangles. Line 178.

A sudden thought strikes me,—let us swear an eternal friendship.
Ibid. The Rovers. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

And finds, with keen, discriminating sight,
Black 's not so black;—nor white so *very* white.
New Morality, xxxvi.

Give me the avow'd, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet,—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the *Candid Friend!* *Ibid.*

---

[1] Manus hæc inimica tyrannis
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.
Algernon Sidney.

[2] The gentleman (Mr. Quincy) cannot have forgotten his own sentiment, uttered even on the floor of this House, "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."—Henry Clay, *Speech, Jan.* 8, 1813.

I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the old.
The King's Message. (Dec. 12, 1826.)

No, here's to the pilot that weathered the storm.
The Pilot that weathered the Storm.

—□—

SAMUEL ROGERS. 1763—1855.

A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing. *Human Life.*

Fireside happiness, to hours of ease
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please. *Ibid.*

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before! *Ibid.*

Then, never less alone than when alone.[1] *Ibid.*

Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves,—not dead, but gone before,[2]—
He gathers round him. *Ibid.*

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near. *A Wish.*

That very law which moulds a tear
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere
And guides the planets in their course. *To a Tear.*

She was good as she was fair.
None—none on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her.[3] *Jacqueline. St.* 1.

The good are better made by ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still.[4] *Ibid. St.* 3.

---

[1] Numquam se minus otiosum esse, quam quum otiosus, nec minus solum, quam quum solus esset.—Cicero, *De Officiis, Lib. iii. cap.* 1.

[2] In a collection of Epitaphs published by Lackington & Co. (Vol. ii. p. 143), an epitaph is given "On Mary Angell at Stepney, who died 1693," in which this line appears, "Not lost, but gone before."—*Notes and Queries, 3d Ser.* x. *p.* 404.

[3] To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever. Burns, *Bonny Lesley.*

I will, if you please, take you to the house, and introduce you to its worthy master, whom to know is to love.—Sir Humphry Davy, *Salmonia, Eighth Day.*

None knew thee but to love thee.—Halleck, *On the Death of Drake.*

[4] Virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.—Bacon, *Of Adversity.*

JOHN TOBIN. 1770—1804.

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,
Whom 't were gross flattery to name a coward.
The Honeymoon. Act ii. *Sc.* 1.

She 's adorned
Amply that in her husband's eye looks lovely,—
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in. *Ibid. Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

—□—

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.[1] 1770—1850.

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.
Guilt and Sorrow. Stanza 41.

Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that.
The Borderers. Act iii.

The Child is father of the Man.[2] *My Heart Leaps Up.*

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears,
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy. *The Sparrow's Nest.*

The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door. *Lucy Gray. Stanza* 2.

A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death? *We are Seven.*

Drink, pretty creature, drink! *The Pet Lamb.*

Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,
Or reap an acre of his neighbour's corn. *The Brothers.*

Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now. *To a Butterfly.*

A noticeable Man with large gray eyes.
Stanzas written in Thomson.

---

[1] Coleridge said to Wordsworth, "Since Milton I know of no poet with so many *felicities* and unforgetable lines and stanzas as you."—*Wordsworth's Memoirs*, ii. 74.

[2] The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day.
Milton, *Par. Regained, Book* iv. *L.* 220.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love. *She dwelt among the untrodden ways.*

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky. *Ibid.*

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh!
The difference to me! *Ibid.*

A Briton, even in love, should be
A subject, not a slave! *Ere with cold beads of midnight dew.*

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
And the lover is beloved. *To ——.*

Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive. *Yes! thou art fair.*

That kill the bloom before its time;
And blanch, without the owner's crime,
The most resplendent hair. *Lament of Mary Queen of Scots.*

The bane of all that dread the Devil. *The Idiot Boy.*

Something between a hindrance and a help. *Michael.*

Lady of the Mere,
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.
A Narrow Girdle of Rough Stones.

But He is risen, a later star of dawn. *A Morning Exercise.*

Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark. *Ibid.*

And he is oft the wisest man,
Who is not wise at all. *The Oak and the Broom.*

We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted. *To the Daisy.*

The poet's darling. *Ibid.*

Thou unassuming Commonplace
Of Nature. *To the same Flower.*

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes,
Loose types of things through all degrees. *Ibid.*

Often have I sighed to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure,
Sighed to think I read a book,
Only read, perhaps, by me. *To the Small Celandine.*

O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering voice? *To the Cuckoo.*

One of those heavenly days that cannot die. *Nutting.*

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight.
She was a phantom of delight.

But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn. *Ibid.*

A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. *Ibid.*

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command. *Ibid.*

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face. *Three years she grew.*

That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude. *I wandered lonely.*

The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one! *Written in March.*

A Youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven. *Ruth.*

As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low.
Resolution and Independence. *Stanza* 4.

But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?
Ibid. *Stanza* 6.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,

RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE—*continued.*]

Following his plough, along the mountain-side:
By our own spirits we are deified:
We poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.
Ibid. Stanza 8.

Choice word and measured phrase above the reach
Of ordinary men. *Ibid. Stanza* 14.

And mighty Poets in their misery dead. *Ibid. Stanza* 17.

"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!
But something ails it now: the spot is cursed."
Hart-Leap Well. Part ii.

Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream. *Ibid. Part* ii.

Never to blend our pleasure, or our pride,
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels. *Ibid.*

Sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart. *Tintern Abbey.*

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. *Ibid.*

That blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened. *Ibid.*

The fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart. *Ibid.*

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. *Ibid.*

But hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity. *Ibid.*

A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,

TINTERN ABBEY—*continued.*]

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. *Ibid.*

Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. *Ibid.*

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life. *Ibid.*

Like—but oh! how different! *Yes, it was the Mountain Echo.*

Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!
To a Skylark.

The Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul. *Laodamia.*

Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast. *Ibid.*

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away,—no strife to heal,—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure. *Ibid.*

Of all that is most beauteous imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
In ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams. *Ibid.*

Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone. *Ibid.*

But Shapes that come not at an earthly call
Will not depart when mortal voices bid. *Dion.*

Shalt show us how divine a thing
A Woman may be made. *To a Young Lady.*

But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave. *Ibid.*

Alas! how little can a moment show
Of an eye where feeling plays
In ten thousand dewy rays;
A face o'er which a thousand shadows go. *The Triad.*

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,
That no philosophy can lift. *Presentiment.*

Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.
On the Power of Sound, xii.

There 's something in a flying horse,
There 's something in a huge balloon.
Peter Bell. Prologue. St. 1.

The common growth of Mother Earth
Suffices me,—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears. *Ibid. St.* 27.

Full twenty times was Peter feared,
For once that Peter was respected. *Part* i. *St.* 3.

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more. *Part* i. *St.* 12.

The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky! *Part* i. *St.* 15.

As if the man had fixed his face,
In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky! *Part* i. *St.* 26.[1]

The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration.
Miscellaneous Sonnets. Part i. xxx.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
Ibid. Part i. xxxiii.

Great God! I 'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn. *Ibid.*

To the solid ground
Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for aye.
Ibid. Part i. xxxiv.

[1] The original edition (London, 8vo, 1819) had the following as the fourth stanza from the end of Part I., which was omitted in all subsequent editions :—

Is it a party in a parlour?
Crammed just as they on earth were crammed,—
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But as you by their faces see,
All silent and all damned.

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS—*continued.*]

'T is hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.
Ibid. Part i. xxxv.

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still! *Ibid. Part* ii. xxxvi.

And, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains,—alas! too few. *Ibid. Part* ii. i.

Soft is the music that would charm for ever;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.
Ibid. Part ii. ix.

Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven
This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavour,
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,
Effaced for ever.
Thoughts suggested on the Banks of Nith.

The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive. *Ibid.*

The foaming flood seems motionless as ice;
. . . . .
Frozen by distance. *Address to Kilchurn Castle.*

May no rude hand deface it,
And its forlorn *hic jacet!* *Ellen Irwin.*

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again. *The Solitary Reaper.*

The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more. *Ibid.*

Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can. *Rob Roy's Grave.*

The Eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below. *Ibid.*

A brotherhood of venerable trees.
Sonnet. Composed at ——— Castle.

Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow! *Yarrow Unvisited.*

O for a single hour of that Dundee
Who on that day the word of onset gave!
Sonnet. In the Pass of Killicranky.

A remnant of uneasy light. *The Matron of Jedborough.*

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation. *Yarrow Visited.*

Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.
On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.

Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;
There 's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.
To Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty voice.
Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland.

Plain living and high thinking are no more.
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.
Written in London, September, 1802.

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart. *London,* 1802.

So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness. *Ibid.*

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.
Poems dedicated to National Independence. Part i. *Sonnet* xvi.

Every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath. *Ibid. Sonnet* xx.

A few strong instincts, and a few plain rules.
Ibid. Part ii. *Sonnet* xii.

Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold. *Desultory Stanzas.*

That God's most dreaded instrument,
In working out a pure intent,
Is man—arrayed for mutual slaughter;
Yea, Carnage is his daughter.[1] *Ode.* 1815.

The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curled;
And Shakespeare at his side,—a freight,
If clay could think and mind were weight,
For him who bore the world! *The Italian Itinerant.*

Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows
That for oblivion take their daily birth
From all the fuming vanities of earth.
Sky-Prospect, from the Plain of France.

The monumental pomp of age
Was with this goodly Personage;
A stature undepressed in size,
Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,
In open victory o'er the weight
Of seventy years, to loftier height.
The White Doe of Rylstone. Canto iii.

Babylon,
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid the sigh
That would lament her.
Eccles. Sonnets. Part i. xxv. *Missions and Travels.*

"As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt bear
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into main ocean they, this deed accursed
An emblem yields to friends and enemies,
How the bold Teacher's doctrine, sanctified
By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed."[2]
Eccles. Sonnets. Part ii. xvii. *To Wickliffe.*

---

[1] Altered in later editions by omitting the last two lines, the others reading

But Man is thy most awful instrument,
In working out a pure intent.

[2] In obedience to the order of the Council of Constance, (1415,) the remains of Wickliffe were exhumed and burnt to ashes, and these cast into the Swift, a neighbouring brook running hard by, and "thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon; Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."—Fuller, *Church History, Sec.* ii. *B.* 4, *Par.* 53.

Fox says: "What Heraclitus would not laugh, or what Democritus would not weep? . . . . For though they digged up his body, burnt

The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an Angel's wing.[1]
Ibid. Part iii. v. *Walton's Book of Lives.*

Meek Walton's heavenly memory. *Ibid.*

But who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw
Against a Champion cased in adamant.
Ibid. Part iii. vii. *Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters.*

Where music dwells
Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.
Ibid. Part iii. xliii. *Inside of King's Chapel, Cambridge.*

Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
Have passed away; less happy than the one
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.
Poems composed in Summer of 1833. xxxvii.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness. *Expostulation and Reply.*

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you 'll grow double:
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble? *The Tables Turned.*

Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your Teacher. *Ibid.*

---

his bones, and drowned his ashes, yet the word of God and truth of his doctrine, with the fruit and success thereof, they could not burn."
Book of Martyrs. Vol. i. *p.* 606, *ed.* 1641.

"Some prophet of that day said,
'The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea;
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,
Wide as the waters be.'"

From *Address before the "Sons of New Hampshire,"* by Daniel Webster, 1849.

These lines are similarly quoted by the Rev. John Cumming in the *Voices of the Dead.*

[1] The pen wherewith thou dost so heavenly sing
Made of a quill from an Angel's wing.
Henry Constable, *Sonnet.*

Whose noble praise
Deserves a quill pluckt from an angel's wing.
Dorothy Berry, *Sonnet.*

THE TABLES TURNED—*continued.*]

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can. *Ibid.*

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.
Lines written in Early Spring.

And 't is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes. *Ibid.*

O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in everything. *Simon Lee.*

I 've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning. *Ibid.*

One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave. *A Poet's Epitaph. St.* 5.

He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own. *Ibid. St.* 10.

And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love. *Ibid. St.* 11.

The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart. *Ibid. St.* 13.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard. *The Fountain.*

A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free. *Ibid.*

And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore. *Ibid.*

Maidens withering on the stalk. *Personal Talk. St.* 1.

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
. . . . . .
The gentle Lady married to the Moor,
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb. *Ibid. St.* 5.

PERSONAL TALK—*continued.*]

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays! *Ibid. St.* 4.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God! *Ode to Duty.*

A light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove. *Ibid.*

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live. *Ibid.*

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain.
Character of the Happy Warrior.

Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives. *Ibid.*

But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for humankind,
Is happy as a Lover. *Ibid.*

Whom neither shape of anger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray. *Ibid.*

Sad fancies do we then affect,
In luxury of disrespect
To our own prodigal excess
Of too familiar happiness. *Ode to Lycoris.*

Or, shipwrecked, kindles on the coast
False fires, that others may be lost. *To the Lady Fleming.*

Small service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest Friends, bright Creature! scorn not one:
The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.
To a Child. Written in her Album.

Men who can hear the Decalogue, and feel
No self-reproach. *The Old Cumberland Beggar.*

As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die! *Ibid.*

To be a Prodigal's Favourite,—then, worse truth,
A Miser's Pensioner,—behold our lot! *The Small Celandine.*

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream.
Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm. St. 4.

A Power is passing from the earth.
Lines on the Expected Dissolution of Mr. Fox.

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things. *Addressed to Sir G. H. B.*

Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source;
The rapt one, of the god-like forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth:
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.
Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg

How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land! *Ibid.*

But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.
Ode. Intimations of Immortality. St. 2.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter darkness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy.
. . . . . .
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day. *Ibid. St. 5.*

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction. *Ibid. St. 9.*

Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised. *Ibid. St. 9.*

Truths that wake,
To perish never. *Ibid.*

ODE. INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY—*continued.*]

Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither. *Ibid.*

In years that bring the philosophic mind. *Ibid. St.* 10.

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.
. . . . . .
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. *Ibid. St.* 11.

The vision and the faculty divine;
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.
The Excursion. Book i.

The imperfect offices of prayer and praise. *Ibid.*

That mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton. *Ibid.*

The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket. *Ibid.*

This dull product of a scoffer's pen. *Ibid. Book* ii.

With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars. *Ibid.*

Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar. *Ibid. Book* iii.

Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged. *Ibid.*

Monastic brotherhood, upon rock
Aerial. *Ibid.*

The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way![1] *Ibid.*

Society became my glittering bride,
And airy hopes my children. *Ibid.*

There is a luxury in self-dispraise;
And inward self-disparagement affords
To meditative spleen a grateful feast. *Ibid. Book* iv.

Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god! *Ibid.*

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract

[1] Three sleepless nights I passed in sounding on,
Through words and things, a dim and perilous way.
The Borderers, Act iv. *Sc.* 2.

THE EXCURSION—*continued.*]

Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea. *Ibid.* *Book* vi.

One in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition. *Ibid.*

Spires whose "silent finger points to heaven."[1] *Ibid.*

Ah! what a warning for a thoughtless man,
Could field or grove, could any spot of earth,
Show to his eye an image of the pangs
Which it hath witnessed; render back an echo
Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod! *Ibid.*

And, when the stream
Which overflowed the soul was passed away,
A consciousness remained that it had left,
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed. *Ibid.* *Book* vii.

Wisdom married to immortal verse.[2] *Ibid.*

A Man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows. *Ibid.* *Book* vii.

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of Man, like flowers. *Ibid.* *Book* ix.

By happy chance we saw
A twofold image; on a grassy bank
A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood
Another and the same![3] *Ibid.*

---

[1] An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire-steeples, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars.—Coleridge, *The Friend*, *No.* 14.

[2] Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse.—Milton, *L'Allegro.*

[3] Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines another and the same.
Darwin, *The Botanic Garden.*
An equivalent of the Latin phrase "alter et idem," Joseph Hall's *Mundus alter et idem*, published *circa* 1600.

Another morn
Risen on mid-noon.[1] *The Prelude. Book* vi.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven! *Ibid. Book* xi.

The budding rose above the rose full blown. *Ibid.*

And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea sand.
. . . . . .
And listens like a three years' child.
Lines added to the Ancient Mariner.[2]

—□—

ROBERT SOUTHEY. 1774—1843.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night! *Thalaba.*

They sin who tell us Love can die:
With Life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
The Curse of Kehama. Canto x. *St.* 10.

Love is indestructible:
Its holy flame for ever burneth;
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth
. . . . .
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there. *Ibid.*

Oh! when a Mother meets on high
The Babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight? *Ibid. Canto* x. *St.* 11.

Thou hast been called, O sleep! the friend of woe;
But 't is the happy that have called thee so.
Ibid. Canto xv. *St.* 11.

---

[1] Verbatim from *Paradise Lost, Book* v. *Line* 310.

[2] Wordsworth, in his notes to *We are Seven*, claims to have written these lines in the *Ancient Mariner.*

Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.[1] *Madoc in Wales.* v.

And last of all an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name,—
A name which you all know by sight very well;
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.
The March to Moscow. St. 8.

He passed a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And he owned with a grin,
That his favourite sin
Is pride that apes humility.[2] *The Devil's Walk.*

The Satanic school.
From the Original Preface to the Vision of Judgment.

"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 't was a famous victory." *The Battle of Blenheim.*

Where Washington hath left
His awful memory
A light for after times!
Ode written during the War with America, 1814.

My days among the Dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day. *Occasional Pieces.* xviii.

The march of intellect.[3]
Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society. Vol. ii. *p.* 360.

—□—

JOSEPH HOPKINSON. 1770—1842.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and died in freedom's cause. *Hail Columbia.*

—□—

WILLIAM PITT. ——1840.

A strong nor'-wester 's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now!
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now! *The Sailor's Consolation.*

[1] Quoted by Byron, *post.*
[2] Cf. Coleridge, *The Devil's Thoughts.*
[3] The march of the human mind is slow.—Burke, *Speech on Conciliation with America.*

CHARLES LAMB. 1775—1834.

Gone before
To that unknown and silent shore. *Hester. St. 7.*

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces. *Old Familiar Faces.*

And half had stagger'd that stout Stagirite.
Written at Cambridge.

Who first invented work and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down
. .
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?
. . . . . .
Sabbathless Satan! *Work.*

A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game.
Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist.

Books which are no books. *Detached Thoughts on Books.*

—□—

THOMAS DIBDIN. 1771—1841.

O, it 's a snug little island!
A right little, tight little island! *The Snug Little Island.*

—□—

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. 1772—1834.

We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea. *The Ancient Mariner. Part* ii.

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean. *Ibid.*

Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink. *Ibid.*

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea. *Ibid. Part* iv.

A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware. *Ibid.*

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole. *Ibid. Part* v.

A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune. *Ibid.*

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread.

THE ANCIENT MARINER—*continued.*]

And, having once turned round, walks on
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread. *Ibid. Part* vi.

So lonely 't was, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be. *Ibid. Part* vii.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast. *Ibid.*

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small. *Ibid.*

A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn. *Ibid.*

And the Spring comes slowly up this way. *Christabel. Part* i.

A lady so richly clad as she –
Beautiful exceedingly. *Ibid.*

Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain. *Ibid.*

Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness. *Ibid.*

A sight to dream of, not to tell! *Ibid.*

That saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all! *Conclusion to Part* i.

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death. *Ibid. Part* ii.

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny, and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain. *Ibid.*

They stood aloof, the scars remaining,—
Like cliff which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between. *Ibid.*

Perhaps 't is pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm. *Conclusion to Part* ii.

Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there. *France. An Ode.* v.

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,
(Portentous sight!) the owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And, hooting at the glorious Sun in Heaven,
Cries out, "Where is it?" *Tears in Solitude.*

And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.[1] *The Devil's Thoughts.*

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame. *Love.*

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows.
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.
The Homeric Hexameter. Translated from Schiller.

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.
The Ovidian Elegiac Metre.

Blest hour! it was a luxury—to be!
Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.*

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines. *Ibid.*

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts! *Ibid.*

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost. *Ibid.*

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God. *Ibid.*

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive. *The Three Graves.*

Never, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone. *The Visit of the Gods.*[2]

The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints, I trust. *The Knight's Tomb.*

To know, to esteem, to love,—and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart!
On Taking leave of ——, 1817.

---

[1] His favourite sin
Is pride that apes humility.
Southey, *The Devil's Walk.*

[2] Imitated from Schiller.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea. *Kubla Khan*

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora. *Ibid.*

For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise. *Ibid.*

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there. *Epitaph on an Infant.*

The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence. *Dejection. St.* 1.

Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud.
We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colours a suffusion from that light. *Ibid. St.* 5.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? three treasures,—love, and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death. *Reproof.*

Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn.
A Christmas Carol. viii.

I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks. *Cologne.*

The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine? *Ibid.*

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O the Joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old! *Youth and Age.*

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished;
They live no longer in the faith of reason.
Wallenstein. Part i. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 4.

Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
The Death of Wallenstein. Act i. *Sc.* 1.

Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow. *Ibid. Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

I have heard of reasons manifold
Why Love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold,—
His eyes are in his mind.
To a Lady, offended by a Sportive Observation.

What outward form and feature are
He guesseth but in part;
But what within is good and fair
He seeth with the heart. *Ibid.*

My eyes make pictures, when they are shut. *A Day-Dream.*

Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey,
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea. *Fancy in Nubibus.*

Our myriad-minded Shakespeare. *Biog. Lit. Ch.* xv.

A dwarf sees farther than the giant when he has the giant's shoulder to mount on.[1] *The Friend. Sec.* i. *Essay* 8.

—□—

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1771—1854.

When the good man yields his breath
(For the good man never dies).[2]
The Wanderer of Switzerland. Part v.

Friend after friend departs,—
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end. *Friends.*

[1] A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees further of the two.—Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

Grant them but dwarfs, yet stand they on giants' shoulders, and may see the further.—Fuller, *The Holy State, Ch.* vi. 8.

[2] Θνήσκειν μὴ λίγε τοὺς ἀγαθούς —Callim, *Ep.* x.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man. *The Common Lot.*

'T is not the whole of life to live:
Nor all of death to die. *The Issues of Life and Death.*

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will paradise be found! *The Earth full of God's Goodness.*

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home. *At Home in Heaven.*

Gashed with honourable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
Streaming splendour through the sky.
The Battle of Alexandria.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
Original Hymns. What is Prayer?

—□—

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER. 1770—1834.

Too late I stayed,—forgive the crime,—
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of time,[1]
That only treads on flowers. *Lines to Lady A. Hamilton.*

—□—

THOMAS CAMPBELL. 1777—1844.

'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Pleasures of Hope. Part i. *Line* 7.

But hope, the charmer, lingered still behind. *Line* 40.

O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save. *Line* 359.

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell! *Line* 381.

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below. *Line* 385.

And rival all but Shakespeare's name below. *Line* 472.

[1] Noiseless foot of time.—Shakespeare, *All 's Well that Ends Well, Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

PLEASURES OF HOPE—*continued.*]

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name? *Part* ii. *Line* 5.

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O what were man?—a world without a sun. *Line* 21.

The world was sad,—the garden was a wild;
And Man, the hermit, sighed—till Woman smil'd. *Line* 37.

While Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew. *Line* 45.

There shall be love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears. *Part* ii. *Line* 95.

And Muse on Nature with a poet's eye. *Line* 98.

That gems the starry girdle of the year. *Line* 194.

Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul! *Line* 263.

O Star-eyed Science! hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair? *Line* 325.

But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.[1] *Line* 357.

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between.[2] *Line* 375.

The hunter and the deer a shade.[3] *O'Conner's Child. St.* 5.

Another's sword has laid him low,
Another's and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow,
Ah me! it was a brother's! *Ibid. St.* 10.

'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.[4]
Lochiel's Warning.

With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe. *Ibid.*

1.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas:
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze! *Ye Mariners of England.*

[1] Cf. Sterne, p. 191.
[2] Cf. Norris, p. 141, and Blair, p. 180.
[3] Verbatim from Freneau's *Indian Burying-Ground.*
[4] Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present.—Shelley, *A Defence of Poetry.*

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND—*continued.*]

III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.

IV.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave! *Hohenlinden.*

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill!
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill. *The Exile of Erin.*

To bear is to conquer our fate.
On visiting a Scene in Argyleshire.

The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky.[1]
The Soldier's Dream.

In life's morning march, when my bosom was young. *Ibid.*

But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away. *Ibid.*

There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time. *Battle of the Baltic.*

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky,
When storms prepare to part;
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art. *To the Rainbow.*

A stoic of the woods,—a man without a tear.
Gertrude. Part i. *St.* 23.

O Love! in such a wilderness as this. *Ibid. Part* iii. *St.* 1.

The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!
Ibid. Part iii. *St.* 5.

Drink ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That 's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name. *Drink ye to her.*

To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die. *Hallowed Ground.*

[1] The starres, bright centinels of the skies.
Habington, *Castara, Dialogue between Night and Araphil.*

JONATHAN M. SEWALL. 1748—1808.

No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours.

Epilogue to Cato.[1]

—□—

ROBERT EMMET. 1780—1803.

Let there be no inscription upon my tomb; let no man write my epitaph: no man can write my epitaph.

Speech on his Trial and Conviction for High Treason, September, 1803.

—□—

WALTER SCOTT. 1771—1832.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel. *Canto* i. *St.* vii.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight. *Canto* ii. *St.* i.

O fading honours of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid! *Canto* ii. *St.* 10.

I was not always a man of woe. *Canto* ii. *St.* 12.

I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 't was said to me. *Canto* ii. *St.* 22.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love. *Canto* iii. *St.* i.

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star. *Canto* iii. *St.* 24.

Along thy wild and willowed shore. *Canto* iv. *St.* i.

Ne'er
Was flattery lost on Poet's ear:
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile. *Canto* iv. *St.* 35.

Call it not vain;—they do not err
Who say, that, when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies. *Canto* v. *St.* i.

[1] Written for the Bow Street Theatre, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL—*continued.*]

True love 's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven:
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind. *Canto* v. *St.* 13.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung. *Canto* vi. *St.* 1.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood. *Canto* vi. *St.* 2.

Profaned the God-given strength, and marred the lofty line.
Marmion. Introduc. to Canto 1.

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.
Introduc. to Canto ii.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone. *Ibid.*

'T is an old tale and often told;
But did my fate and wish agree,
Ne'er had been read, in story old,
Of maiden true betrayed for gold,
That loved, or was avenged, like me. *Canto* ii. *St.* 27.

MARMION—*continued.*]

In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying. *Canto* iii. *St.* 10.

Where 's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land? *Canto* iv. *St.* 30.

Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue;
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain. *Canto* v. *St.* 9.

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
Canto v. *St.* 12.

But woe awaits a country when
She sees the tears of bearded men. *Canto* v. *St.* 16.

And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall? *Canto* vi. *St.* 14.

O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive! *Canto* vi. *St.* 17.

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou! *Canto* vi. *St.* 30.

"Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion. *Canto* vi. *St.* 32.

O for a blast of that dread horn [1]
On Fontarabian echoes borne. *Canto* vi. *St.* 33.

To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!
Ibid. L'Envoy. To the Reader.

In listening mood, she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.
The Lady of the Lake. Canto i. *St.* 17.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face. *Canto* i. *St.* 18.

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew. *Ibid.*

[1] O for the voice of that wild horn.—*Rob Roy, Ch.* 2.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE—*continued.*]

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,
Yet had not quenched the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth:
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare. *Canto* i. *St.* 21.

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking. *Canto* i. *St.* 31.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances! *Canto* ii. *St.* 19.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven. *Canto* ii. *St.* 22.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. *Canto* iii. *St.* 1.

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever! *Canto* iii. *St.* 16.

The rose is fairest when 't is budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears. *Canto* iv. *St.* 1.

Art thou a friend to Roderick? *Canto* iv. *St.* 30.

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I. *Canto* v. *St.* 10.

And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel. *Ibid.*

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!—
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
Thou many-headed monster thing,
O, who would wish to be thy king! *Canto* v. *St.* 30.

Where, where was Roderick then?
One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men. *Canto* vi. *St.* 18.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded. *Pibroch of Donald Dhu.*

In man's most dark extremity
Oft succour dawns from Heaven.
The Lord of the Isles. Canto i. *St.* 20.

Spangling the wave with lights as vain
As pleasures in the vale of pain,
That dazzle as they fade. *Canto* i. *St.* 23.

O, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound, a heart that 's broken! *Canto* v. *St.* 18.

Where lives the man that has not tried
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin! *The Bridal of Triermain. Canto* i. *St.* 21.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame. *Ivanhoe. Ch.* xl.

Sea of upturned faces. *Rob Roy. Ch.* xx.

There 's a gude time coming. *Ibid. Ch.* xxxii.

My foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor.
Ibid. Ch. xxxiv.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.
Old Mortality. Ch. xxxiv. *p.* 451.

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries! *The Monastery. Ch.* xii.

And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn. *Ibid.*

Widowed wife and wedded maid. *The Betrothed. Ch.* xv.

But with the morning cool reflection came.[1]
Highland Widow. Introduction.

What can they see in the longest kingly line in Europe, save that it runs back to a successful soldier?[2] *Woodstock. Vol.* ii. *Ch.* xxxvii.

[1] At length the morn, and cold indifference, came.
Rowe, *The Fair Penitent, Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

[2] Un soldat tel que moi peut justement prétendre
À gouverner l'état, quand il l'a su défendre.
Le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat heureux :
Qui sert bien son pays, n'a pas besoin d'aïeux.
Voltaire, *Merope, Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH. 1785—1842.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well. *The Bucket.*

—□—

THOMAS MOORE. 1779—1852.

This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities!
Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

There 's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream. *Ibid.*

Like the stained web that whitens in the sun,
Grow pure by being purely shone upon. *Ibid.*

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate. *Paradise and the Peri.*

But the trail of the serpent is over them all. *Ibid.*

O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I 've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 't was the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die. *The Fire Worshippers.*

Beholding heaven, and feeling hell. *Ibid.*

As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still. *Ibid.*

Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter. *Ibid.*

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity. *The Light of the Harem.*

And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this. *Ibid.*

Love on through all ills, and love on till they die *Ibid.*

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page?
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage.
Poems relating to America. To Thomas Hume.

Go where glory waits thee;
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
Irish Melodies. Go where glory waits.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more. *The Harp that once.*

Fly not yet, 't is just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon. *Fly not yet.*

Oh stay!—Oh stay!—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh! 't is pain
To break its links so soon. *Ibid.*

And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
O think not my spirits.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore. *Rich and rare.*

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.
The Meeting of the Waters.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Come send round the wine.

The moon looks
On many brooks,
"The brook can see no moon but this."[1]
While gazing on the moon's light.

No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close!
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.
Believe me, if all those endearing.

[1] This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's Works: "The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon."

IRISH MELODIES—*continued.*]

And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon. *Ill Omens.*

But there 's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream. *Love's Young Dream.*

To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee ![1] *I saw thy form.*

'T is the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone. *Last Rose of Summer.*

When true hearts lie wither'd
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ? *Ibid.*

You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.
Farewell ! But whenever you welcome the hour.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds. *I 'd mourn the hopes.*

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us. *Come o'er the sea.*

The light that lies
In woman's eyes. *The time I 've lost.*

My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly 's all they 've taught me. *Ibid.*

I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.
Come, rest in this bosom.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.
Remember thee.

All that 's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest ;
All that 's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest !
National Airs. All that 's bright must fade.

[1] In imitation of Shenstone's inscription, "Heu ! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse."

NATIONAL AIRS——*continued.*]

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells!
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime. *Those Evening Bells.*

Oft, in the stilly night
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken! *Oft in the stilly night.*

I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed! *Ibid.*

As half in shade and half in sun
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun 's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!
Peace be around thee.

If I speak to thee in Friendship's name,
Thou think'st I speak too coldly;
If I mention Love's devoted flame,
Thou say'st I speak too boldly. *How shall I woo?*

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by. *The Blue Stocking.*

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There 's nothing true but Heaven!
Sacred Songs. The world is all a fleeting show.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.
Ibid. Sound the loud timbrel.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
Ibid. Come, ye Disconsolate.

I knew, by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there 's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here."
Poems relating to America. Ballad Stanzas.

To Greece we give our shining blades. *Evenings in Greece.*

Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!
From this hour let the blood in their dastardly veins,
That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war,
Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnate in chains.
On the Entry of the Austrians into Naples, 1821.

A Persian's Heaven is eas'ly made,
'T is but black eyes and lemonade.
Intercepted Letters. Letter vi.

Who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all.
On the Death of Sheridan.

Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade. *Ibid.*

Weep on; and, as thy sorrows flow,
I 'll taste the luxury of woe. *Anacreontic.*

The minds of some of our statesmen, like the pupil of the human eye, contract themselves the more, the stronger light there is shed upon them.
Preface to Corruption and Intolerance.

—□—

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. 1785—1842.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea. *Ibid.*

—□—

REGINALD HEBER. 1783—1826.

Failed the bright promise of your early day! *Palestine.*

No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;[1]
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence! *Ibid.*

[1] Altered in later editions to

No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung,
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.

Silently as a dream the fabric rose,
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.
Cowper, *The Task, Book* v. *The Winter Morning Walk.*

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid. *Epiphany.*

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows.
First Sunday after Epiphany. No. ii.

When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil.
Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower. *At a Funeral.*

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb.
Ibid. No. ii.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 't is fair.
On Heavenly Hope and Earthly Hope.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand. *Missionary Hymn.*

Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile. *Ibid.*

I see them on their winding way,
Above their ranks the moonbeams play.
Lines written to a March.

—□—

JOSEPH STORY. 1779--1845.

Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain;
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty, and Law.
Motto of the Salem Register. Life of Story, Vol. i. *p.* 127.

—□—

STEPHEN DECATUR. 1779—1820.

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.
Toast given at Norfolk. April, 1816.

—□—

DANIEL WEBSTER. 1782—1852.

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonoured frag-

ments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. *Second Speech on Foot's Resolution.*

Liberty and Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable. *Ibid.*

We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and the parting day linger and play on its summit.

Address on Laying the Corner-Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, 1825.

He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprung upon its feet.[1] *Speech on Hamilton, March* 10, 1831.

On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they (the Colonies) raised their flag against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared,—a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning-drum beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.[2]

Speech, May 7, 1834.

Sea of upturned faces.[3] *Speech, September* 30, 1842.

---

[1] He it was that first gave to the law the air of a science. He found it a skeleton, and clothed it with life, colour, and complexion; he embraced the cold statue, and by his touch it grew into youth, health, and beauty.—Barry Yelverton (Lord Avonmore) *on Blackstone.*

[2] Why should the brave Spanish soldier brag the sun never sets in the Spanish dominions, but ever shineth on one part or other we have conquered for our king?—Capt. John Smith, *Advertisements for the Unexperienced, &c., Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc., 3d. Ser. Vol.* iii. *p.* 49.

I am called
The richest monarch in the Christian world;
The sun in my dominions never sets.

Ich heisse
Der reichste Mann in der getauften Welt;
Die Sonne geht in meinem Staat nicht unter.

Schiller, *Don Karlos, Act* i. *Sc.* 6.

The stake I play for is immense,—I will continue in my own dynasty the family system of the Bourbons, and unite Spain for ever to the destinies of France. Remember that the sun never sets on the immense empire of Charles V. (Napoleon, February, 1807).—Walter Scott, *Life of Napoleon.*

[3] This phrase, commonly supposed to have originated with Mr. Webster, occurs in *Rob Roy, Vol.* i. *Ch.* 20.

CHARLES MINER. 1780—1865.

When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to taste a little brandy and throwing half his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an axe to grind. *Who 'll turn Grindstones.*[1]

—□—

WASHINGTON IRVING. 1783—1859.

Free-livers on a small scale, who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea. *The Stout Gentleman.*

The Almighty Dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land, seems to have no genuine devotees in these peculiar villages. *The Creole Village.*

—□—

SIR W. F. P. NAPIER. 1785—1860.

Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where every helmet caught some beams of glory, but the British soldier conquered under the cool shade of aristocracy; no honours awaited his daring, no despatch gave his name to the applauses of his countrymen; his life of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death unnoticed.

Peninsular War. Vol. ii. *Book* xi. *Ch.* 3. 1810.

—□—

LORD BYRON. 1788—1824.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky. *Farewell! if ever.*

I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell! *Ibid.*

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years. *When we two parted.*

Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. Line 6.

'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book 's a book, although there 's nothing in 't. *Line* 51.

With just enough of learning to misquote. *Line* 66.

As soon
Seek roses in December,—ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that 's false, before
You trust in critics. *Line* 75.

[1] From *Essays from the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe, Doylestown, Pa.*, 1815. It first appeared in the *Wilkesbarre Gleaner.* 1811.

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS—*continued.*]

Perverts the Prophets and purloins the Psalms. *Line* 326.

O Amos Cottle! Phœbus! what a name! *Line* 399.

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.[1] *Line* 826.

Yet truth will sometimes lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires:
This fact, in Virtue's name, let Crabbe attest:
Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best. *Line* 839.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart! *Maid of Athens.*

Had sighed to many though he loved but one.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. *Canto* i. *St.* 5.

If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.
Canto i. *St.* 7.

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair.
Canto i. *St.* 9.

Might shake the saintship of an anchorite. *Canto* i. *St.* 11.

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue. *Canto* i. *St.* 13.

My native land—good night! *Canto* i. *St.* 13.

O Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land. *Canto* i. *St.* 15.

In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell.
Canto i. *St.* 20.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
For one who hath no friend, no brother there. *Canto* i. *St.* 40

Still from the fount of Joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.[2]
Canto i. *St.* 82.

---

[1] That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.
Waller, *To a Lady singing a Song of his Composing.*

Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom;
See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing the dart
Which rank corruption destines for their heart.
T. Moore, *Corruption.*

[2] Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.
Lucretius. iv. l. 1133.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE—*continued.*]

War, war is still the cry,—"war even to the knife!"[1]
Canto i. *St.* 86.

Gone, glimmering through the dream of things that were.
Canto ii. *St.* 2.

A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour! *Canto* ii. *St.* 2.

Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.
Canto ii. *St.* 2.

The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul.[2]
Canto ii. *St.* 6.

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?
Canto ii. *St.* 23.

None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd. *Canto* ii. *St.* 24.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless.
Canto ii. *St.* 26.

Cooped in their winged sea-girt citadel. *Canto* ii. *St.* 28.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!
Canto ii. *St.* 73.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?
Canto ii. *St.* 76.

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust. *Canto* ii. *St.* 84.

Land of lost gods and godlike men. *Canto* ii. *St.* 85.

Where'er we tread, 't is haunted, holy ground. *Canto* ii. *St.* 88.

Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.
Canto ii. *St.* 88.

Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart. *Canto* iii. *St.* 1.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to the roar! *Canto* iii. *St.* 2.

I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.
Canto iii. *St.* 2.

---

[1] "War even to the knife," was the reply of Palafox, the governor of Saragoza, when summoned to surrender by the French, who besieged that city in 1808.

[2] And keeps that palace of the soul.—Waller, *Of Tea.*

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE—*continued.*]

Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.
Canto iii. *St.* 8.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's Capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell. *Canto* iii. *St.* 21.

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined. *Canto* iii. *St.* 22.

And there was mounting in hot haste. *Canto* iii. *St.* 25.

Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! They come!"
Canto iii. *St* 25.

Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave. *Canto* iii. *St.* 27.

Battle's magnificently-stern array. *Canto* iii. *St.* 28.

And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on.
Canto iii. *St.* 32.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell. *Canto* iii. *St.* 42.

He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below. *Canto* iii. *St.* 45.

All tenantless, save to the crannying wind. *Canto* iii. *St.* 47.

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine. *Canto* iii. *St.* 55.

He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.
Canto iii. *St.* 57.

But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be.
Canto iii. *St.* 70.

By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone. *Canto* iii. *St.* 71.

To me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture. *Canto* iii. *St.* 72.

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction. *Canto* iii. *St.* 85.

On the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar. *Canto* iii. *St.* 86.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE—*continued.*]

All is concentred in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being. *Canto* iii. *St.* 89.

In solitude, where we are *least* alone. *Canto* iii. *St.* 90.

The sky is changed! and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder. *Canto* iii. *St.* 92.

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer. *Canto* iii. *St.* 107.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me.
Canto iii. *St.* 113.

I stood
Among them, but not of them. *Canto* iii. *St.* 113.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand. *Canto* iv. *St.* 1.

Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles.
Canto iv. *St.* 1.

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.
Canto iv. *St.* 23.

The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—anew,
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many!—yet how few!
Canto iv. *St.* 24.

Parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'t is gone—and all is gray.
Canto iv. *St.* 29.

The Ariosto of the North. *Canto* iv. *St.* 40.

Italia! Oh Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty.[1] *Canto* iv. *St.* 42.

Fills
The air around with beauty. *Canto* iv. *St.* 49.

Let these describe the undescribable. *Canto* iv. *St.* 53.

The starry Galileo with his woes. *Canto* iv. *St.* 54.

The poetry of speech. *Canto* iv. *St.* 58.

The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss. *Canto* iv. *St.* 69.

[1] A translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja:—*Italia, Italia, o tu cui feo la sorte!*

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE—*continued.*]

The Niobe of nations! there she stands. *Canto* iv. *St.* 79.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind.
Canto iv. *St.* 98.

Heaven gives its favourites—early death.[1] *Canto* iv. *St.* 102.

Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear. *Canto* iv. *St.* 109.

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast. *Canto* iv. *St.* 115.

The nympholepsy of some fond despair. *Canto* iv. *St.* 115.

Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.
Canto iv. *St.* 115.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert. *Canto* iv. *St.* 120.

I see before me the Gladiator lie. *Canto* iv. *St.* 140.

There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother,—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday. *Canto* iv. *St.* 141.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls,—the World."[2] *Canto* iv. *St.* 145.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head? *Canto* iv. *St.* 168.

Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her! *Canto* iv. *St.* 177.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more.
Canto iv. *St.* 178.

[1] Cf. *Don Juan, Canto* iv. *St.* 12.

[2] Literally, the exclamation of the pilgrims in the eighth century, as recorded by the Venerable Bede.
Cf. Gibbon, *Decline and Fall, Ch.* 71.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE—*continued.*]

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore. *Canto* iv. *St.* 179.

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.
Canto iv. *St.* 179.

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—[1]
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.
Canto iv. *St.* 182.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests. *Canto* iv. *St.* 183.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers,
. . . . . .
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.[2]
Canto iv. *St.* 184.

And what is writ, is writ,—
Would it were worthier! *Canto* iv. *St.* 185.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell.
Canto iv. *St.* 186.

Hands promiscuously applied,
Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side. *The Waltz.*

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.
The Giaour. Line 68.

Such is the aspect of this shore;
'T is Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there. *Line* 90.

Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee? *Line* 106.

---

[1] And thou vast ocean, on whose awful face
Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace.
Robert Montgomery, *The Omnipresence of the Deity.*

[2] See Pollok, p. 288.

THE GIAOUR—*continued.*]

For freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won. *Line* 123.

And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own;
And every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame. *Line* 418.

The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemploy'd. *Line* 957.

Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock! *Line* 969.

The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name. *Line* 1099.

I die—but first I have possess'd,
And come what may, I *have been* blest. *Line* 1114.

She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,
The Morning-star of Memory!
Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire
With Angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire. *Line* 1127.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?[1]
The Bride of Abydos. *Canto* i. *St.* 1.

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine? *Canto* i. *St.* 1.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of Loveliness? *Canto* i. *St.* 6.

[1] Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom,
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel, and myrtle, and rose?
Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister.*

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS—*continued.*]

The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,[1]
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
And oh! that eye was in itself a Soul. *Canto* i. *St.* 6.

The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle. *Canto* ii. *St.* 2.

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray! *Canto* ii. *St.* 20.

He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace.[2] *Canto* ii. *St.* 20.

Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:
"Where is my child?"—an Echo answers—"Where?"[3]

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home.
The Corsair. *Canto* i. *St.* 1.

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife. *Canto* i. *St.* 3.

The power of Thought,—the magic of the Mind. *Canto* i. *St.* 8.

The many still must labour for the one! *Canto* i. *St.* 8.

There was a laughing Devil in his sneer. *Canto* i. *St.* 9.

Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed Farewell! *Canto* i. *St.* 9.

Farewell!
For in that word, –that fatal word,—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe,—there breathes despair.
Canto i. *St.* 15.

No words suffice the secret soul to show,
For truth denies all eloquence to woe. *Canto* iii. *St.* 22.

He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes.[4] *Canto* iii. *St.* 24.

Lord of himself,—that heritage of woe!
Lara. *Canto* i. *St.* 2.

---

[1] Cf. Lovelace, p. 96, and Browne's *Religio Medici.* *Part* ii. *Sec.* 9.

[2] Solitudinem faciunt,—pacem appellant.—Tacitus, *Agricola, Cap.* 30.

[3] I came to the place of my birth, and cried, "The friends of my Youth, where are they?" And an Echo answered, "Where are they?"—From *An Arabic MS.*

[4] Hannibal, as he had mighty virtues, so had he many vices; *unam virtutem mille vitia comitantur:* as Machiavel said of Cosmo de Medici, he had two distinct persons in him.—Burton, *Anat. of Mel. Democritus to the Reader.*

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that 's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.
Hebrew Melodies. She walks in beauty.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.
Ibid. The Destruction of Sennacherib.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word. *Parisina. St.* 1.

Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare *thee well.* *Fare thee well.*

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred. *A Sketch.*

In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee.* *Stanzas to Augusta.*

When all of Genius which can perish dies.
Monody on the Death of Sheridan. Line 22.

Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame. *Line* 68.

Who track the steps of Glory to the grave. *Line* 74.

Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.[1] *Line* 117.

Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood. *Prisoner of Chillon*, viii.

And both were young, and one was beautiful. *The Dream. St.* 2.

And to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him. *St.* 2.

She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,[2]
Which terminated all. *St.* 2.

[1] Natura il fece, e poi ruppe la stampa.
Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso, Canto* x. *St.* 80.
The idea that *Nature lost the perfect mould* has been a favourite one with all song writers and poets, and is found in the literature of all European nations.—*Book of English Songs, p.* 28.

[2] She floats upon the river of his thoughts.
Longfellow, *The Spanish Student. Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.
Si che chiaro
Per essa scenda della mente il fiume.—Dante, *Purg. Canto* 13. 89.

THE DREAM—*continued.*]

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream. *St.* 3.

And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven. *St.* 4.

There 's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away.
Stanzas for Music. There 's not a joy.

I had a dream which was not all a dream. *Darkness.*

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea. *To Thomas Moore.*

Here 's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky 's above me,
Here 's a heart for every fate. *Ibid.*

Were 't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'T is to thee that I would drink. *Ibid.*

So we 'll go no more a roving
So late into the night. *So we 'll go.*

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow. *Manfred. Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

The heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns. *Ibid. Act* iii. *Sc.* 4.

For most men (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions by a wager. *Beppo. St.* 27.

Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto
Wished him five fathom under the Rialto. *St.* 32.

His heart was one of those which most enamour us,
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.[1] *St.* 34.

Besides, they always smell of bread and butter. *St.* 39.

That soft bastard Latin
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth. *St.* 44.

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies. *St.* 45.

[1] For her my heart is wax to be moulded as she pleases, but enduring as marble to retain whatever impression she shall make upon it.—Cervantes, *La Gitanilla*.

BEPPO—*continued.*]

Oh, Mirth and Innocence! Oh, Milk and Water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days! *St.* 80.

And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong. *Mazeppa.* x.

They never fail who die
In a great cause. *Marino Faliero. Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones.
The Age of Bronze. St. 3.

I loved my country, and I hated him.
The Vision of Judgment. lxxxiii.

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest.
The Island. Canto ii. *St.* 19.

Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar! *Canto* ii. *St.* 19.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone! *On my Thirty-sixth Year.*

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!
Don Juan. Canto i. *St.* 17.

But—oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual!
Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all?
Canto i. *St.* 22.

The languages, especially the dead,
The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,
The arts, at least all such as could be said
To be the most remote from common use. *Canto* i. *St.* 40.

Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman. *Canto* i. *St.* 61.

Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.
Canto i. *St.* 83.

And whispering "I will ne'er consent,"—consented.
Canto i. *St.* 117.

DON JUAN—*continued.*]

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.
Canto i. *St.* 123.

Sweet is revenge—especially to women. *Canto* i. *St.* 124.

And truant husband should return, and say,
"My dear, I was the first who came away." *Canto* i. *St.* 141.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'T is woman's whole existence. *Canto* i. *St.* 194.

In my hot youth,—when George the Third was King.
Canto i. *St.* 212.

So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice. *Canto* i. *St.* 216.

What is the end of Fame? 't is but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper. *Canto* i. *St.* 218.

At leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple. *Canto* ii. *St.* 14.

There 's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion. *Canto* ii. *St.* 34.

A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony. *Canto* ii. *St.* 53.

All who joy would win
Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin. *Canto* ii. *St.* 172.

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love. *Canto* ii. *St.* 168.

Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing. *Canto* ii. *St.* 199.

In her first passion, woman loves her lover:
In all the others, all she loves is love.[1] *Canto* iii. *St.* 3.

He was the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat. *Canto* iii. *St.* 41.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung. *Canto* iii. *St.* 86. 1.

Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set. *Canto* iii. *St.* 86. 1.

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free. *Canto* iii. *St.* 86. 3.

[1] Dans les premières passions les femmes aiment l'amant, et dans les autres elles aiment l'amour.—La Rochefoucauld. *Maxim* 497.

DON JUAN—*continued.*]

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave? *Canto* iii. *St.* 86. 10.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die. *Canto* iii. *St.* 86. 16.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.
Canto iii. *St.* 88.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'T is that I may not weep. *Canto* iv. *St.* 4.

The precious porcelain of human clay.[1] *Canto* iv. *St.* 11.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore.[2]
Canto iv. *St.* 12.

These two hated with a hate
Found only on the stage. *Canto* iv. *St.* 93.

"Arcades ambo," *id est*—blackguards both. *Canto* iv. *St.* 93.

Oh! "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"[3]
As some one somewhere sings about the sky.
Canto iv. *St.* 110.

I 've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted: time will doubt of Rome.
Canto iv. *St.* 101.

That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell. *Canto* v. *St.* 49.

The women pardoned all except her face. *Canto* v. *St.* 113.

Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius. *Canto* vi. *St.* 7.

A "strange coincidence," to use a phrase
By which such things are settled now-a-days. *Canto* vi. *St.* 78.

---

[1] Cf. Dryden, *Don Sebastian*, Act i. Sc. 1.

[2] Quem Di diligunt
Adolescens moritur.—Plautus, *Bacch.*, Act iv. Sc. 6.
Ὃν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος.—Menander, *apud Stob. Flor.* cxx. 8.

[3] Quoted from Southey,

"Though in blue ocean seen
Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue."

Madoc in Wales, v.

DON JUAN—*continued.*]

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore. *Canto* viii. *St.* 3.

Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt
In the despatch: I knew a man whose loss
Was printed *Grove*, although his name was Grose.
Canto viii. *St.* 18.

And wrinkles, the d—d democrats, won't flatter.
Canto x. *St.* 24.

Oh for a *forty parson power*. *Canto* x. *St.* 34.

When Bishop Berkeley said "there was no matter,"
And proved it—'t was no matter what he said.
Canto xi. *St.* 1.

And, after all, what is a lie? 'T is but
The truth in masquerade. *Canto* xi. *St.* 37.

'T is strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article. *Canto* xi. *St.* 59.

Of all tales 't is the saddest—and more sad,
Because it makes us smile. *Canto* xiii. *St.* 9.

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away. *Canto* xiii. *St.* 11.

Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*.
Canto xiii. *St.* 95.

'T is strange—but true; for truth is always strange;
Stranger than fiction. *Canto* xiv. *St.* 101.

The Devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice. *Canto* xv. *St.* 13.

I awoke one morning and found myself famous.
Memoranda from his Life, by Moore, ch. xiv.

The best of Prophets of the future is the Past.
Letter, January 28, 1821.

—□—

LEIGH HUNT. 1784—1859.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace.
Abou Ben Adhem.

And lo! BEN ADHEM'S name led all the rest. *Ibid.*

O for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook.
Politics and Poetics.

With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks. *The Story of Rimini.*

JOHN PIERPONT. 1785—1866.

A weapon that comes down as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God;
And from its force, nor doors nor locks
Can shield you;—'t is the ballot-box.

A Word from a Petitioner.

—□—

WILLIAM L. MARCY. 1786–1857.

They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy. *Speech in the United States Senate, January,* 1832.

—□—

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. 1792—1822.

How wonderful is Death!
Death and his brother Sleep. *Queen Mab.* i.

Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
A mechanized automaton. *Ibid.* iii.

Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Thro' which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world. *Ibid.* iv.

Then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone.
The Revolt of Islam. Dedication. St. vi.

With hue like that when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.
Ibid. Canto v. *St.* xxiii.

Kings are like stars—they rise and set—they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.[1] *Hellas.*

All love is sweet,
Given or returned. Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.
. . . . . .
They who inspire it most are fortunate,
As I am now; but those who feel it most
Are happier still.[2] *Prometheus Unbound. Act* ii. *Sc.* 5.

[1] Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest.—Bacon, *Essay* xx. *Empire.*

[2] The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in that we excite.—Rochefoucauld, *Maxim* 78.

Those who inflict must suffer, for they see
The work of their own hearts, and that must be
Our chastisement or recompense. *Julian and Maddalo.*

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song. *Ibid.*

I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear.
Stanzas, written in Dejection, near Naples.

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon. *The Cloud.* iv.

A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift. *Adonais.* xxxi.

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity. *Ibid.* lii.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Poems written in 1821. *To* ——

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow!
Poems written in 1821. *To* ——.

—□—

EATON STANNARD BARRETT. 1785—1820.

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.
Woman. Part i. Ed. 1828.[1]

—□—

MISS FANNY STEERS.

The last link is broken
That bound me to thee,
And the words thou hast spoken
Have rendered me free. *Song.*

[1] Not she with trait'rous kiss her Master stung,
Not she denied him with unfaithful tongue;
She, when apostles fled, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.
From the original edition of 1816.

FELICIA HEMANS. 1794—1835.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!
The Hour of Death.

Alas! for love, if thou art all,
And naught beyond, O Earth! *The Graves of a Household.*

The breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd.
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod,
They have left unstain'd what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God. *Ibid.*

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead. *Casabianca.*

—□—

MISS —— WROTHER.

Hope tells a flattering tale,[1]
Delusive, vain, and hollow,
Ah let not Hope prevail,
Lest disappointment follow.
From *The Universal Songster. Vol.* ii. *p.* 86.

—□—

JOHN KEATS. 1796—1821.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness. *Endymion. Line* 1.

Philosophy will clip an angel's wings. *Lamia. Part* ii.

Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor.
The Eve of St. Agnes. St. 3.

---

[1] Hope told a flattering tale,
That Joy would soon return;
Ah, naught my sighs avail,
For love is doomed to mourn. *Anon. Vol.* i. *p.* 320.[2]

[2] Air by Giovanni Paisiello (1741—1816).

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES—*continued*.]

As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again. *Ibid. St.* 27.

And lucent sirups, tinct with cinnamon. *Ibid. St.* 30.

That large utterance of the early gods! *Hyperion. Book* i.

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir. *Ibid.*

Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time.
Ode on a Grecian Urn.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone. *Ibid.*

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know. *Ibid.*

Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings? *Addressed to Haydon.*

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.
On first looking into Chapman's Homer.

The poetry of earth is never dead.
On the Grasshopper and Cricket.

—□—

CHARLES WOLFE. 1791—1823.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried.
The Burial of Sir John Moore.

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him. *Ibid.*

We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory! *Ibid.*

—□—

HENRY HART MILMAN.

And the cold marble leapt to life a god. *The Belvidere Apollo.*

Too fair to worship, too divine to love. *Ibid.*

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

But on and up, where Nature's heart
Beats strong amid the hills.
Tragedy of the Lac de Gaube. St. 2.

Great thoughts, great feelings came to them,
Like instincts, unawares. *The Men of Old.*

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet. *Ibid.*

The beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard. *I wandered by the Brookside.*

—□—

J. HOWARD PAYNE. 1792—1852.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there 's no place like home.[1]
Home, Sweet Home.[2]

—□—

JOHN LOUIS UHLAND. 1787—1862.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;
Take,—I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have cross'd with me. *The Passage.*

—□—

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD. 1795—1854.

So his life has flowed
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them. *Ion. Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

'T is a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when Nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours. *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

—□—

ROBERT POLLOK. 1799—1827.

He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane"
And played familiar with his hoary locks.[3]
The Course of Time. Book iv. *Line* 389.

---

[1] "Home is home though it be never so homely" is a proverb, and is found in the collections of the seventeenth century.

[2] From *The Opera of Clari—the Maid of Milan.*

[3] Cf. Byron, *Childe Harold, Canto* iv. *St.* 184.

THE COURSE OF TIME—*continued.*]

He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of Heaven
To serve the Devil in. *Book* viii. *Line* 616.

With one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out. *Book* viii. *Line* 632.

—□—

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY. 1797—1839.

I 'd be a Butterfly; living a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away.
I'd be a Butterfly.

Oh! no! we never mention her,
Her name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word. *Oh! no! we never mention her.*

We met—'t was in a crowd. *We met.*

Why don't the men propose, mamma,
Why don't the men propose? *Why don't the men propose?*

She wore a wreath of roses,
The night that first we met. *She wore a wreath.*

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago. *Long, long ago.*

The rose that all are praising
Is not the rose for me. *The rose that all are praising.*

O pilot! 't is a fearful night,
There 's danger on the deep. *The Pilot.*

Absence makes the heart grow fonder;
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well! *Isle of Beauty.*

Gayly the Troubadour
Touched his guitar. *Welcome me home.*

—□—

JOHN KEBLE. 1796—1821.

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.
The Christian Year. Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

'T is sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store. *Burial of the Dead.*

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—*continued.*]

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die. *Evening.*

—□—

BRYAN W. PROCTER.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free! *The Sea.*

I 'm on the sea! I 'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go. *Ibid.*

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more. *Ibid.*

—□—

LORD BROUGHAM.

Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.

Speech, January 29, 1828.

In my mind, he was guilty of no error, he was chargeable with no exaggeration, he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that all we see about us, Kings, Lords, and Commons, the whole machinery of the state, all the apparatus of the system, and its varied workings, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box.

Present State of the Law, Feb. 7, 1828.

Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.[1]

—□—

MICHAEL J. BARRY.

But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man!

From *The Dublin Nation, Sept.* 28, 1844. *Vol.* ii. *p.* 809.

—□—

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. *Richelieu. Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

[1] The title given by Lord Brougham to a book published in 1830, under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

RICHELIEU—*continued.*]

Take away the sword;
States can be saved without it; bring the pen! *Ibid.*

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—*fail.* *Ibid.* *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Alone!—that worn-out word,
So idly spoken, and so coldly heard;
Yet all that poets sing, and grief hath known,
Of hopes laid waste, knells in that word—ALONE!
The New Timon. *Part* ii. 7.

—□—

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. 1797—1835.

I 've wandered east, I 've wandered west,
Through many a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The love of life's young day. *Jeannie Morison.*

And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies. *Ibid.*

—□—

THOMAS HOOD. 1798—1845.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro. *The Death-Bed.*

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died. *Ibid.*

One more Unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death. *The Bridge of Sighs.*

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair! *Ibid.*

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun! *Ibid.*

Even God's providence
Seeming estranged. *Ibid.*

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves. *The Seasons.*

When he is forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die? *Ballad.*

It is not linen you 're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives.[1] *Song of the Shirt.*

My tears must stop, for every drop,
Hinders needle and thread. *Ibid.*

But evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart. *The Lady's Dream.*

And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid. *Ode to Melancholy.*

There 's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in Melancholy. *Ibid.*

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I 'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy. *I remember, I remember.*

Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap
In imperceptible water. *Miss Kilmansegg.*

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold. *Ibid. Her Moral.*

Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould. *Ibid.*

How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary. *Ibid.*

Oh! would I were dead now,
Or up in my bed now,
To cover my head now
And have a good cry! *A Table of Errata.*

[1] It 's no fish ye 're buying, it 's men's lives.—Scott, *The Antiquary*, *Ch.* xi.

RUFUS CHOATE. 1799—1859.

There was a State without King or nobles; there was a church without a Bishop; there was a people governed by grave magistrates which it had selected, and equal laws which it had framed.

Speech before the New England Society, New York, December 22, 1843.

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union. *Letter to the Whig Convention.*

Its constitution the glittering and sounding generalities of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence.

Letter to the Maine Whig Committee.

—□—

THOMAS K. HERVEY. 1799—1859.

The tomb of him who would have made
The world too glad and free. *The Devil's Progress.*

He stood beside a cottage lone,
And listened to a lute,
One summer's eve, when the breeze was gone,
And the nightingale was mute. *Ibid.*

A love that took an early root
And had an early doom. *Ibid.*

Like ships, that sailed for sunny isles,
But never came to shore! *Ibid.*

A Hebrew knelt in the dying light,
His eye was dim and cold,
The hairs on his brow were silver-white,
And his blood was thin and old. *Ibid.*

—□—

W. M. PRAED. 1802—1839.

Twelve years ago I was a boy,
A happy boy, at Drury's. *School and School-fellows.*

Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some before the speaker. *Ibid.*

I remember, I remember
How my childhood fleeted by,—
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July. *I remember, I remember.*

—□—

THOMAS B. MACAULAY. 1800—1859.

She (the Roman Catholic Church) may still exist in undiminished vigour, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast soli-

tude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.[1] *Review of Ranke's History of the Popes.*

The Puritans hated bearbaiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.[2]
History of England. Vol. i. *Ch.* 2.

To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late,
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?
Lays of Ancient Rome. Horatius, xxvii.

How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old. *Ibid.* lxx.

—□—

JOHN K. INGRAM.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
From *The Dublin Nation, April* 1, 1843. *Vol.* i. *p.* 339.

[1] The same image was employed by Macaulay in 1824, in the concluding paragraph of a review of Mitford's *Greece,* and he repeated it in his review of Mill's *Essay on Government,* in 1829.

Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations? Who knows but he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned and their greatness changed into an empty name?—Volney's *Ruins, Ch.* 2.

At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Baalbec and Palmyra.—Horace Walpole, *Letter to Mason, Nov.* 24, 1774.

Where now is Britain?
. . . . . .
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude. Henry Kirke White, *Time.*

In the firm expectation, that when London shall be an habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul and Westminster Abbey shall stand, shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some Transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges, and their historians.—Shelley, *Dedication to Peter Bell.*

[2] Even bearbaiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian; the sport of it, not the inhumanity, gave offence.—Hume, *History of England, Vol.* i. *Ch.* 62.

GEORGE P. MORRIS. 1802—1864.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I 'll protect it now. *Woodman, spare that Tree.*

A song for our banner? The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station:
"United we stand—divided we fall!"
It made and preserves us a nation!
The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of States none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of our Union for ever! *The Flag of our Union.*

Near the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago! *Near the Lake.*

—□—

JAMES ALDRICH. 1810—1856.

Her suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose. *A Death-Bed.*

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise. *Ibid.*

—□—

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. *Thanatopsis.*

Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings. *Ibid.*

Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. *Ibid.*

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. *Ibid.*

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,

THANATOPSIS—*continued.*]

Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams. *Ibid.*

The stormy March has come at last,
With wind and clouds and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies. *March.*

But 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame. *Autumn Woods.*

The groves were God's first temples. *Forest Hymn.*

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
The Death of the Flowers.

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more. *Ibid.*

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers. *The Battle-field.*

—□—

HENRY TAYLOR.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.
Philip Van Artevelde. Part I. *Act* I. *Sc.* 5.

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'T is an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow 's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity. *Ibid.*

We figure to ourselves
The thing we like, and then we build it up
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand:
For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,
And homebound Fancy runs her bark ashore. *Ibid.*

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE—*continued.*]

Such souls,
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages. *Act* i. *Sc.* 7.

—□—

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

There is a higher law than the Constitution. *Speech, March* 11, 1850.

It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces.
Speech, Oct. 25, 1858.

—□—

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;[1]
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best. *Festus.*

Life 's but a means unto an end, that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God. *Ibid.*

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths,
And tell them : and the truth of truths is love. *Ibid.*

—□—

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Broad based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea. *To the Queen.*

For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.
Recollections of the Arabian Nights.

Across the walnuts and the wine. *The Miller's Daughter.*

O Love, O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew. *Fatima. St.* 3.

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell. *The Palace of Art.*

From yon blue heaven above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

[1] A life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line,—by deeds, not years.—Sheridan, *Pizarro, Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE—*continued.*]

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'T is only noble to be good.[1]
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood. *Ibid.*

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to be Queen o' the May.
The May Queen.

I am a part of all that I have met.[2] *Ulysses.*

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.
Locksley Hall.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight. *Ibid.*

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse. *Ibid.*

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams. *Ibid.*

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart. *Ibid.*

This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.[3] *Ibid.*

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels. *Ibid.*

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new. *Ibid.*

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns. *Ibid.*

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race. *Ibid.*

I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time. *Ibid.*

---

[1] Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.
Juvenal, *Sat.* viii. *Line* 20.
To be noble, we 'll be good. *Winefreda.*

[2] I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me.
Byron, *Childe Harold, Canto* iii. *St.* 72.

[3] Nessum maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria. Dante, *Inferno, Book* v. *St.* 121.
For of fortunes sharpe adversite,
The worst kind of infortune is this,
A man that has been in prosperite,
And it remember, whan it passed is.
Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide, Book* iii. *Line* 1625.
In omni adversitate fortunæ, infelicissimum genus est infortunii fuisse felicem. Boethius, *De Consol. Phil., Lib.* ii.

LOCKSLEY HALL—*continued.*]

Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change. *Ibid.*

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay. *Ibid.*

But O! for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still! *Break, break, break.*

But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me. *Ibid.*

We are ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times. *The Day-Dream. L'Envoi.*

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
The Princess. Prologue.

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she. *Ibid.*

Jewels five-words long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle for ever. *Ibid. Canto* ii.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.
Ibid. Canto iii.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
Ibid. Canto iii.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more. *Ibid. Canto* iv.

Unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square.
Ibid. Canto iv.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life! the days that are no more. *Ibid. Canto* iv.

Sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees. *Ibid. Canto* vii.

THE PRINCESS—*continued.*]

Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay. *Ibid.* *Canto* vii.

Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break. *In Memoriam.* vi.

And topples round the dreary west
A looming bastion fringed with fire. *Ibid.* xv.

And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.[1] *Ibid.* xviii.

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing. *Ibid.* xxi.

The shadow cloak'd from head to foot,
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds. *Ibid.* xxiii.

And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech. *Ibid.* xxiii.

'T is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all. *Ibid.* xxvii.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer. *Ibid.* xxxii.

Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form. *Ibid.* xxxiii.

Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings . . . . and skim away. *Ibid.* xlvii.

Hold thou the good: define it well:
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell. *Ibid.* lii.

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill. *Ibid.* liii.

But what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry. *Ibid.* liii.

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life. *Ibid.* liv.

The great world's altar-stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God. *Ibid.* liv.

Who battled for the true, the just. *Ibid.* lv.

[1] Cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet, Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

IN MEMORIAM—*continued.*]

And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance. *Ibid.* lxiii.

And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne. *Ibid.* lxiii.

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be. *Ibid.* lxxii.

Thy leaf has perished in the green. *Ibid.* lxxiv.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds. *Ibid.* xcv.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky. *Ibid.* cv.

Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in. *Ibid.*

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The eager heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be. *Ibid.*

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use. *Ibid.* cx

One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.
Ibid. Conclusion.

—□—

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

A sacred burden is this life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

Lines addressed to the Young Gentlemen leaving the Lenox Academy, Mass.

—□—

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong.

The Mantle of St. John De Matha.

Making their lives a prayer.
On receiving a Basket of Sea Mosses.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!" *Maud Muller.*

—□—

EDGAR A. POE. 1811—1849.

Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door,—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more. *The Raven.*

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!
Quoth the Raven: "Nevermore." *Ibid.*

—□—

A. H. LAYARD.

I have always believed that success would be the inevitable result if the two services, the army and the navy, had fair play, and if we sent the right man to fill the right place.

Speech, January, 15, 1855. Hansard, *Parl. Debates, Third Series, Vol.* 138, *p.* 2077.

—□—

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Lo, where the stage, the poor, degraded stage,
Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age. *Curiosity.*

Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
An incarnation of fat dividends. *Ibid.*

Behold! in Liberty's unclouded blaze
We lift our heads, a race of other days. *Centennial Ode. St.* 22.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctors' spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
And lap me in delight. *To my Cigar.*

—□—

ALBERT G. GREENE. 1802—1867.

Old Grimes is dead,—that good old man,—
We ne'er shall see him more:
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before. *Old Grimes.*

—□—

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught. *Stanzas.*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought. *The Problem.*

But from the heart of Nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old. *Ibid.*

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew. *Ibid.*

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone. *Ibid.*

Good-bye, proud world! I 'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I 'm not thine. *Good-Bye.*

What are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet? *Ibid.*

If eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being. *The Rhodora.*

The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem. *Dirge.*

Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.
Hymn, sung at the Completion of the Concord Monument.

—□—

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land! *Marco Bozzaris.*

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible,—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony are thine. *Ibid.*

MARCO BOZZARIS—*continued.*]

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be. *Ibid.*

One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die. *Ibid.*

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,[1]
Nor named thee but to praise.
On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined,—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind. *Burns.*

They love their land, because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty. *Connecticut.*

—□—

ALEXANDER SMITH. 1830—1867.

Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire.
A Life Drama. Sc. ii.

In winter when the dismal rain
Came down in slanting lines,
And Wind, that grand old harper, smote
His thunder-harp of pines. *Ibid.*

A poem round and perfect as a star. *Ibid.*

—□—

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Look, then, into thine heart, and write!
Voices of the Night. Prelude.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem. *A Psalm of Life.*

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,[2]
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave. *Ibid.*

[1] Cf. Rogers, *Jacqueline.*
[2] Ars longa, vita brevis.—Hippocrates, *Aphorism* i.

A Psalm of Life—*continued.*]

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead! *Ibid.*

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time. *Ibid.*

Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour, and to wait. *Ibid.*

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.
The Reaper and the Flowers.

The star of the unconquered will. *The Light of Stars.*

O, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong. *Ibid.*

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine. *Flowers.*

The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain. *Midnight Mass.*

No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.
Sunrise on the Hills.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own. *Endymion.*

For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!
It is not always May.

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been. *A Gleam of Sunshine.*

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet! *Maidenhood.*

O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—life hath snares! *Ibid.*

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight. *The Day is Done.*

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain. *Ibid.*

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away. *Ibid.*

This is the forest primeval. *Evangeline. Part* 1.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.
Ibid. Part 1, i.

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.
Ibid. Part 1, iii.

Into a world unknown,—the corner-stone of a nation ![1]
The Courtship of Miles Standish.

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried! *The Goblet of Life.*

Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
The Building of the Ship.

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee! *Ibid.*

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair. *Resignation.*

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead. *Ibid.*

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death. *Ibid.*

[1] Plymouth Rock.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere. *The Builders.*

Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations. *The Golden Legend.*

The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark. *The Fire of Drift-wood.*

Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.
From Goethe's Wilhelm Meister. Motto, Hyperion. Book i.

Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn;
Something with passion clasp or perish,
And in itself to ashes burn. *Motto, Hyperion. Book* ii.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small; [1]
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.
Retribution. From the Sinngedichte of Friedrich von Logau.

—□—

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The freeman casting with unpurchased hand
The vote that shakes the turrets of the land.
Poetry, a Metrical Essay.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky. *Ibid.*

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale. *Ibid.*

When the last reader reads no more. *The Last Reader.*

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb. *The Last Leaf.*

[1] Ὀψὲ θεοῦ μῦλοι ἁλέουσι τὸ λεπτὸν ἄλευρον.—*Oracula Sibyllina, Lib.* viii. *L.* 14.

THE LAST LEAF—*continued.*]

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer! *Ibid.*

Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way. *To an Insect.*

Thine eye was on the censer,
And not the hand that bore it. *Lines by a Clerk.*

Where go the poet's lines?
Answer, ye evening tapers!
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers! *The Poet's Lot.*

Their discords sting through Burns and Moore
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace. *The Music-Grinders.*

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time. *Ibid.*

And, since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can. *The Height of the Ridiculous.*

Yes, child of suffering, thou mayst well be sure,
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor! *Urania.*

And, when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs.* *Ibid.*

You hear that boy laughing?—you think he 's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!
The Boys.

—□—

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

ELIZA COOK.

I love it—I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair !
The Old Arm-Chair.

—□—

CHARLES DICKENS.

In a Pickwickian sense. *Pickwick. Ch.* i.

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green. *Ibid. Ch.* vi.

He 's tough, ma'am, tough is J. B. Tough and de-vilish sly.
Dombey and Son. Ch. vii.

When found, make a note of. *Ibid. Ch.* xv.

The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it.
Ibid. Ch. xxiii.

A demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body ! *Nicholas Nickleby. Ch.* xxxiv.

My Life is one demd horrid grind. *Ibid. Ch.* lxiv.

Barkis is willin'. *David Copperfield. Ch.* v.

Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving HOW NOT TO DO IT. *Little Dorrit. Ch.* x.

In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile.
Christmas Carol. Stave two.

—□—

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

'T is heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking.
The Vision of Sir Launfal.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays. *Ibid.*

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bless it upon my breast;

Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she 's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair. *The Changeling.*

To win the secret of a weed's plain heart. *Sonnet* xxv.

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected. *Irenè.*

Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne. *The Present Crisis.*

Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us men. *The Capture.*

—□—

OLD TESTAMENT.

It is not good that the man should be alone. *Genesis* ii. 18.

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. . . . . For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. *Gen.* iii. 19.

The mother of all living. *Gen.* iii. 20.

Am I my brother's keeper? *Gen.* iv. 9.

My punishment is greater than I can bear. *Gen.* iv. 13.

There were giants in the earth in those days. *Gen.* vi. 4.

But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot. *Gen.* viii. 9.

Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed. *Gen.* ix. 6.

In a good old age. *Gen.* xv. 15.

His hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him. *Gen.* xvi. 12.

Bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. *Gen.* xlii. 38.

Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel. *Gen.* xlix. 4.

I have been a stranger in a strange land. *Exodus* ii. 22.

Unto a land flowing with milk and honey. *Ex.* iii. 8. *Jer.* xxxii. 22.

Darkness which may be felt. *Ex.* x. 21.

The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire. *Ex.* xiii. 21.

Man doth not live by bread only. *Deuteronomy* viii. 3.

The wife of thy bosom. *Deut.* xiii. 6.

Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot. *Deut.* xix. 21.

The secret things belong unto the Lord our God. *Deut.* xxix. 29.

He kept him as the apple of his eye. *Deut.* xxxii. 10.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. *Deut.* xxxiii. 25.

I am going the way of all the earth. *Joshua* xxiii. 14.

I arose a mother in Israel. *Judges* v. 7.

She brought forth butter in a lordly dish. *Judges* v. 25.

The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. *Judges* xvi. 9.

For whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. *Ruth* i. 16.

Quit yourselves like men. 1 *Samuel* iv. 9.

Is Saul also among the prophets? 1 *Sam.* x. 11.

A man after his own heart. 1 *Sam.* xiii. 14.

Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon. 2 *Sam.* i. 20.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. 2 *Sam.* i. 23.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! 2 *Sam.* i. 25.

Very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. 2 *Sam.* i. 26.

Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown. 2 *Sam.* x. 5.

And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man. 2 *Sam.* xii. 7.

And are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again. 2 *Sam.* xiv. 14.

A proverb and a by-word among all people. 1 *Kings* ix. 7.

How long halt ye between two opinions? 1 *Kings* xviii. 21.

Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. 1 *Kings* xviii. 44.

A still, small voice. 1 *Kings* xix. 12.

Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off. 1 *Kings* xx. 11.

There is death in the pot. 2 *Kings* iv. 40.

Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing? 2 *Kings* viii. 13.

And the driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi: for he driveth furiously. 2 *Kings* ix. 20.

One that feared God and eschewed evil. *Job* i. 1.

And Satan came also. *Job* i. 6.

Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. *Job* i. 21.

Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath, will he give for his life. *Job.* ii. 4.

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. *Job* iii. 17.

In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men. *Job* iv. 13; xxxiii. 15.

Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward. *Job* v. 7.

He taketh the wise in their own craftiness. *Job* v. 13.

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season. *Job* v. 26.

How forcible are right words! *Job* vi. 25.

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. *Job* vii. 6.

He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.[1] *Job* vii. 10. Cf. xvi. 22.

I would not live alway. *Job* vii. 16.

Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death. *Job* x. 21.

Ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you. *Job* xii. 2.

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. *Job* xiv. 1.

Miserable comforters are ye all. *Job* xvi. 2.

The King of terrors. *Job* xviii. 14.

I am escaped with the skin of my teeth. *Job* xix. 20.

Seeing the root of the matter is found in me. *Job* xix. 28.

The price of wisdom is above rubies. *Job* xxviii. 18.

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me: and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. *Job* xxix. 11.

I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. *Job* xxix. 13.

I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. *Job* xxix. 15.

The house appointed for all living. *Job* xxx. 23.

Oh . . . . that mine adversary had written a book! *Job* xxxi. 25.

He multiplieth words without knowledge. *Job* xxxv. 16.

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? *Job* xxxviii. 2.

When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. *Job* xxxviii. 7.

Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. *Job* xxxviii. 11.

[1] For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.—*Psalm* ciii. 16.
Usually quoted, "The place that has known him shall know him no more."

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? *Job* xxxviii. 31.

He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting. *Job* xxxix. 25.

Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? *Job* xli. 1.

His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone. *Job* xli. 24.

He maketh the deep to boil like a pot. *Job* xli. 31.

I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. *Job* xlii. 5.

His leaf also shall not wither. *Psalm* i. 3.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. *Ps* viii. 2.

Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels. *Ps.* viii. 5.

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. *Ps.* xiv. 1; liii. 1.

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. *Ps.* xv. 4.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places. *Ps.* xvi. 6.

Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings. *Ps.* xvii. 8.

The sorrows of death compassed me. *Ps.* xviii. 4.

Yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. *Ps.* xviii. 10.

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. *Ps.* xix. 1.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. *Ps.* xix. 2.

I may tell all my bones. *Ps.* xxii. 17.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. *Ps.* xxiii. 2.

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. *Ps.* xxiii. 4.

From the strife of tongues. *Ps.* xxxi. 20.

He fashioneth their hearts alike. *Ps.* xxxiii. 15.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. *Ps.* xxxvii. 25.

Spreading himself like a green bay-tree. *Ps.* xxxvii. 35.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright. *Ps.* xxxvii. 37.

While I was musing the fire burned. *Ps.* xxxix. 3.

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am. *Ps.* xxxix. 4.

Verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity. *Psalm* xxxix. 5.

He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them. *Ps.* xxxix. 6.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor. *Ps.* xli. 1.

As the hart panteth after the water brooks. *Ps.* xlii. 1.

Deep calleth unto deep. *Ps.* xlii. 7.

My tongue is the pen of a ready writer. *Ps.* xlv. 1.

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, ... the city of the great King. *Ps.* xlviii. 2.

Man being in honour abideth not; he is like the beasts that perish. *Ps.* xlix. 12, 20.

The cattle upon a thousand hills. *Ps.* l. 10.

Oh that I had wings like a dove! *Ps.* lv. 6.

We took sweet counsel together. *Ps.* lv. 14.

The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart. *Ps.* lv. 21.

They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear; which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely. *Ps.* lviii. 4, 5.

Vain is the help of man. *Ps.* lx. 11; cviii. 12.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass. *Ps.* lxxii. 6.

His enemies shall lick the dust. *Ps.* lxxii. 9.

As a dream when one awaketh. *Ps.* lxxiii. 20.

For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south. *Ps.* lxxv. 6.

He putteth down one and setteth up another. *Ps.* lxxv. 7.

They go from strength to strength. *Ps.* lxxxiv. 7.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. *Ps.* lxxxiv. 10.

Mercy and truth are met together: righteousness and peace have kissed each other. *Ps.* lxxxv. 10.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past. *Ps.* xc. 4.

We spend our years as a tale that is told. *Ps.* xc. 9.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow: for it is soon cut off, and we fly away. *Ps.* xc. 10.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. *Psalm* xc. 12.

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. *Ps.* xci. 6.

As for man his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. *Ps.* ciii. 15.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. *Ps.* ciii. 16.

Wine that maketh glad the heart of man. *Ps.* civ. 15.

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening. *Ps.* civ. 23.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters. *Ps.* cvii. 23.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. *Ps.* cvii. 27.

I said in my haste, All men are liars. *Ps.* cxvi. 11.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. *Ps.* cxvi. 15.

The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner. *Ps.* cxviii. 22.

A lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path. *Ps.* cxix. 105.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. *Ps.* cxxi. 6.

Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces. *Ps.* cxxii. 7.

He giveth his beloved sleep. *Ps.* cxxvii. 2.

Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them. *Ps.* cxxvii. 5.

Thy children like olive-plants round about thy table. *Ps.* cxxviii. 3.

I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids. *Ps.* cxxxii. 4. *Prov.* vi. 4.

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. *Ps.* cxxxiii. 1.

We hanged our harps upon the willows. *Ps.* cxxxvii. 2.

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. *Ps.* cxxxvii. 5.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea. *Ps.* cxxxix. 9.

For I am fearfully and wonderfully made. *Ps.* cxxxix. 14.

Put not your trust in princes. *Ps.* cxlvi. 3.

Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the street. *Proverbs* i. 20.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. *Proverbs* iii. 17.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding. *Prov.* iv. 7.

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. *Prov.* iv. 18.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise. *Prov.* vi. 6.

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. *Prov.* vi. 10; xxiv. 33.

So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man. *Prov.* vi. 11.

As an ox goeth to the slaughter. *Prov.* vii. 22. *Jer.* xi. 19.

Wisdom is better than rubies. *Prov.* viii. 11.

Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. *Prov.* ix. 17.

He knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell. *Prov.* ix. 18.

A wise son maketh a glad father. *Prov.* x. 1.

The memory of the just is blessed. *Prov.* x. 7.

In the multitude of counsellors there is safety. *Prov.* xi. 14; xxiv. 6.

He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it. *Prov.* xi. 15.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. *Prov.* xii. 10.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. *Prov.* xiii. 12.

The way of transgressors is hard. *Prov.* xiii. 15.

He that spareth his rod hateth his son. *Prov.* xiii. 24.

Fools make a mock at sin. *Prov.* xiv. 9.

The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy. *Prov.* xiv. 10.

The prudent man looketh well to his going. *Prov.* xiv. 15.

Righteousness exalteth a nation. *Prov.* xiv. 34.

A soft answer turneth away wrath. *Prov.* xv. 1.

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance. *Prov.* xv. 13.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. *Prov.* xv. 17.

A word spoken in due season, how good is it! *Prov.* xv. 23.

A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps. *Proverbs* xvi. 9.

Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall. *Prov.* xvi. 18.

The hoary head is a crown of glory. *Prov.* xvi. 31.

A gift is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that hath it. *Prov.* xvii. 8.

He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends. *Prov.* xvii. 9.

He that hath knowledge spareth his words. *Prov.* xvii. 27.

Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise. *Prov.* xvii. 28.

A wounded spirit who can bear? *Prov.* xviii. 14.

A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. *Prov.* xviii. 24.

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord. *Prov.* xix. 17.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. *Prov.* xx. 1.

Every fool will be meddling. *Prov.* xx. 3.

The hearing ear and the seeing eye. *Prov.* xx. 12.

It is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house. *Prov.* xxi. 9.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. *Prov.* xxii. 1.

Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it. *Prov.* xxii. 6.

The borrower is servant to the lender. *Prov.* xxii. 7.

Remove not the ancient landmark. *Prov.* xxii. 28; xxiii. 10.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men. *Prov.* xxii. 29.

For riches certainly make themselves wings. *Prov.* xxiii. 5.

As he thinketh in his heart, so is he. *Prov.* xxiii. 7.

Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags. *Prov.* xxiii. 21.

Look not thou upon the wine, when it is red; when it giveth his colour in the cup; . . . . at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. *Prov.* xxiii. 31, 32.

If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small. *Prov.* xxiv. 10.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. *Prov.* xxv. 11.

For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head. *Prov.* xxv. 22.

As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country. *Prov.* xxv. 25.

Answer a fool according to his folly. *Proverbs* xxvi. 5.

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him. *Prov.* xxvi. 12.

There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets. *Prov.* xxvi. 13.

Wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason. *Prov.* xxvi. 16.

Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein. *Prov.* xxvi. 27.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. *Prov.* xxvii. 1.

Open rebuke is better than secret love. *Prov.* xxvii. 5.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend. *Prov.* xxvii. 6.

A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike. *Prov.* xxvii. 15.

Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. *Prov.* xxvii. 17.

Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat, with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him. *Prov.* xxvii. 22.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are bold as a lion. *Prov.* xxviii. 1.

He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent. *Prov.* xxviii. 20.

Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me. *Prov.* xxx. 8.

The horse-leech hath two daughters, crying, Give, give. *Prov.* xxx. 15.

Her children arise up and call her blessed. *Prov.* xxxi. 28.

Vanity of vanities, ... all is vanity. *Ecclesiastes* i. 2; xii. 8.

One generation passeth away and another generation cometh. *Eccles.* i. 4.

The eye is not satisfied with seeing. *Eccles.* i. 8.

There is no new thing under the sun. *Eccles.* i. 9.

All is vanity and vexation of spirit. *Eccles.* i. 14.

He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. *Eccles.* i. 18.

One event happeneth to them all. *Eccles.* ii. 14.

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. *Eccles.* iii. 1.

A threefold cord is not quickly broken. *Eccles.* iv. 12.

God is in heaven, and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few. *Eccles.* v. 2.

Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay. *Eccles.* v. 5.

The sleep of a labouring man is sweet. *Ecclesiastes* v. 12.

A good name is better than precious ointment. *Eccles.* vii. 1.

It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting. *Eccles.* vii. 2.

As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool. *Eccles.* vii. 6.

In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider. *Eccles.* vii. 14.

Be not righteous overmuch. *Eccles.* vii. 16.

God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions. *Eccles.* vii. 29.

There is no discharge in that war. *Eccles.* viii. 8.

To eat and to drink and to be merry. *Eccles.* viii. 15. *Luke* xii. 19.

For a living dog is better than a dead lion. *Eccles.* ix. 4.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave. *Eccles.* ix. 10.

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. But time and chance happeneth to them all. *Eccles.* ix. 11.

Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour. *Eccles.* x. 1.

For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter. *Eccles.* x. 20.

Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days. *Eccles.* xi. 1.

In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be. *Eccles.* xi. 3.

He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. *Eccles.* xi. 4.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand. *Eccles.* xi. 6.

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun. *Eccles.* xi. 7.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth. *Eccles.* xi. 9.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. *Eccles.* xii. 1.

And the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened. *Eccles.* xii. 3.

And the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. *Eccles.* xii. 5.

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. *Ecclesiastes* xii. 6.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. *Eccles.* xii. 7.

The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies. *Eccles.* xii. 11.

Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh. *Eccles.* xii. 12.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. *Eccles.* xii. 13.

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. *The Song of Solomon* ii. 11, 12.

The little foxes, that spoil the vines. *The Song of Solomon* ii. 15.

Terrible as an army with banners. *The Song of Solomon* vi. 4, 10.

Like the best wine, ... that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak. *The Song of Solomon* vii. 9.

Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave. *The Song of Solomon* viii. 6.

Many waters cannot quench love. *The Song of Solomon* viii. 7.

The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib. *Isaiah* i. 3.

The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. *Is.* i. 5.

They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. *Is.* ii. 4. *Mic.* iv. 3.

In that day a man shall cast his idols . . . . to the moles and to the bats. *Is.* ii. 20.

Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils. *Is.* ii. 22.

Grind the faces of the poor. *Is.* iii. 15.

In that day seven women shall take hold of one man. *Is.* iv. 1.

Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil! *Is.* v. 20.

I am a man of unclean lips. *Is.* vi. 5.

Wizards that peep and that mutter. *Is.* viii. 19.

To the law and to the testimony. *Is.* viii. 20.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid. *Is.* xi. 6.

Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming. *Is.* xiv. 9.

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! *Isaiah* xiv. 12.

Babylon is fallen, is fallen. *Is.* xxi. 9.

Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we shall die. *Is.* xxii. 13.

Fasten him as a nail in a sure place. *Is.* xxii. 23.

Whose merchants are princes. *Is.* xxiii. 8.

A feast of fat things. *Is.* xxv. 6.

For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little. *Is.* xxviii. 10.

We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement. *Is.* xxviii. 15.

The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. *Is.* xxxv. 1.

Thou trustest in the staff of this broken reed. *Is.* xxxvi. 6.

Set thine house in order. *Is.* xxxviii. 1.

All flesh is grass. *Is.* xl. 6.

Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance. *Is.* xl. 15.

A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench. *Is.* xlii. 3.

There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked. *Is.* xlviii. 22.

He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter. *Is.* liii. 7.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts. *Is.* lv. 7.

A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation. *Is.* lx. 22.

To give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. *Is.* lxi. 3.

I have trodden the wine-press alone. *Is.* lxiii. 3.

We all do fade as a leaf. *Is.* lxiv. 6.

Peace, peace; when there is no peace. *Jeremiah* vi. 14; viii. 11.

Amend your ways and your doings. *Jer.* vii. 3; xxvi. 13.

Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? *Jer.* viii. 22.

Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men! *Jer.* ix. 2.

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? *Jer.* xiii. 23.

As if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel. *Ezekiel* x. 10.

The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. *Ez.* xviii. 2. *Jer.* xxxi. 29.

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. *Daniel* v. 27.

The thing is true, according to the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. *Dan.* vi. 12.

For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind. *Hosea* viii. 7.

I have multiplied visions, and used similitudes. *Hos.* xii. 10.

Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. *Joel* ii. 28.

Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision. *Joel* iii. 14.

But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree. *Micah* iv. 4.

Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it. *Habakkuk* ii. 2.

I was wounded in the house of my friends. *Zechariah* xiii. 6.

But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings. *Malachi* iv. 2.

Miss not the discourse of the elders. *Ecclesiasticus* viii. 9.

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith. *Ecclus.* xiii. 1.

He will laugh thee to scorn. *Ecclus.* xiii. 7.

Whose talk is of bullocks. *Ecclus.* xxxviii. 25.

These were honourable men in their generations. *Ecclus.* xliv. 7.

Great is truth, and mighty above all things. *Esdras* iv. 51.

Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds, before they be withered. *Wisdom of Solomon* ii. 8.

And Nicanor lay dead in his harness. 1 *Maccabees* xv. 28.

NEW TESTAMENT.

Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not. *Matthew* ii. 18. *Jer.* xxxi. 15.

Man shall not live by bread alone. *Matt.* iv. 4. *Deut.* viii. 3.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? *Matt.* v. 13.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. *Matt.* v. 14.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth. *Matt.* vi. 3.

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. *Matt.* vi. 21.

Ye cannot serve God and Mammon. *Matthew* vi. 24.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. *Matt.* vi. 28.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. *Matt.* vi. 34.

Neither cast ye your pearls before swine. *Matt.* vii. 6.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. *Matt.* vii. 7.

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head. *Matt.* viii. 20.

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. *Matt.* ix. 37.

Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. *Matt.* x. 16.

But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. *Matt.* x. 30.

But Wisdom is justified of her children. *Matt.* xi. 19. *Luke* vii. 35.

The tree is known by his fruit. *Matt.* xii. 33.

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. *Matt.* xii. 34.

Pearl of great price. *Matt.* xiii. 46.

A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own house. *Matt.* xiii. 57.

Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid. *Matt.* xiv. 27.

And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch. *Matt.* xv. 14.

Yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table. *Matt.* xv. 27.

Get thee behind me, Satan. *Matt.* xvi. 23.

For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? *Matt.* xvi. 26.

It is good for us to be here. *Matt.* xvii. 4.

What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. *Matt.* xix. 6.

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. *Matt.* xix. 24.

Which have borne the burden and heat of the day. *Matt.* xx. 12.

Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? *Matt.* xx. 15.

For many are called, but few are chosen. *Matt.* xxii. 14.

Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's. *Matt.* xxii. 21.

Woe unto you, . . . for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin. *Matthew* xxiii. 23.

Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. *Matt.* xxiii. 24.

For ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones. *Matt.* xxiii. 27.

As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings. *Matt.* xxiii. 37.

For wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together. *Matt.* xxiv. 28.

Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. *Matt.* xxv. 29.

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. *Matt.* xxvi. 41.

The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath. *Mark* ii. 27.

If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand. *Mark* iii. 25.

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. *Mark* iv. 9.

My name is Legion. *Mark* v. 9.

Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. *Mark* ix. 44.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. *Luke* ii. 14.

And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees. *Luke* iii. 9.

Physician, heal thyself. *Luke* iv. 23.

The labourer is worthy of his hire. *Luke* x. 7. 1 *Tim.* v. 18.

Go, and do thou likewise. *Luke* x. 37.

But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her. *Luke* x. 42.

He that is not with me is against me. *Luke* xi. 23.

And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. *Luke* xii. 19.

Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning. *Luke* xii. 35.

For the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. *Luke* xvi. 8.

It were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea. *Luke* xvii. 2.

Remember Lot's wife. *Luke* xvii. 32.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee. *Luke* xix. 22.

For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry? *Luke* xxiii. 31.

Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? *John* i. 46.

The wind bloweth where it listeth. *John* iii. 8.

He was a burning and a shining light. *John* v. 35.

Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. *John* vi. 12.

Judge not according to the appearance. *John* vii. 24.

The Truth shall make you free. *John* viii. 32.

For the poor always ye have with you. *John* xii. 8.

Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you. *John* xii. 35.

Let not your heart be troubled. *John* xiv. 1.

In my Father's house are many mansions. *John* xiv. 2.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. *John* xv. 13.

It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. *Acts* ix. 5.

Lewd fellows of the baser sort. *Acts* xvii. 5.

The law is open. *Acts* xix. 38.

It is more blessed to give than to receive. *Acts* xx. 35.

Speak forth the words of truth and soberness. *Acts* xxvi. 25.

For there is no respect of persons with God. *Romans* ii. 11.

As some affirm that we say, Let us do evil that good may come. *Rom.* iii. 8.

Fear of God before their eyes. *Rom.* iii. 18.

Who against hope believed in hope. *Rom.* iv. 18.

For the wages of sin is death. *Rom.* vi. 23.

And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God. *Rom.* viii. 28.

A zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. *Rom.* x. 2.

Be not wise in your own conceits. *Rom.* xii. 16.

Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. *Rom.* xii. 20.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. *Rom.* xii. 21.

The powers that be are ordained of God. *Rom.* xiii. 1.

Render therefore to all their dues. *Rom.* xiii. 7.

Owe no man anything, but to love one another. *Rom.* xiii. 8.

Love is the fulfilling of the law. *Romans* xiii. 10.

Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. *Rom.* xiv. 5.

I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. 1 *Corinthians* iii. 6.

Every man's work shall be made manifest. 1 *Cor.* iii. 13.

Not to think of men above that which is written.[1] 1 *Cor.* iv. 6.

Absent in body, but present in spirit. 1 *Cor.* v. 3.

Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump? 1 *Cor.* v. 6.

For the fashion of this world passeth away. 1 *Cor.* vii. 31.

I am made all things to all men. 1 *Cor.* ix. 22.

Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. 1 *Cor.* x. 12.

As sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. 1 *Cor.* xiii. 1.

When I was a child, I spake as a child. 1 *Cor.* xiii. 11.

For now we see through a glass, darkly. 1 *Cor.* xiii. 12.

Let all things be done decently and in order. 1 *Cor.* xiv. 40.

Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners.[2] 1 *Cor.* xv. 33.

The first man is of the earth, earthy. 1 *Cor.* xv. 47.

In the twinkling of an eye. 1 *Cor.* xv. 52.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? 1 *Cor.* xv. 55.

Not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. 2 *Cor.* iii. 6.

We walk by faith, not by sight. 2 *Cor.* v. 7.

Behold, now is the accepted time. 2 *Cor.* vi. 2.

By evil report and good report. 2 *Cor.* vi. 8.

The right hands of fellowship. *Galatians* ii. 9.

For every man shall bear his own burden. *Gal.* vi. 5.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. *Gal.* vi. 7.

Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath. *Ephesians* iv. 26.

For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. *Philippians* i. 21.

Whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame. *Phil.* iii. 19.

---

[1] Usually quoted, "to be *wise* above that which is written."

[2] Φθείρουσιν ἤθη χρήσθ' ὁμιλίαι κακαί.—Menander.

Dübner's edition of his *Fragments*, appended to Aristophanes in Didot's *Bibliotheca Græca*, *p.* 102, *l.* 101.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. *Philippians* iv. 8.

Touch not; taste not; handle not. *Colossians* ii. 21.

Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt. *Col.* iv. 6.

Remembering without ceasing your work of faith and labour of love. 1 *Thessalonians* i. 3.

Study to be quiet. 1 *Thess.* iv. 11.

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. 1 *Thess.* v. 21.

The law is good, if a man use it lawfully. 1 *Timothy* i. 8.

Not greedy of filthy lucre. 1 *Tim.* iii. 3.

Busy-bodies, speaking things which they ought not. 1 *Tim.* v. 13.

Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake. 1 *Tim.* v. 23.

For the love of money is the root of all evil. 1 *Tim.* vi. 10.

Fight the good fight. 1 *Tim.* vi. 12.

Rich in good works. 1 *Tim.* vi. 18.

Science falsely so called. 1 *Tim.* vi. 20.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. 2 *Tim.* iv. 7.

Unto the pure all things are pure. *Titus* i. 15.

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. *Hebrews* xi. 1.

Of whom the world was not worthy. *Heb.* xi. 38.

A cloud of witnesses. *Heb.* xii. 1.

For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. *Heb.* xii. 6.

The spirits of just men made perfect. *Heb.* xii. 23.

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. *Heb.* xiii. 2.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life. *James* i. 12.

Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! *James* iii. 5.

The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil.[1] *James* iii. 8.

Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. *James* iv. 7.

Hope to the end. 1 *Peter* i. 13.

[1] Usually quoted, "The tongue is an unruly member."

Fear God. Honour the king. *1 Peter* ii. 17.

Ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. *1 Peter* iii. 4.

Giving honour unto the wife as unto the weaker vessel. *1 Peter* iii. 7.

Be ye all of one mind. *1 Peter* iii. 8.

Charity shall cover the multitude of sins. *1 Peter* iv. 8.

Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour. *1 Peter* v. 8.

The dog is turned to his own vomit again. *2 Peter* ii. 22.

Bowels of compassion *1 John* iii. 17.

There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear. *1 John* iv. 18.

Be thou faithful unto death. *Revelation* ii. 10.

He shall rule them with a rod of iron. *Rev.* ii. 27.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. *Rev.* xxii. 13.

—□—

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done.
Morning Prayer.

The noble army of martyrs. *Ibid.*

Afflicted, or distressed, in mind, body, or estate.
Prayer for all Conditions of Men.

Have mercy upon us miserable sinners. *The Litany.*

From envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness. *Ibid.*

The world, the flesh, and the devil. *Ibid.*

The kindly fruits of the earth. *Ibid.*

Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.
Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent.

Renounce the devil and all his works. *Baptism of Infants.*

The pomps and vanity of this wicked world. *Catechism.*

To keep my hands from picking and stealing. *Ibid.*

To do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me. *Ibid.*

An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. *Ibid.*

Let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace.
Solemnization of Matrimony.

To have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part. *Ibid.*

SOLEMNIZATION OF MATRIMONY—*continued.*]

To love, cherish, and to obey. *Ibid.*

With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow. *Ibid.*

In the midst of life we are in death.[1] *The Burial Service.*

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection. *Ibid.*

But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend. *The Psalter. Ps.* lv. 14.

The iron entered into his soul. *Ps.* cv. 18.

—□—

TATE AND BRADY.

And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good. *Ps.* xv. 5.

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust. *Ps.* xci. 4.

[1] This is derived from a Latin antiphon, said to have been composed by Notker, a monk of St. Gall, in 911, while watching some workmen building a bridge at Martinsbrücke, in peril of their lives. It forms the groundwork of Luther's antiphon *De Morte.*

APPENDIX.

A Cadmean victory. *Greek Proverb.*

Συμμισγόντων δὲ τῇ ναυμαχίῃ, Καδμείη τις νίκη τοῖσι Φωκαιεῦσι ἐγένετο
Herod. i. 166.

A Cadmean victory was one in which the victors suffered as much as their enemies.

The half is more than the whole.

Νήπιοι· οὐδὲ ἴασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντός.
Hesiod, *Works and Days*, v. 40.

To leave no stone unturned.

Πάντα κινῆσαι πέτρον.—Euripides, *Heraclid.* 1002.

This may be traced to a response of the Delphic Oracle, given to Polycrates, as the best means of finding a treasure buried by Xerxes' general, Mardonius, on the field of Platæa. The Oracle replied, Πάντα λίθον κίνει, *Turn every stone.*

Corp. Paræmiogr. Græc. i. *p.* 146.

The blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church.

Plures efficimur, quoties metimur a vobis; semen est sanguis Christianorum. Tertullian, *Apologet.*, *c.* 50.

Man is a two-legged animal without feathers.

Plato having defined man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, he (Diogenes) plucked a cock, and, bringing him into the school, said "Here is Plato's man." From which there was added to the definition, "with broad, flat nails."

Diogenes Laertius, *Lib.* vi. *c.* ii. *Vit. Diog. Ch.* vi. § 40.

I believe it, because it is impossible.

Credo, quia impossibile.

This is a misquotation of Tertullian, whose words are,

Certum est, quia impossibile est. *De Carne Christi*, *c.* 5.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.

Sed res docuit id verum esse quod in carminibus Appius ait, "Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ."

Pseudo-Sallust. Epist. de Rep. Ordin. ii. 1.

Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion.

Cæsar was asked why he had divorced his wife. "Because," said he, "I would have the chastity of my wife clear even of suspicion."

Plutarch, *Life of Cæsar. Ch.* 10.

Strike, but hear.

Eurybiades lifting up his staff as if he was going to strike, Themistocles said "Strike if you will, but hear."

Plutarch, *Life of Themistocles.*

Where the shoe pinches.

In the Life of Æmilius Paulus, Plutarch relates the story of a Roman being divorced from his wife. "This person being highly blamed by his friends, who demanded,—was she not chaste? was she not fair?—holding out his shoe asked them whether it was not new, and well made. Yet, added he, none of you can tell where it pinches me."

To smell of the lamp. Plutarch, *Life of Demosthenes. Ch.* 8.

Appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.

Inserit se tantis viris mulier alienigeni sanguinis : quæ a Philippo rege temulento immerenter damnata, Provocarem ad Philippum, inquit, sed sobrium. *Val. Maximus. Lib.* vi. *cap.* 2.

To call a spade a spade. Plutarch, *Reg. et Imp. Apoph. Philip.* xv.

Τὰ σῦκα σῦκα, τὴν σκάφην δὲ σκάφην ὀνομάζων·

Aristophanes, as quoted in Lucian, *Quom. Hist. sit conscrib.* 41.

Begging the question.

This is a common logical fallacy, *petitio principii ;* and the first explanation of the phrase is to be found in Aristotle's Topica, viii. 13, where the five ways of begging the question are set forth. The earliest English work in which the expression is found is "*The Arte of Logike plainlie set forth in our English Tongue, &c.* 1584."

The sinews of war.

Æschines (*Adv. Ctesiph.* ch. 53) ascribes to Demosthenes the expression ὑποτέτμηται τὰ νεῦρα τῶν πραγμάτων, "the sinews of affairs are cut." Diogenes Laertius, in his Life of Bion (lib. iv. c. 7, § 3), represents that philosopher as saying τὸν πλοῦτον εἶναι νεῦρα πραγμάτων, "that riches were the sinews of business," or, as the phrase may mean, "of the state." Referring, perhaps, to this maxim of Bion, Plutarch says in his Life of Cleomenes (c. 27), "He who first called money the sinews of the state seems to have said this with special reference to *war.*" Accordingly we find money called expressly τὰ νεῦρα τοῦ πολέμου, "the sinews of war," in Libanius, *Orat.* xlvi. (vol. ii. p. 477, ed. Reiske), and by the Scholiast on Pindar, Olymp. i. 4 (comp. Photius, *Lex.* s. v. Μεγάνορος πλούτου). So Cicero Philipp. v. 2, "nervos belli infinitam pecuniam."

Adding insult to injury.

A fly bit the bare pate of a bald man; who, endeavouring to crush it, gave himself a heavy blow. Then said the fly, jeeringly: "You wanted to revenge the sting of a tiny insect with death; what will you do to yourself, who have added insult to injury?"

Quid facies tibi,
Injuriæ qui addideris contumeliam?
Phædrus, *The Bald Man and the Fly. Book* v. *Fable* 3.

When at Rome, do as the Romans do.

St. Augustine was in the habit of dining upon Saturday as upon Sunday; but, being puzzled with the different practices then prevailing (for they had begun to fast at Rome on Saturday), consulted St. Ambrose on the subject. Now at Milan they did not fast on Saturday, and the answer of the Milan saint was this:—

"When I am here, I do not fast on Saturday; when at Rome, I do fast on Saturday."

"Quando hic sum, non jejuno Sabbato: quando Romæ sum, jejuno Sabbato." St. Augustine, *Epistle* xxxvi. *to Casulanus.*

When they are at Rome, they do there as they see done.
Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy, Part* iii. *Sec.* 4, *Mem.* 2, *Subs.* 1.

I see the right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

Video meliora proboque;
Deteriora sequor.
Ovid, *Metamorphosis, Book* vii. *Line* 29. *Translated by Tate and Stonestreet, ed. Garth.*

The Art preservative of all arts.

From the inscription upon the façade of the house at Harlem, formerly occupied by Laurent Koster or Coster, who is charged, among others, with the invention of printing. Mention is first made of this inscription about 1628.

MEMORIÆ SACRUM
TYPOGRAPHIA
ARS ARTIUM OMNIUM
CONSERVATRIX.
HIC PRIMUM INVENTA
CIRCA ANNUM MCCCCXL.

That same man, that runnith awaie,
Maie again fight an other daie.
Erasmus, *Apothegms, Trans. by* Udall, 1542.

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that 's slain.
Butler, *Hudibras. Part* iii. *Canto* 3.

He that fights and runs away
May turn and fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again.
Ray's *History of the Rebellion*, *p.* 48. Bristol, 1752.

For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.
The Art of Poetry on a New Plan. Edited by Oliver Goldsmith (?) *Vol.* ii. *p.* 147. London, 1761.

Sed omissis quidem divinis exhortationibus illum magis Græcum versiculum secularis sententiæ sibi adhibent. *Qui fugiebat, rursus prœliabitur:* ut et rursus forsitan fugiat.
Tertullian, *De Fuga in Persecutione*, *c.* 10.

The corresponding Greek,

Ἀνὴρ ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχήσεται,

is ascribed to Menander in Dübner's edition of his *Fragments* (appended to Aristophanes in Didot's *Bibliotheca Græca*), p. 91.

Qui fuit, peut revenir aussi;
Qui meurt, il n'en est pas ainsi. Scarron (1610—1660).

Souvent celuy qui demeure
Est cause de son meschef;
Celuy qui fuit de bonne heure
Peut combattre derechef.
From the *Satyre Menippée*, 1594.

Junius, Aprilis, Septémq; Nouemq; tricenos,
Vnum plus reliqui, Februs tenet octo vicenos,
At si bissextus fuerit superadditur vnus.
Harrison's *Description of Britaine*, prefixed to Holinshed's *Chronicles*, 1577.

Thirty dayes hath Nouember,
Aprill, June, and September,
February hath xxviii alone,
And all the rest have xxxi.
Grafton's *Chronicles of England*, 1590.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February eight-and-twenty all alone,
And all the rest have thirty-one;
Unless that leap year doth combine,
And give to February twenty-nine.
The Return from Parnassus. London, 1606.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
All the rest have thirty-one
Excepting February alone:
Which hath but twenty-eight, in fine,
Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.
Common in the New England States.

Fourth, eleventh, ninth, and sixth,
Thirty days to each affix;
Every other thirty-one
Except the second month alone.
Common in Chester County, Pa. among the Friends.

It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an R in their name to eat an oyster. Butler, *Dyet's Dry Dinner*. 1599.

Old wood to burn! Old wine to drink! Old friends to trust! Old authors to read!

Alonso of Aragon was wont to say, in commendation of age, that age appeared to be best in these four things.

Melchiòr, *Floresta Española de Apothegmas o sentencias, &c.*, ii. 1. 20. Bacon, *Apothegms*, 97.

Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest, old wood burns brightest, old linen wash whitest? Old soldiers, sweetheart, are surest, and old lovers are soundest.

John Webster, *Westward Ho. Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

What find you better or more honourable than age? Take the preheminence of it in everything: in an old friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree. Shakerly Marmion, *The Antiquary. Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

I love everything that 's old. Old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine.—Goldsmith, *She Stoops to Conquer. Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Nose, nose, nose, nose,
And who gave thee that jolly red nose?
Sinament and Ginger, Nutmegs and Cloves,
And that gave me my jolly red nose.[1]
Ravenscroft's *Deuteromela*, *Song No.* 7. 1609.

Begone, dull Care, I prithee begone from me;
Begone, dull Care, thou and I shall never agree.
Playford's *Musical Companion*. 1687.

Fiat Justitia ruat Cœlum.

This phrase, used by Lord Mansfield in the case of King *vs.* Wilkes, Burrow's Reports, *vol.* iv., 2562 (A.D.) 1770, is found in Ward's *Simple Cobbler of Aggawam in America*. (First printed in 1645.)

[1] Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

God always favours the heaviest battalions.

Deos fortioribus adesse. Tacitus, *Hist. Book* iv. xvii.

Dieu est d'ordinaire pour les gros escadrons contre les petits.
Bussy Rabutin, *Lettres*, iv. 91. *Oct.* 18, 1677.

Le nombre des sages sera toujours petit. Il est vrai qu'il est augmenté; mais ce n'est rien en comparaison des sots, et par malheur on dit que Dieu est toujours pour les gros bataillons.
Voltaire *to M. Le Riche, February* 6, 1770

When Adam dolve, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?
Lines used by John Ball, to encourage the Rebels in Wat Tyler's Rebellion. Hume's *History of England. Vol.* i. *Ch.* 17, *Note* 8.

Now bething the, gentilman,
How Adam dalf and Eve span.
From *a MS. of the* 15*th Century in the British Museum. Songs and Carols.*

The same proverb existed in German. Agricola (*Prov. No.* 264).
So Adam reutte, und Eva span;
Wer was da ein eddelman.

Die in the last ditch.

To William of Orange may be ascribed this saying. When Buckingham urged the inevitable destruction which hung over the United Provinces, and asked him whether he did not see that the Commonwealth was ruined, "There is one certain means," replied the prince, "by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin,—*I will die in the last ditch.*" Hume, *History of England.* 1672.

A Rowland for an Oliver.

These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying, amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, of giving one a "Rowland for his Oliver," to signify the matching one incredible lie with another. Thomas Warburton.

All is lost save honour.

It was from the imperial camp near Pavia, that Francis the First, before leaving for Pizzighettone, wrote to his mother the memorable letter which, thanks to tradition, has become altered to the form of this sublime laconism: "Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur."

The true expression is, "Madame, pour vous faire savoir comme se

porte le reste de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie qui est sauvé."

Martin, *Histoire de France. Tom.* viii.

Hobson's choice.

Tobias Hobson was the first man in England that let out hackney horses. When a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was a great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say "Hobson's choice." *Spectator. No.* 509.

Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Colonel Blacker, *Oliver's Advice.* 1834.

There is a well-authenticated anecdote of Cromwell. On a certain occasion, when his troops were about crossing a river to attack the enemy, he concluded an address, couched in the usual fanatic terms in use among them, with these words: "Put your trust in God; but mind to keep your powder dry."

Hayes's *Ballads of Ireland. Vol.* i. *p.* 191.

Am I not a man and a brother?

From a medallion by Wedgwood (1768), representing a negro in chains, with one knee on the ground, and both hands lifted up to heaven. This was adopted as a characteristic seal by the Anti-slavery Society of London.

For angling-rod, he took a sturdy oak;
For line a cable, that in storm ne'er broke;
. . . . . .
His hook was baited with a dragon's tail,
And then on rock he stood to bob for whale.

From *The Mock Romance*, a rhapsody attached to *The Loves of Hero and Leander*, published in London in the years 1653 and 1677. Chambers's *Book of Days*, *Vol.* i. *p.* 173.

In Chalmers's *British Poets* the following is ascribed to William King (1663—1712).

His angle-rod made of a sturdy oak;
His line a cable which in storms ne'er broke;
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobbed for whale.

Upon a Giant's Angling.

As good as a play.

An exclamation of Charles II. when in Parliament attending the discussion of Lord Ross's Divorce Bill.

The king remained in the House of Peers while his speech was taken into consideration, — a common practice with him; for the debates amused his sated mind, and were sometimes, he used to say, as good as a comedy.

Macaulay, *Review of the Life and Writings of Sir William Temple.*

When in doubt, win the trick.

Hoyle, *Twenty-four Rules for Learners. Rule* 12.

Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.

From an inscription on the cannon near which the ashes of President John Bradshaw were lodged, on the top of a high hill near Martha Bay in Jamaica.

Stiles's *History of the Three Judges of King Charles I.*

This supposititious epitaph was found among the papers of Mr. Jefferson, and in his handwriting. It was supposed to be one of Dr. Franklin's spirit-stirring inspirations.

Randall's *Life of Jefferson. Vol.* iii. *p.* 585.

Nation of shopkeepers.

From an oration purporting to have been delivered by Samuel Adams at the State House in Philadelphia, August 1, 1776. *Philadelphia, printed, London, reprinted for E. Johnson, No.* 4, *Ludgate Hill.* MDCCLXXVI.[1]

To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers may at first sight appear a project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers.—Adam Smith, *Wealth of Nations. Vol.* ii. *Book* iv. *Ch.* vii. *Part* 3. 1775.

And what is true of a shopkeeper is true of a shopkeeping nation.

Tucker, *Dean of Gloucester. Tract.* 1766.

Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts.

Ils n'employent les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées.

Voltaire, *Dialogue* xiv. *Le Chapon et la Poularde.*

When Harel wished to put a joke or witticism into circulation, he was in the habit of connecting it with some celebrated name, on the chance of reclaiming it if it took. Thus he assigned to Talleyrand in the *Nain Jaune* the phrase, "Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts." Fournier, *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire.*

Where Nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind.

Young, *Love of Fame. Satire* ii. *Line* 207.

The germ of this saying is to be found in Jeremy Taylor; South, Butler, Young, Lloyd, and Goldsmith have repeated it after him.

[1] No such American edition has ever been seen, but at least four copies are known of the London issue. A German translation of this oration was printed in 1778, perhaps at Berne; the place of publication is not given.— Wells's *Life of Adams.*

Beginning of the end.

Mr. Fournier asserts, on the written authority of Talleyrand's brother, that the only breviary used by the ex-bishop was *L'Improvitateur Franaçis*, a compilation of anecdotes and *bons-mots*, in twenty-one duodecimo volumes.

Whenever a good thing was wandering about in search of a parent, he adopted it; amongst others, "C'est le commencement de la fin."

To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream. Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Defend me from my friends.

The French Ana assign to Maréchal Villars taking leave of Louis XIV. this aphorism, "Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies."

But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh save me from the candid friend!
Canning, *The New Morality.*

Orthodoxy is my doxy, Heterodoxy is another man's doxy.

"I have heard frequent use," said the late Lord Sandwich, in a debate on the Test Laws, "of the words 'orthodoxy' and 'heterodoxy'; but I confess myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean." "Orthodoxy, my Lord," said Bishop Warburton, in a whisper,—"orthodoxy is my doxy,—heterodoxy is another man's doxy."
Priestley's *Memoirs. Vol.* i. *p.* 372.

No one is a hero to his valet.

This phrase is commonly attributed to Madame de Sévigné, but, on the authority of Madame Aisse, belongs to Madame Cornuel.
Lettres, édit. J. Ravenal. 1853.

Few men are admired by their servants.
Montaigne, *Essais. Book* iii. *Ch.* 11.

When Hermodotus in his poems described Antigonus as the son of Helios (the sun), "My valet-de-chambre," said he, "is not aware of this." Plutarch, *De Iside et Osiride. Ch.* xxiv.

Greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Priestley was the first (unless it was Beccaria)[1] who taught my lips to pronounce this sacred truth,—that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation.
Bentham's *Works. Vol.* x. *p.* 142.

[1] The expression is used by Beccaria in the introduction to his *Essay on Crimes and Punishments.*

Ridicule the test of truth.-

How comes it to pass, then, that we appear such cowards in reasoning, and are so afraid to stand the test of ridicule?

Shaftesbury, *Characteristicks. A Letter concerning Enthusiasm. Sec.* 2.

Truth, 't is supposed, may bear all lights; and one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed, in order to a thorough recognition, is ridicule itself.

Ibid. Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour. Sec. 1.

'T was the saying of an ancient sage,[2] that humour was the only test of gravity; and gravity, of humour. For a subject which would not bear raillery was suspicious; and a jest which would not bear a serious examination was certainly false wit. *Ibid. Sec.* v.

Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joyes, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

Verses written by Sir Walter Raleigh the night before his death. According to Oldys, they were found in his Bible.

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant;
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie. *The Lie.*

This poem is traced in manuscript to the year 1593. It first appeared in print in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, second edition, 1608. It has been assigned to various authors, but on Raleigh's side there is good evidence, besides the internal testimony, which appears to us irresistible. Two answers to it, written in Raleigh's lifetime, ascribe it to him; and two manuscript copies of the period of Elizabeth bear the title of "Sir Walter Rawleigh his Lie."

Chambers's *Cyclopædia. Vol.* i. *p.* 120.

---

[1] We have, oftener than once, endeavoured to attach some meaning to that aphorism, vulgarly imputed to Shaftesbury, which, however, we can find nowhere in his works, that *ridicule is the test of truth.*—Carlyle, *Miscellanies. Voltaire.*

[2] Gorgias Leontinus, *apud Arist. Rhetor, lib.* 3, *cap.* 18.

Carpet knights.

As much valour is to be found in feasting as in fighting; and some of our city captains and carpet knights will make this good, and prove it.
Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy. Pt.* i. *Sec.* 2, *Mem.* 2, *Subs.* 2.

From Percy's Reliques.

My mind to me a kingdom is;[1]
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God and Nature hath assigned.
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.
My mind to me a kingdom is. From Byrd's *Psalmes, Sonnets, &c.*, 1588.

He that had neyther been kithe nor kin
Might have seen a full fayre sight. *Guy of Gisborne.*

Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi' the auld moon in hir arme. *Sir Patrick Spens.*[2]

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.
The Friar of Orders Gray.

Every white will have its black,
And every sweet its sour. *Sir Carline.*

We 'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we 'll be good. *Winifreda* (1726).

And when with envy Time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You 'll in your girls again be courted,
And I 'll go wooing in my boys. *Ibid.*

He that wold not when he might,
He shall not when he wolda.[3] *The Baffled Knight.*

[1] Mens regnum bona possidet.
Seneca, *Thyestes*, *Act* ii. *Line* 380.
My mind to me an empire is
While grace affordeth health.
Robert Southwell (1560—1595). *Look Home.*

[2] I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm.
From *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

[3] He that will not when he may,
When he will, he shall have nay.
Burton, *Anat. of Mel. p.* iii. *Sec.* 2, *Mem.* 5, *Subs.* 5.

The Guard dies, but never surrenders.

This phrase, attributed to Cambronne, who was made prisoner at Waterloo, was vehemently denied by him. It was invented by Rougemont, a prolific author of *mots*, two days after the battle, in the *Indépendant*. Fournier, *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire.*

I do not give you to posterity as a pattern to imitate, but an example to deter. Junius, *Letter* xii. *To the Duke of Grafton.*

The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute.[1] *Letter* xxxvii. *City Address and the King's Answer.*

Private credit is wealth, public honour is security; the feather that adorns the royal bird supports its flight; strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth. *Letter* xlii. *Affair of the Falkland Islands.*

From the New England Primer.

In Adam's fall,
We sinned all.

My Book and Heart
Must never part.

Young Obadias,
David, Josias,—
All were pious.

Peter deny'd
His Lord, and cry'd.

Young Timothy
Learnt sin to fly.

Xerxes did die,
And so must I.

Zaccheus he
Did climb the tree
Our Lord to see.

Our days begin with trouble here,
Our life is but a span,
And cruel death is always near,
So frail a thing is man.

Now I lay me down to take my sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

His wife, with nine small children and one at the breast, following him to the stake. —*Martyrdom of Mr. John Rogers. Burnt at Smithfield, Feb.* 14, 1554.

[1] Cf. Gibbon, p. 208.

The wisdom of many and the wit of one.

A definition of a proverb which Lord John Russell gave one morning at breakfast, at Mardock's,—"One man's wit, and all men's wisdom."

Memoirs of Mackintosh. Vol. ii. *p.* 473.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

Staniford's *Art of Reading. Third Edition, p.* 27. *Boston*, 1803.

In the Preface to Mr. Nichol's work on *Autographs*, among other albums noticed by him as being in the British Museum is that of David Krieg with Jacob Bobart's autograph, and the following verses.[1]

"*Virtus sua gloria.*"

Think that day lost whose [low] descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done.

Bobart died about 1726. He was a son of the celebrated botanist of that name.

Order reigns in Warsaw.

General Sebastian announced the fall of Warsaw in the Chamber of Deputies, Sept. 16, 1834: Des lettres que je reçois de Pologne m'annoncent que la tranquillité règne à Varsovie.

Dumas, *Memoires, 2nd Series. Vol.* iv. *Ch.* 3.

A foreign nation is a contemporaneous posterity.

Byron's European fame is the best earnest of his immortality, for a foreign nation is a kind of contemporaneous posterity.

Stanley, or The Recollections of a Man of the World. Vol. ii. *p.* 89.

Young men think old men fools, and old men know young men to be so.

Quoted by Camden as a saying of one Dr. Metcalf. It is now in many people's mouths, and likely to pass into a proverb.

Ray's *Proverbs, p.* 145, *ed. Bohn.*

—□—

PROVERBIAL EXPRESSIONS,

FROM ENGLISH WRITERS, WHICH ARE OF COMMON ORIGIN.

All that glisters is not gold.

Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice, Act* ii. *Sc.* 7.

All is not gold that glisteneth. Middleton, *A Fair Quarrel, Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

All thing, which that shineth as the gold
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told.

Chaucer, *The Chanones Yemannes Tale, Line* 243.

---

[1] *Notes and Queries, 1st Series, Vol.* vii. *p.* 159.

All is not golde that outward shewith bright.
Lydgate, *On the Mutability of Human Affairs.*

Gold all is not that doth golden seem.
Spenser, *Faerie Queene, Book* ii. *Canto* 8, *St.* 14.

All is not gold that glisters. Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

All, as they say, that glitters is not gold. Dryden, *Hind and Panther.*

Another, yet the same.
Pope, *Dunciad, Book* iii. Tickell, *From a Lady in England.* Johnson, *Life of Dryden.* Darwin, *Botanic Garden, Pt.* i. *Canto* 4, *l.* 380. Wordsworth, *The Excursion, Book* ix. Scott, *The Abbot, Ch.* 1.

Aliusque et idem. Horace, *Carm. Sec. l.* 10.

At sixes and sevens. Middleton, *The Widow. Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Better late than never.
Tusser, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.* Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress, Pt.* 1. Murphy, *The School for Guardians, Act* 1.

By hook or crook.
Spenser, *Faerie Queene, Book* iii. *Canto* 1, *St.* 17. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Women Pleased, Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Castles in the air.
Stirling, *Sonnets, S.* 6. Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy, The Author's Abstract.* Sidney, *Defence of Poesy.* Sir Thomas Browne, *Letter to a Friend.* Giles Fletcher, *Christ's History, Pt.* ii. Swift, *Duke Grafton's Answer.* Broome, *Poverty and Poetry.* Fielding, *Epistle to Walpole.* Cibber, *Non Juror, Act* ii. Churchill, *Epistle to Lloyd.* Shenstone, *On Taste, Pt.* ii. Lloyd, *Epistle to Colman.*

Compare great things with small.
Virgil, *Georgics, Book* iv. *l.* 176. Milton, *Par. Lost, Book* ii. *l.* 921. Cowley, *The Motto.* Dryden, *Ovid's Met., Book* i. *l.* 727. Tickell, *Poem on Hunting.* Pope, *Windsor Forest.*

Comparisons are odious.
Burton, *Anat. of Mel., Pt.* iii. *Sec.* 3, *Mem.* 1, *Subs.* 2. Heywood, *A Woman killed with Kindness, Act* i. *Sc.* 1. Donne, *El.* 8. Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.*

Comparisons are odorous.
Shakespeare, *Much Ado about Nothing, Act* iii. *Sc.* 5.

Comparisons are offensive. *Don Quixote, Pt.* ii. *Ch.* i.

Dark as pitch. Ray's *Proverbs.* Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress, Pt.* 1.

Deeds, not words.
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Lover's Progress, Act* iii. *Sc.* 1. Butler, *Hudibras, Pt.* i. *C.* 1, *l.* 867.

Devil take the hindmost.
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Bonduca*, *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3. Butler, *Hudibras*, *Pt.* i. *Canto* 2, *l.* 633. Prior, *Ode on Taking Nemur.* Pope, *Dunciad*, *Book* ii. *l.* 60. Burns, *To a Haggis.*

Diamonds cut diamonds. Ford, *The Lover's Melancholy*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Discretion the best part of valour.
Beaumont and Fletcher, *A King, and no King*, *Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

The better part of valour is discretion.
Shakespeare, *Henry IV.*, *Pt.* i. *Act* v. *Sc.* 4. Churchill, *The Ghost*, *Book* i. *l.* 232.

Eat thy cake and have it too.
Herbert, *The Size.* Bickerstaff, *Thomas and Sally.*

Enough is good as a feast.
Ray's *Proverbs.* Bickerstaff, *Love in a Village*, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Every tub must stand upon its own bottom.
Ray's *Proverbs.* Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Macklin, *The Man of the World*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Every why hath a wherefore.
Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors*, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2. Butler, *Hudibras*, *Pt.* i. *Canto* 1, *l.* 132.

Facts are stubborn things.
Smollett, *Trans. Gil Blas*, *Book* x. *Ch.* 1. Elliot, *Essay on Field Husbandry*, *p.* 35, *n.* (1747).

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.
Britain's *Ida*, *Canto* v. *St.* 1. King, *Orpheus and Eurydice.* Burns, *To Dr. Blacklock.* Colman, *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*, *Act* i.

Fast and loose. Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Give an inch he'll take an ell.
John Webster, *Sir Thomas Wyatt.* Hobbes, *Liberty and Necessity*, *No.* iii.

Give ruffles to a man who wants a shirt.
Sorbière (1610—1670), from *The French Anas.* Tom Brown, *Laconics.* Goldsmith, *The Haunch of Venison.*

God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks.
Ray's *Proverbs.* Garrick, *Epigram on Goldsmith's Retaliation.*

Golden mean.
Horace, *Book* 2, *Ode* x. 5. *My mind to me a Kingdom is.* Massinger, *The Great Duke of Florence*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 1. Pope, *Moral Essays*, *Epistle* iii. *l.* 246.

Great wits will jump.
Sterne, *Tristram Shandy.* Byrom, *The Nimmers.*

Good wits will jump.
Cougham, *Camden Soc. Pub. p.* 20. Duke of Buckingham, *The Chances, Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Gray mare will prove the better horse.
The Marriage of True Wit and Science. Butler, *Hudibras, Pt.* ii. *Canto* 2, *l.* 698. Fielding, *The Grub Street Opera, Act* ii. *Sc.* 4. Prior, *Epilogue to Lucius.*

[Mr. Macaulay thinks that this proverb originated in the preference generally given to the gray mares of Flanders over the finest coach-horses of England.—*History of England, Vol.* i. *Ch.* 3.]

Hail, fellow, well met.
Tom Brown, *Amusement,* viii. Swift, *My Lady's Lamentation.*

He knew what 's what.
Skelton, *Why come ye not to Courte? l.* 1106. Butler, *Hudibras, Pt.* i. *Canto* 1, *l.* 149.

He must go that the Devil drives.
Peele, *Edward I.* Shakespeare, *All 's Well that Ends Well, Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

He must have a long spoon, that must eat with the Devil.
Chaucer, *The Squiere's Tale, Pt.* ii. *l.* 256. Marlowe, *The Jew of Malta, Act* iii. *Sc.* 5. Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act* iv. *Sc.* 3. *Apius and Virginia.*

Honesty is the best policy.
Don Quixote, Pt. ii. *Ch.* 33. Byrom, *The Nimmers.*

Ill wind turns none to good. Tusser, *Moral Reflections on the Wind.*

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
Shakespeare, *Henry VI., Pt.* iii. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 5.

Not the ill wind which blows no man good.
Shakespeare, *Henry IV., Pt.* ii. *Act* v. *Sc.* 3.

In spite of my [thy] teeth.
Middleton, *A Trick to catch the Old One, Act* i. *Sc.* 2. Southerne, *Sir Anthony Love, Act* iii. *Sc.* 1. Fielding, *Eurydice Hissed.* Garrick, *The Country Girl, Act* iv. *Sc.* 3.

It was no chylden's game. Pilkington, *Tournament of Tottenham,* 1631.

Let the world slide.
Shakespeare, *The Taming of the Shrew, Induc.* 1. John Heywood, *Be merry, Friends.*

Let us do or die.
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Island Princess, Act* ii. *Sc.* 4. Burns, *Bannockburn.* Campbell, *Gertrude.*

[Scott says "this expression is a kind of common property, being the motto, we believe, of a Scottish family."—*Review of Gertrude, Scott's Misc. Vol.* i. *p.* 153.]

Look a gift horse in the mouth.
Rabelais, *Book* i. *Ch.* xi. Butler, *Hudibras, Pt.* i. *Canto* 1, *l.* 490. *Also quoted by* St. Jerome.

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.
Tusser, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, Ch.* 57.

Look before you ere you leap. Butler, *Hudibras, Pt.* ii. *Canto* 2, *l.* 502.

Love me little, love me long. Marlowe, *Jew of Malta, Act* iv. Herrick.

Lucid interval.
Bacon, *Henry VII.* Fuller, *A Pisgah Sight of Palestine, Book* iv. *Ch.* 2. South, *Sermon, Vol.* viii. *p.* 403. Dryden, *MacFlecknoe.* Johnson, *Life of Lyttelton.* Burke, *On the French Revolution.*

Nisi suadeat intervallis.
Bracton, *fol.* 1243, *and fol.* 420, *b. Registes Original*, 267 *a*, 1270.

Main chance.
Shakespeare, *Henry VI., Pt.* ii. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1. Butler, *Hudibras, Pt.* ii. *Canto* 2. Dryden, *Persius, Sat.* vi.

Midnight oil.
Gay, *Shepherd and Philosopher.* Shenstone, *Elegy* xi. Cowper, *Retirement.* Lloyd, *On Rhyme.*

Moon is made of green cheese.
Jack Jugler, p. 46. Rabelais, *Book* i. *Ch.* xi. Butler, *Hudibras, Pt.* ii. *Canto* 3, *l.* 263.

Mother-wit.
Spenser, *Faerie Queene, Book* iv. *Canto* x. *St.* 21. Marlowe, *Prol. Tamberlaine the Great, Pt.* i. Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew, Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

More the merrier.
Title of a *Book of Epigrams*, 1608. Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Scornful Lady, Act* i. *Sc.* 1. *The Sea Voyage, Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring.
Sir H. Sheers, *Satyr on the Sea Officers.* Tom Brown, *Æneus Sylvius's Letter.* Dryden, *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise.*

Nine days' wonder.
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Noble Gentleman, Act* iii. *Sc.* 4. Quarles, *Emblems, Book* i. viii.

No better than you should be.

Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Coxcomb, Act* iv. *Sc.* 3. Fielding, *The Temple Beau, Sc.* 3.

No love lost between us.

Goldsmith, *She Stoops to Conquer, Act* iv. Garrick, *Correspondence*, 1759. Fielding, *The Grub Street Opera, Act* i. *Sc.* 4.

Of two evils the less is always to be chosen.

Thomas à Kempis, *Imitation of Christ, Book* ii. *Ch.* 12. Hooker's *Polity, Book* v. *Ch.* lxxxi.

Of two evils I have chose the least. Prior, *Imitation of Horace.*

E duobus malis minimum eligendum.

Erasmus, *Adages.* Cicero, *De Officiis.*

Of harmes two the lesse is for to cheese.

Chaucer, *Troilus and Creseide, Book* ii. *l.* 470.

Paradise of fools. Fools' paradise.

Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet, Act* ii. *Sc.* 4. Milton, *Par. Lost, Book* iii. *l.* 496. Pope, *Dunciad, Book* iii. Fielding, *The Modern Husband, Act* i. *Sc.* 9. Crabbe, *The Borough, Letter* xii. Quevedo, *Visions*, iv. L'Estrange's *Trans.* Murphy, *All in the Wrong, Act* i.

Picked up his crumbs. Murphy, *The Upholsterer, Act* i.

Plain as a pike-staff.

Terence in English, 1641. Duke of Buckingham, *Speech in the House of Lords*, 1675. Smollett, *Trans. Gil Blas, Book* xii. *Ch.* 8.

Rhyme nor reason.

Pierre Patelin, quoted by Tyndale (1530). Spenser, *On his Promised Pension.* Peele, *Edward I.* Shakespeare, *As You Like It, Act* iii. *Sc.* 2. *Merry Wives of Windsor, Act* v. *Sc.* 5. *Comedy of Errors, Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

[Sir Thomas More advised an author who had sent him his manuscript to read, "to put it in rhyme." Which being done, Sir Thomas said, "Yea, marry, now it is somewhat, for now it is rhyme; before it was neither rhyme nor reason."]

Remedy worse than the disease.

Bacon, *Of Seditions and Troubles.* Beaumont and Fletcher, *Love's Cure, Act* iii. *Sc.* 2. Suckling's *Letters, A Dissuasion from Love.* Dryden's *Juvenal, Sat.* xvi. *l.* 32.

Smell a rat.

Ben Jonson, *Tale of a Tub, Act* iv. *Sc.* 3. Butler, *Hudibras, Pt.* i. *Canto* 1, *l.* 281. Farquhar, *Love and a Bottle.*

Spare the rod, and spoil the child.
Ray's *Proverbs.* Butler, *Hudibras, I t.* ii. *Canto* 1, *l.* 844.

Speech is silver, silence is gold. *A German Proverb.*

Speech is like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.
Plutarch, *Life of Themistocles.* From Bacon's *Essays, On Friendship.*

Spick and span new.
Ford, *The Lover's Melancholy, Act* i. *Sc.* 1. Farquhar, *Preface to his Works.*

Set my ten commandments in your face.
Shakespeare, *Henry VI., Pt.* ii. *Act* i. *Sc.* 3. *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks,* 1594. *Westward Hoe,* 1607. Erasmus, *Apophthegms.*

Strike while the iron is hot.
John Webster, *Westward Hoe, Act* ii. *Sc.* 1. Farquhar, *The Beaux' Stratagem, Act* iv. *Sc.* 1.

Tell truth, and shame the devil.
Shakespeare, *Henry IV., Pt.* i. *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1. Swift, *Mary the Cookmaid's Letter.*

The lion is not so fierce as they paint him.
Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum.* Fuller, *On Expecting Preferment.*

Though I say it that should not say it.
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit at Several Weapons, Act* ii. *Sc.* 2. Fielding, *The Miser, Act* iii. *Sc.* 2. Cibber, *The Rival Fools, Act* ii. *The Fall of British Tyranny, Act* iv. *Sc.* 2.

Through thick and thin.
Spenser, *Faerie Queene, Book* iii. *Canto* 1, *St.* 17. Middleton, *The Roaring Girl, Act* iv. *Sc.* 2. Kemp, *Nine Days' Wonder.* Butler, *Hudibras, Pt.* i. *Canto* ii. *l.* 369. Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel, Pt.* ii. *l.* 414. Pope, *Dunciad, Book* ii. Cowper, *John Gilpin.*

To make a virtue of necessity.
Rabelais, *Book* i. *Ch.* xi. Chaucer, *Knight's Tale, l.* 3044. Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act* iv. *Sc.* 2. Dryden, *Palamon and Arcite.*

[In the additions of Hadrianus Junius to the Adages of Erasmus, he remarks (under the head of *Necessitatem edere*), that a very familiar proverb was current among his countrymen, viz. *Necessitatem in virtutem commutare.*]

To see and to be seen.
Chaucer, *The Prologe of the Wyfe of Bathe, l.* 552. Ben Jonson, *Epithalamion, St.* 3, *l.* 4. Dryden, *Ovid's Art of Love, Book* i. *l.* 109. Goldsmith, *Citizen of the World, Letter* 71.

Turn over a new leaf.
Middleton, *Anything for a Quiet Life*, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 3.

Two of a trade seldom agree.
Ray's *Proverbs*. Gay, *The Old Hen and the Cock*. Murphy, *The Apprentice*, *Act* iii.

Two strings to his bow.
Hooker's *Polity*, *Book* v. *Ch.* lxxx. Butler, *Hudibras*, *Pt.* iii. *Canto* 1, *l.* 1. Churchill, *The Ghost*, *Book* iv. Fielding, *Love in Several Masques*, *Sc.* xiii.

Virtue is her own reward. Dryden, *Tyrannic Love*, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Virtue is its own reward.
Prior, *Im. of Horace*, *Book* iii. *Ode* 2. Gray, *Epistle to Methuen*. Home, *Douglas*, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1.

Virtue is to herself the best reward. Henry More, *Cupid's Conflict*.

Ipsa quidem Virtus sibimet pulcherrima merces.
Silius Italicus, *Punica*, *Lib.* xiii. *l.* 663.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there.
De Foe, *The True-Born Englishman*, *Pt.* i. *l.* 1.

God never had a church but there, men say,
The devil a chapel hath raised by some wyles.
I doubted of this saw, till on a day
I westward spied great Edinburgh's Saint Gyles.
Drummond, *Posthumous Poems*.

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the Devil builds a chapel hard by.
George Herbert, *Jacula Prudentum*.

Where God hath a temple, the Devil will have a chapel.
Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, *Pt.* iii. *Sc.* iv. *M.* 1, *Subs.* 1.

Wrong sow by the ear.
Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1. Butler, *Hudibras*, *Pt.* ii. *Canto* 3, *l.* 580. Colman, *Heir-at-Law*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Word and a blow.
Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 1. Dryden, *Amphitryon*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 1. Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Pt.* i.

Parish me no parishes. Peele, *The Old Wive's Tale*.

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.
Shakespeare, *Richard II.*, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 3.

Thank me no thanks, and proud me no prouds.
Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Act* iii. *Sc.* 5.

Vow me no vows.
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit without Money*, *Act* iv. *Sc.* 4.

Plot me no plots.
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 5.

O me no O's. Ben Jonson, *The Case is Altered*, *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Cause me no causes.
Massinger, *A new Way to pay Old Debts*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 3.

Virgin me no virgins. *Ibid.* *Act* iii. *Sc.* 2.

End me no ends. *Ibid.* *Act* v. *Sc.* 1.

Front me no fronts. Ford, *The Lady's Trial*, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Midas me no Midas. Dryden, *The Wild Gallant*, *Act* ii. *Sc.* 1.

Madam me no Madam. *Ibid.* *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2.

Petition me no petitions. Fielding, *Tom Thumb*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 2.

Map me no maps. Fielding, *Rape upon Rape*, *Act* i. *Sc.* 5.

But me no buts.
Ibid. *Act* ii. *Sc.* 2. Aaron Hill, *Snake in the Grass*, *Sc.* 1.

Play me no plays. Foote, *The Knight*, *Act* ii.

Clerk me no clerks. Scott, *Ivanhoe*, *Ch.* 20.

Diamond me no diamonds! prize me no prizes.
Tennyson, *Idyls of the King*, *Elaine*.

INDEX.

AARON'S serpent, 160.
Abashed the devil stood, 110.
Abdiel, the seraph, 111.
Abide with me, 290.
Abodes, blessed, 159.
Abou Ben Adhem, 283.
Abound, sin and death, 254.
Above all Greek, 170.
all Roman fame, 170.
any Greek, 134.
that which is written, 326.
the reach, 235.
the smoke and stir, 116.
the vulgar flight, 199.
Abra was ready, 142.
Abraham's bosom, 41.
Abridgment of all that is pleasant in man, 203.
Abroad, schoolmaster is, 290.
Absence makes the heart grow fonder, 289.
Absent from him I roam, 254.
in body, 326.
Absolute rule, 109.
sway, 141.
the knave is, 69.
Abstracts and brief chronicles, 64.
Abundance of the heart, 323.
Abuse, stumbling on, 47.
Abusing the king's English, 12.
Abyss, into this wild, 107.
Abyssinian maid, 252.
Academe, grove of, 115.
Academes that nourish all the world, 18.
Accept a miracle, 157.
Accepted time, 326.
Accident of an accident, 216.
Accidents by flood and field, 73.
Accommodated, excellent to be, 36.
Accomplishment of verse, 245.
According to the appearance, 325.
to knowledge, 325.
Account, beggarly, 48.
sent to my, 63.
Accoutred as I was, 49.
Accuse not nature, 113.
Achilles' tomb, 282.
wrath, 175.
Aching void, 214.
Acorns, oaks from little, 228.
Acquaintance, auld, 225.
upon better, 12.
Acre of his neighbour's corn, 232.
Acres, over whose, walked, 32.
Act and know, does both, 130.
to the swelling, 52.
well your part, 161.
Acting of a dreadful thing, 49.
when off the stage, 203.
Action and counteraction, 205.
faithful in, 164.
how like an angel in, 64.
in the tented field, 73.
is transitory, 232.
lose the name of, 66.
makes fine the, 92.
no noble, done, 342.
of the tiger, 37.
pious, 65.
suit the, to the word, 66.
vice dignified by, 47.
Actions, of my living, 44.
of the just, 95.
of the last age, 98.
virtuous, 137.
Actor, condemn not the, 14.
well-graced, 32.
Actors, these our, 11.
Acts being seven ages, 25.
illustrious, 101.
little nameless, 235.
nobly, does well, 154.
our angels are, 87.
the best who thinks most, 297.
those graceful, 113.
unremembered, 235.
Ada! sole daughter, 271.
Adage, cat i' the, 54.
Adam dolve, and Eve span, 335.
the goodliest man, 109.
the offending, 37.

Adamant, cased in, 241.
Adam's fall, we sinned all, 341.
Add to golden numbers, 99.
to these retired leisure, 121.
wings to thy speed, 106.
Adder, stingeth like an, 317.
Adding fuel to the flame, 116.
insult to injury, 332.
Addison, days and nights to, 188.
Adds a precious seeing, 18.
Adieu, my native shore, 270.
so sweetly she bade me, 191.
Adjunct, learning is but an, 18.
Adore the hand that gives the blow, 141.
Admiration of virtue, 124.
of weak minds, 114.
season your, 60.
Admire, where none, 190.
Admired, all who saw, 223.
disorder, 56.
Admit impediments, 80.
Admitted to that equal sky, 158.
Adored through fear, 212.
Adores and burns, 159.
Adorn a tale, 186.
nothing he did not, 187.
the cottage might, 202.
Adorned amply in her husband's eye, 232.
whatever he spoke upon, 187.
Adorning with so much art, 100.
Adorns and cheers the way, 204.
Adulteries of art, 85.
Advantage, were nailed for our, 32.
Adversary had written a book, 312.
the devil, 328.
Adversity, bruised with, 15.
crossed with, 12.
day of, 317, 319.
fortune's sharpe, 3.
of our friends, 125.
sweet are the uses of, 23.
Adversity's sweet milk, 47.
Afeard, soldier and, 57.
Affairs of men, tide in the, 51.
Affect, study what you most, 26.
Affection hateth nicer hands, 6.
Affections mild, 174.
run to waste, 274.
Affects to nod, 130.
Affirm that we say, 325.
Affliction tries our virtue, 197.
Affliction's heaviest shower, 238.
sons, 224.
Affrighted nature, 206.
Affront me, well-bred man will not, 213.
Afraid, be not, it is I, 323.
Afric maps, 145.
Africa and golden joys, 37.
Afric's burning shore, 184.
sunny fountains, 267.
After death the doctor, 93.
life's fitful fever, 56.
the high Roman fashion, 78.
After-loss, drop in for an, 79.
Afternoon, custom in the, 63.
multitude call the, 19.
of her best days, 41.
After times, written to, 123.
Afterwards he taught, 2.
Against me, not with me, is, 324.
Agate-stone, no bigger than an, 45.
Age, ache, penury, 15.
actions of the last, 98.
beautiful is their old, 242.
be comfort to my, 24.
cannot wither her, 77.
cradle of reposing, 169.
dallies like the old, 28.
expect one of my, 228.
for talking, 200.
grow dim with, 148.
he was not of an, 86.
in a good old, 310.
in a green old, 136.
in every, in every clime, 173.
is as a lusty winter, 24.
is grown so picked, 69.
is in, the wit is out, 16.
master spirits of this, 50.
of cards, 163.
of chivalry is gone, 206.
of ease, 201.
of gold, 122.
of sophisters, 206.
pomp of, 240.
pyramids doting with, 125.
serene and bright, 236.
shakes Athena's tower, 271.
smack of, 36.
soul of the, 86.
summer of her, 136.
that melts in unperceived decay, 186.
that which should accompany old, 58.
thou art shamed, 49.
to come my own, 99.
too late, or cold, 113.

Age, torrent of a downward, 181.
toys of, 160.
'twixt boy and youth, 258.
without a name, 261.
Aged bosom, plant of slow growth in an, 189.
Ages, his acts being seven, 25.
alike all, 200.
famous to all, 124.
heir of all the, 298.
once in the flight of, 254.
the slumbering, 297.
three poets in three, 133.
through the, 298.
to the next, 82.
Ages, unborn, 194.
Age's tooth, 29.
Agony, all we know of, are thine, 303.
distrest, 236.
swimmer in his, 281.
Agree as angels do, 101.
on the stage, 222.
Agreement with hell, 321.
Aid of ornament, 181.
Aimed at duck or plover, 221.
Air a chartered libertine, 37.
and harmony express, 143.
around with beauty, 273.
be shook to, 44.
bird of the, 319.
bites shrewdly, 62.
burns frore, 105.
couriers of the, 54.
diviner, 236.
do not saw the, 66.
fairer than the evening, 9.
fills the silent, 247.
heaven's sweetest, 79.
hurtles in the darkened, 194.
into the murky, 114.
is full of farewells, 306.
love free as, 172.
melted into thin, 11.
mocking the, 31.
nipping, 62.
of delightful studies, 123.
of glory, 125.
recommends itself, 53.
scent the morning, 63.
summer's noontide, 105.
sweetness on the desert, 195.
to rain in the, 7.
to the troubled, 193.
trifles light as, 76.
Air with idle state, 193.
Airs from heaven, 62.
Airy hopes my children, 245.
nothing, a local habitation, 20.
purposes, 103.
tongues, that syllable, 116.
Aisle and fretted vault, 195.
long-drawn, 195.
Aisles of Christian Rome, 303.
Ajax strives, 166.
Akin to love, 141.
to pain, 306.
Alabaster, grandsire cut in, 21.
Alacrity in sinking, 13.
Alarums, stern, 40.
Aldeborontiphoscophornio, 144.
Alderman's forefinger, 45.
Ale, God send thee, 6.
mighty, 2.
nut-brown, 120.
size of pots of, 126.
Alexandrine, needless, 165.
Algebra, tell what hour by, 126.
Alike, all ages, 200.
fantastic, 165.
All above is grace, 134.
around thee smiled, 220.
below is strength, 134.
chance direction, 159.
cry, and no wool, 127.
discord, harmony, 159.
Europe rings, 123.
flesh is grass, 321.
in all, take him for, 60.
in the Downs, 177.
is lost save honour, 335.
is not gold that glitters, 343.
is not lost, 102.
men are created equal, 219.
men are liars, 315.
men have their price, 149.
men's wisdom, 342.
my pretty chickens, 57.
my sins remembered, 66.
of death to die, 254.
of one mind, 328.
on a rock reclined, 176.
on earth and all in heaven, 150.
other things give place, 178.
passions, all delights, 251.
places shall be hell, 9.
silent, and all damned, 237.
sorts of prosperity, 146.
that a man hath, 311.
that men held wise, 100.

All the way to heaven, 98.
things are pure, 327.
things that are, 87.
things to all men, 326.
things work together, 325.
thoughts, all passions, 251.
thy ends, thy country's, 43.
was light, 171.
was lost, 113.
we know or dream, 303.
Allegory, headstrong as an, 222.
Alliances, entangling, 219.
Allies, thou hast great, 239.
Alliteration's artful aid, 208.
Allured to brighter worlds, 201.
Almanacs of the last year, 98.
Almighty dollar, 269.
Almighty's orders to perform, 148.
Alms, old age's, 82.
when thou doest, 322.
Aloft, cherub that sits up, 220.
Alone, all, all alone, 249.
I did it, 45.
least in solitude, 273.
man should not be, 310.
never less, 231.
on a wide, wide sea, 249.
that worn-out word, 291.
with his glory, 287.
with noble thoughts, 9.
Alp, many a fiery, 106.
Alph, the sacred river, 252.
Alpha and Omega, 328.
Alps on Alps arise, 165.
perched on, 156.
Alraschid, Haroun, 297.
Altars, strike for your, 303.
Altar-stairs, world's, 300.
Alteration finds, 80.
Alway, I would not live, 312.
Am I not a man and brother? 336.
Amaranthine flower, 238.
Amaryllis in the shade, 119.
Amazed the rustics gazed, 202.
Amazing brightness, 139.
Ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad, 84.
Amber, mellow, rich, 280.
snuff-box, 167.
straws in, 168.
whose foam is, 98.
Amber-dropping hair, 118.
Ambition finds such joy, 108.
fling away, 43.
heart's supreme, 189.
Ambition loves to slide, 131.
low, 158.
lowly laid, 257.
made of sterner stuff, 51.
of a private man, 210.
the soldier's virtue, 77.
to reign is worth, 102.
vaulting, 54.
Ambition's ladder, 49.
Ambrosial curls, 175.
Amen stuck in my throat, 55.
Amend your ways, 321.
American, if I were an, 189.
Amicably if they can, 230.
Amice gray, 115.
Amid severest woe, 192.
the melancholy main, 182.
Ammiral, mast of some great, 102.
Among the untrodden ways, 233.
them, not of them, 273.
Amorous causes, springs from, 167.
delay, 109.
descant sung, 109.
fond, and billing, 129.
Amphitryon, true, 136.
Ample room and verge, 194.
Ampler ether, 236.
Amuck, to run, 169.
Anarch, great, 172.
Anarchy, digest of, 205.
eternal, 107.
Anatomy, a mere, 15.
Ancestors of nature, 107.
that come after him, 12.
Anchorite, saintship of an, 270.
Anchors, great, 41.
Ancient and fish-like smell, 11.
grudge I bear him, 21.
landmark, 317.
tales say true, 270.
Ancients of the earth, 299.
Angel, consideration like an, 37.
dropped from the clouds, 35.
ended, 112.
guardian, presiding, 231.
hovering, 117.
how like an, 64.
ministering, 259.
motion like an, 23.
recording, 191.
she drew down an, 131.
whiteness, 17.
with a smile, 113.
Angelical, fiend, 47.
Angels, agree as, 101.

Angels and ministers of grace, 62.
are bright still, 57.
are painted fair, 139.
could no more, 154.
enjoy such liberty, 96.
fear to tread, 166.
fell by that sin, 43.
holy, guard thy bed, 150.
in brighter dreams, 126.
laugh too, 308.
listen when she speaks, 138.
lower than the, 313.
make the, weep, 14.
men would be, 159.
ne'er like, till our passion dies, 99.
our acts are, 87.
plead like, trumpet-tongued, 54.
sad as, 255.
sung the strain, 183.
still an, appear, 152.
tears such as, weep, 103.
thousand liveried, 117.
tremble, 193.
unawares, 327.
wake thee, 187.
would be gods, 159.
Angel's face shyned bright, 6.
Angel-visits, like, 141, 180, 255.
Anger, more in sorrow than, 61.
of his lip, 28.
shape of, can dismay, 243.
Angle, brother of the, 91.
Anglers, or very honest men, 91.
Angling an innocent recreation, 91.
somewhat like poetry, 91.
Angling-rod he took for, 336.
Angry, be ye, and sin not, 326.
heaven is not always, 141.
Anguish, lessened by another's, 45.
hopeless, 187.
tell your, 265.
wring the brow, 259.
Animated bust, 195.
Anise and cummin, 324.
Anna, here thou, great, 167.
Annals of the poor, 194.
writ your, 45.
Annihilate space and time, 171.
Annihilating all that 's made, 130.
Anointed, rail on the Lord's, 41.
sovereign of sighs, 18.
Another and a better world, 230.
and the same, 246, 343.
man's doxy, 338.
morn risen on mid-noon, 247.
Another's sword laid him low, 255.
woe, feel, 173.
Answer a fool according to his folly, 318.
echoes, answer, 299.
him, ye owls, 171.
soft, turneth away wrath, 316.
ye evening tapers, 308.
Answers till a husband cools, 163.
Antagonist is our helper, 206.
Anthem, pealing, 195.
Anthems, singing of, 36.
Anthropophagi, 73.
Antic, old father, 32.
Antidote, bane and, 148.
sweet oblivious, 58.
Antique towers, 192.
world, service of the, 24.
Antiquity, little skill in, 165.
Antres vast and deserts idle, 73.
Anything but history, 149.
owe no man, 325.
what is worth in, 128.
Ape, like an angry, 14.
Apes humility, 251.
Apollo from his shrine, 122.
Apollo's laurel bough, 10.
lute, musical as, 18.
Apollos watered, 326.
Apostles fled, she when, 285.
shrank, 285.
twelve he taught, 2.
Apostolic blows and knocks, 127.
Apothecary, I do remember an, 48.
Apparel, every true man's, 15.
fashion wears out, 16.
oft proclaims the man, 61.
Apparitions, blushing, 17.
seen and gone, 141.
Appear the immortals, 251.
Appearance, judge not by, 325.
Appetite, breakfast with, 42.
cloy the hungry edge of, 31.
comes with eating, 4.
digestion wait on, 56.
grown by what it fed on, 60.
may sicken, and so die, 28.
Applaud thee to the very echo, 58.
Apple of his eye, 310, 313.
rotten at the heart, 21.
Apples, choice in rotten, 26.
of gold, 317.
swim, how we, 180.
Appliance, desperate, 69.
Appliances and means, 36.

Application, bearings of this observation lays in the, 309.
Apply our hearts unto wisdom, 315.
Apprehension, death, most in, 14.
how like a god, 64.
of the good, 31.
Approach of even or morn, 107.
Approbation from Sir Hubert, 229.
Approved good masters, 73.
Approving Heaven, 181.
April day, uncertain glory of, 12.
June and November, 333.
of her prime, 79.
proud-pied, 80.
when men woo, 26.
with his shoures, 1.
Aprons, with greasy, 78.
Apt alliteration, 208.
and gracious words, 18.
Arabia breathes from yonder box, 167.
Arabie the blest, 108.
Arabs, fold their tents like, 306.
Araby's daughter, 262.
Arbitress, moon sits, 104.
Arborett with painted blossoms, 6.
Arcades ambo, 282.
Arch, triumphal, 256.
Archangel ruined, 103.
Archer, insatiate, 154.
little meant, 261.
Architect of his own fortunes, 330.
Arctic sky, Ophiucus in the, 106.
Are you good men, 16.
Argue not against heaven, 123.
though vanquished, 202.
Argues yourselves unknown, 110.
Arguing, owned his skill in, 202.
Argument for a week, 33.
for lack of, 37.
height of this great, 102.
knock-down, 136.
staple of his, 19.
Arguments use wagers, for, 128.
Ariosto of the North, 273.
Aristocracy, shade of, 269.
Aristotle and his philosophie, 1.
Ark, hand upon the, 210.
rolls of Noah's, 132.
Arm-chair, old, 309.
Arm the obdured breast, 105.
Armed at all points, 60.
doubly, 148.
so strong in honesty, 51.
with his primer, 290.
Armed with resolution, 146.
Armies, embattled, clad in iron, 115.
swore terribly, 191.
whole have sunk, 105.
Arminian clergy, 189.
Armour against fate, 95.
is his honest thought, 83.
Armourers, accomplishing the knights, 38.
Arms against a sea of troubles, 65
and the man, I sing, 135.
imparadised in another's, 109.
lord of folded, 18.
man at, 82.
my soul 's in, 147.
nurse of, 200.
on armour clashing, 111.
our bruised, 40.
seeming, 133.
take your last embrace, 48.
Army, hum of either, 38.
of martyrs, 328.
with banners, 320.
Aromatic pain, 159.
Arrayed for mutual slaughter, 240.
Arrest, strict in his, 70.
Arrow for the heart, 283.
over the house, 70.
Arrows, Cupid kills with, 16.
of light, swift-winged, 215.
Arrowy Rhone, 272.
Arsenal, shook the, 115.
Art, adorning with so much, 100.
adulteries of, 85.
a galling lord, 225.
all the gloss of, 202.
elder days of, 307.
every walk of, 229.
her guilt to cover, 203.
is long, and time is fleeting, 304.
is too precise, 95.
made tongue-tied, 79.
may err, 133.
nature is but, 159.
nature lost in, 198.
of God, 156.
preservative of all arts 332
reach of, 164.
so vast is, 164.
to blot, 170.
with curious, 208.
Artaxerxes' throne, 115.
Artery, each petty, 62.
Article, snuffed out by an, 283.

Artificer, unwashed, 31.
Artless jealousy, 69.
Arts in which the wise excel, 139.
mother of, 115.
of peace, inglorious, 130.
which I loved, 99.
with lenient, 169.
As good as a play, 336.
he thinketh in his heart, 317.
it fell upon a day, 79, 84.
Ashbourn, down thy hill, 230.
Ashen cold is fire yreken, 2.
Ashes, beauty for, 321.
from his, violet he made, 300.
of his fathers, 294.
of Wickliffe, 240.
to ashes, 329.
Troy laid in, 140.
wonted fires live in our, 196.
Ask and it shall be given, 323.
death-beds, 154.
me no questions, 204.
not proud philosophy, 256.
the brave soldier, 263.
Askelon, in the streets of, 311.
Asking eye, 169.
Asks if this be joy, 202.
Asleep the houses seem, 238.
Aspect grave, 105.
sweet of princes, 43.
Aspen, light quivering, 259.
Aspics' tongues, 76.
Ass, egregiously an, 74.
knoweth his master's crib, 320.
to write me down an, 17.
Assailant on the perched roosts, 116.
Assassination trammel up, 53.
Assay, make, 68.
so hard, 3.
Assayed, thrice he, 103.
Assembled souls, 100.
Assemblies, masters of, 320.
Assent with civil leer, 168.
Assert eternal Providence, 102.
Assume a pleasing shape, 65.
a virtue, 68.
Assumes the god, 130.
Assurance double sure, 57.
given by lookes, 7.
of a man, 68.
Assyrian came down, 278.
Astray, light that led, 225.
Astronomer, undevout, 156.
Asunder, let not man put, 323.
Atheism, philosophy inclineth to, 80.
the owlet, 251.
Atheist half believes by night, 155.
Atheist's laugh, 225.
Athena's tower, 271.
Athens the eye of Greece, 115.
Athwart the noon, 251.
Atlantean shoulders, 105.
Atomies, team of little, 45.
Atoms or systems, 158.
Atrocious crime of being a young man, 189.
Attain an English style, 188.
Attempt, and not the deed, 55.
by fearing to, 13.
the end, 95.
Attendance, to dance, 44.
Attention still as night, 105.
Attentive to his own applause, 168.
Attic bird trills, 115.
Atticus were he, 168.
Attire, wild in their, 52.
Attractive kinde of grace, 7.
metal more, 67.
Attribute to awe and majesty, 22.
Auburn, loveliest village, 200.
Audience, drew, 105.
fit, though few, 111.
Aught divine or holy, 103.
in malice, 77.
that ever I could read, 19.
Auld acquaintance, 225.
moon in her arms, 340.
nature swears, 226.
Aurora shows her bright'ning face, 182.
Author, choose an, as you choose a friend, 137.
for where is any, teaches such beauty, 18.
Authority, a little brief, 14.
from other's books, 17.
tongue-tied by, 79.
Authors, most, steal their works, 166.
Automaton, mechanized, 284.
Autumn, nodding o'er the plain, 181
Avarice, good old-gentlemanly vice, 281.
Avon, sweet swan of, 86.
to the Severn runs, 241.
Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen 103.
my St. John, 158
Awakes from the tomb, 209.

Awe-inspiring God, 245.
Awe of such a thing as I, 48.
the soul of Richard, 147.
Awful guide in smoke, 261.
volume, within that, 261.
Axe is laid unto the root, 324.
many strokes with little, 40.
to grind, 269.
Ayont the twal, 226.
Azure brow, wrinkle on thine, 275.
main, from out the, 183.
realm, 194.

Babbled of green fields, 37.
Babe, bent o'er her, 217.
she lost in infancy, 247.
Babel, stir of the great, 211.
Babes and sucklings, 313.
Babylon is fallen, 321.
learned and wise, 240.
Bacchus ever fair, 130.
with pink eyne, 77.
Bachelor, I would die a, 16.
Back and side go bare, 6.
harness on our, 59.
on itself recoils, 113.
resounded death, 106.
thumps upon the, 215.
to the field, 255.
to thy punishment, 106.
Backing of your friends, 33.
plague upon such, 33.
Backward mutters, 118.
Bacon shined, 162.
Bad affright, 192.
begins, 68.
eminence, 104.
Bade me adieu, 191.
the world farewell, 254.
Badge, nobility's true, 45.
of all our tribe, 21.
Baffled oft, is ever won, 276.
Bailey, unfortunate Miss, 228.
Baited with a dragon's tail, 336.
Balance, dust of the, 321.
of the old world, 231.
Balances, weighed in the, 322.
Bales unopened to the sun, 154.
Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence, 252.
to his mistress, 25.
world was guilty of a, 18.
Ballad-mongers, same metre, 34.
Ballads from a cart, 135.
of a nation, 140.
to make all the, 140.
Balloon, something in a huge, 237.
Ballot-box, 284.
Balm from an anointed King, 31.
in Gilead, 321.
of hurt minds, 55.
Bands of Orion, 313.
Bane and antidote, 148.
of all genius, 284.
of all that dread the Devil, 233.
precious, 103.
Bang, many a, 127.
Banish plump Jack, 34.
strong potations, 221.
Bank and bush, o'er, 7.
and shoal of time, 53.
I know a, 20.
moonlight sleeps upon this, 23.
of violets, 28.
Banner in the sky, 307.
Banners, army with, 320.
hang out our, 58.
Banquet-hall deserted, 265.
Banquet song, and dance, 303.
Banquet 's o'er, when the, 177.
Baptism o'er the flowers, 95.
Baptized in tears, 217.
Bar my constant feet, 182.
Barbarians all at play, 274.
Barbaric pearl and gold, 104.
Barbarous dissonance, 118.
Barber and a collier fight, 184.
Bard here dwelt, 182.
Bare, back and side go, 6.
Bargain, hath sold him a, 18.
in the way of a, 34.
Barge, drag the slow, 216.
Bark and bite, 150.
attendant sail, 162.
drives on and on, 272.
is on the sea, 279.
is worse than his bite, 93.
perfidious, 119.
watch dog's honest bark, 281.
Barkis is willin', 309.
Barleycorn, John, 224.
Barren sceptre, 55.
Base envy withers, 181.
from its firm, 260.
in kind, 213.
is the slave that pays, 37.
uses we may return, 70.
who is here so, 50.
Baseless fabric of this vision, 11.
Bastard Latin, 279.
to the time, 29.

Bastards, nature's, 118.
Bastion fringed with fire, 300.
Bate a jot, 123.
Bated breath, 21.
Bathe in fiery flood, 14.
Bats, and to the moles, 320.
Battalions, heaviest, 335.
sorrows come in, 69.
Battle and the breeze, 255.
division of a, 72.
feats of broil and, 73.
for the free, 304.
freedom's, once begun, 276.
front of, lour, 226.
how are the mighty fallen in, 311.
in the lost, 259.
in the midst of the, 311.
not to the strong, 319.
perilous edge of, 102.
's lost and won, 52.
smellest afar off, 313.
Battled for the true, 300.
Battlements, bore stars, 245.
Battles fought o'er again, 130.
sieges, fortunes, 73.
Battle's magnificently stern array, 272.
Bauble, pleased with this, 160.
Bay deep-mouthed welcome, 281.
the moon, 51.
Be-all and the end-all, 53.
Be blind to her faults, 142.
bold everywhere, 7.
England what she will, 208.
just and fear not, 43.
not afraid, it is I, 323.
not deceived, 326.
not overcome of evil, 325.
not the first to try the new, 165.
not worldly-wise, 92.
of good cheer, 323.
or not to be, 65.
plain in dress, 178.
quiet, and go angling, 91.
she fairer than the day, 90.
sober, be vigilant, 328.
that blind bard, 253.
there a will, 223.
thou a spirit of health, 62.
thou familiar, not vulgar, 61.
thy intents wicked, 62.
to her virtues very kind, 142.
wise to-day, 154.
wise with speed, 157.
Be wisely worldly, 92.
ye all of one mind, 328.
ye angry and sin not, 326.
Beach, there came to the, 256.
Beadle to a humorous sigh, 18.
Beadroll, Fame's eternall, 7.
Beads and prayer-books, 160.
pictures, rosaries, 129.
Beak from out my heart, 302.
Beam, full midday, 124.
Beams, candle throws his, 23.
orient, 109.
tricks his, 119.
Bear a charmed life, 59.
another's misfortunes, 175.
is to conquer, 256.
it calmly, 141.
like the Turk, 168.
pain to the, 294.
rugged Russian, 56.
the palm alone, 49.
those ills we have, 65.
to live, 161.
up and steer right onward, 123.
Bear-baiting, heathenish, 294.
Beard and hoary hair, 193.
of formal cut, 25.
the lion in his den, 259.
Bearded like the pard, 25.
men, tears of, 259.
Beards be grown, 311.
wag all, 5.
Bearings of this observation, 309.
Bears and lions growl, 150.
his blushing honours, 43.
Beast, familiar, to man, 12.
righteous man regardeth, 316.
that wants discourse of reason, 60.
Beasts, brutish, 51.
that perish, 314.
Beat this ample field, 158.
with fist, 126.
your pate, 174.
Beaten, he that is, 127.
some have been, 128.
Beatific vision, 103.
Beating of my own heart, 288.
Beatings of my heart, 235.
Beaumont lie a little further, 86.
Beauteous eye of heaven, 30.
imaged there, 236.
ruin lies, 227.
Beauties of exulting Greece, 181.
of the night, 83.

Beauties of the north, 147.
you meaner, 83.
Beautiful and pure, 288.
and to be wooed, 39.
as sweet, 155.
beyond compare, 254.
exceedingly, 250.
for situation, 314.
is night, 247.
one was, 278.
thought, 274.
tyrant, 47.
young as, 155.
Beautifully blue, 282.
less, 143.
Beauty and her Chivalry, 272.
as could die, 85.
a thing of, 286.
calls, and glory shows, 140.
dedicate his, to the sun, 45.
draws us with a single hair, 167.
dwells in deep retreats, 233.
fatal gift of, 273.
fills the air around with, 273.
for ashes, 321.
grows familiar, 147.
hangs upon the cheek of night, 46.
if she unmask her, 61.
immortal, 209.
in a brow of Egypt, 20.
in his life, 77.
in naked, 181.
is its own excuse, 303.
is truth, 287.
lines where, lingers, 275.
making beautiful, 80.
music in the, 96.
of a thousand stars, 9.
of the good old cause, 239.
ornament of, 79.
she walks in, 278.
smile from partial, 255.
smiling in her tears, 255.
stands in the admiration, 114.
such as a woman's eye, 18.
thou art all, 144.
truly blent, 28.
waking or asleep, 110.
with my nails, 39.
Beauty's chain, 265.
ensign, 48.
heavenly ray, 276.
Beaux, where none are, 190
Became him like the leaving it, nothing, 53.
Beckoning ghost, 174.
shadows, 116.
Beckons me away, 176.
Bed at Ware, 152.
by night, 202.
go sober to, 87.
of death, smooth the, 169.
of down, 74.
of honour, 127, 152.
up in my, 292.
with the lark to, 228.
Beddes hed, at his, 1.
Bedecked, ornate, and gay, 116.
Bedfellows, strange, 11.
Beds of raging fire, 106.
of roses, make thee, 9.
Bedtime, would it were, 35.
Bee had stung it newly, 93.
the little busy, 150.
where sucks the, 11.
Beehive's hum, 231.
Beer, bemus'd in, 167.
chronicle small, 74.
felony to drink, 39.
Bees, hive for, 82.
innumerable, 299.
Beetle, that we tread upon, 14.
three-man, 36.
Before and after, 69.
that which was, 128.
Beggar, dumb, may challenge double pity, 8.
maid, loved the, 46.
that I am, 64.
Beggared all description, 77.
Beggarly account, 48.
last doit, 212.
Beggars die, when, 50.
Beggary in love, 77.
Begging the question, 331.
Begin in gladness, 235.
Beginning and the end, 328.
late, 113.
mean, and end, 297.
of our end, 20.
of the end, 338.
Begone, dull care, 334.
Begot of nothing, 46.
Beguile her of her tears, 73.
the thing I am, 74.
Behind, worse remains, 68.
Behold how good it is, 315.
how great a matter, 327.

Behold now is the accepted time, 326.
our home, 277.
the child, 160.
the upright, 313.
Beholding heaven, 262.
Being, God a necessary, 138.
Being's end and aim, 161.
Belated peasant, 104.
Belerium, old, 173.
Belgium's capital, 272.
Belial, sons of, 103.
Belief, prospect of, 52.
Bell, as a sullen, 36.
church-going, 215.
each matin, 250.
silence that dreadful, 74.
strikes one, 154.
Belle, 't is vain to be a, 190.
Bellman, fatal, 55.
Bells jangled out of tune, 66.
ring out wild, 301.
those evening, 265.
those village, 212.
Belly, God send thee good ale, 6.
whose God is their, 326.
with good capon lin'd, 25.
Belongings, thy, 13.
Beloved face on earth, 278.
from pole to pole, 249.
Bemus'd in beer, 167.
Ben Adhem's name led, 283.
Bench of heedless bishops, 191.
Bend a knotted oak, 151.
Bendemeer's stream, 262.
Bends the gallant mast, 266.
Beneath the churchyard stone, 293.
the good how far, 193.
the milk-white thorn, 227.
the rule of men, 290.
Benedick the married man, 16.
Benediction, perpetual, 244.
Benighted, feels awhile, 264.
walks, 117.
Bent him o'er the dead, 275.
o'er her babe, 217.
top of my, 67.
Bequeathed by bleeding sire, 276.
Bereaves of their bad influence, 243.
Berkeley, coxcombs vanquish, 197.
every virtue under heaven to, 169.
said there was no matter, 283.
Bermoothes, still vexed, 10.
Berries harsh and crude, 119.
two lovely, 20.
Berth was of the wombe of morning dew, 7.
Beside a human door, 232.
the springs of Dove, 233.
the still waters, 313.
Besier seemed than he was, 1.
Besotted base ingratitude, 118.
Besprent with April dew, 174.
Best administered, is best, 161.
are but shadows, 20.
can paint them, 172.
companions, 201.
days, 41.
good man, 139.
laid schemes, 224.
men moulded out of faults, 15.
of prophets, 283.
of what we do, 238.
portion of a good man's life, 235.
riches, 201.
Best state, man at his, 314.
who does the, 154.
Bestial, what remains is, 75.
Bestride the narrow world, 49.
Beteem the winds of heaven, 60.
Betray, nature never did, 236.
Betrayed for gold, 258.
Better be d—d, 217.
be with the dead, 56.
bettered expectation, 16.
days, have seen, 48.
fifty years of Europe, 299.
for worse, 328.
grace, does it with a, 28.
had they ne'er been born, 261.
horse, gray mare the, 345.
is a dinner of herbs, 316.
late than never, 4, 343.
part of valour, 35.
reck the rede, 225.
spared a better man, 35.
than his dog, 298.
than one of the wicked, 32.
than you should be, 347.
thou shouldest not vow, 318.
to be lowly born, 42.
to have loved and lost, 300.
to hunt in fields, 133.
to reign in hell, 102.
to sink beneath the shock, 276.
Better-half, 9.
Bettering of my mind, 10.

Between two dogs, two hawks, 39.
two opinions, 311.
Betwixt a smile and tear, 274.
Damiata, and Mount Casius, 105.
wind and nobility, 33.
Bevy of fair women, 114.
Beware of desperate steps, 215.
of entrance to a quarrel, 61.
the Ides of March, 48.
Bezonian, under which king, 37.
Bible, but litel on the, 1.
Bibles laid open, 92.
Bid me discourse, 79.
Bids expectation rise, 204.
Bienfait s'escrit en l'onde, 43.
Big with the fate of Rome, 147.
with vengeance, 184.
Bigger, in shape no, 45.
Bigness which you see, 137.
Billows never break, 144.
swelling and limitless, 251.
trusted to thy, 275.
Bind him to his native mountains, 200.
Binding nature fast in fate, 173.
Bird in the solitude, 278.
of dawning, 59.
of the air, 319.
shall I call thee, 234.
that shunn'st the noise of folly, 121.
Birds, charm of earliest, 110.
in last year's nest, 305.
joyous the, 112.
melodious sing madrigals, 9.
of the air, 323.
Birnam Wood, 59.
Birth, death borders upon our, 86.
dew of thy, 7.
is but a sleep, 244.
nothing but our death, 156.
revolts from true, 47.
Biscuit, remainder, 24.
Bishop, church without a, 293.
Bishops, heedless, 191.
Bit me, though he had, 72.
Bite, recovered of the, 203.
the hand that fed them, 206.
worse than his bark, 93.
Bites him to the bone, 184.
Biteth like a serpent, 317.
Bitter as coloquintida, 74.
change, 106.
ere long, 113.
Bitter is a scornful jest, 186.
memory, 108.
o'er the flowers, 270.
Bittern booming, 294.
Bitterness, his own, 316.
of things, 244.
Blabbing eastern scout, 116.
Black and midnight hags, 57.
despair, 284.
eyes and lemonade, 266.
hung be the heavens with, 39.
is not so black, 230.
it stood as night, 106.
spirits and white, 57.
to red began to turn, 128.
white will have its, 340.
with tarnished gold, 229.
Blackberries, plenty as, 34.
Blackbird to whistle, 126.
Blackguards, both, 282.
Bladder, blows up a man like a, 34.
Blade, heart-stain on its, 266.
trenchant, 127.
vengeful, 230.
Blades, shining, 266.
two, of grass to grow, 145.
Blame, she is to, that has been tried, 178.
Blameless vestal's lot, 172.
Blandishments of life, 176.
Blank misgivings, 244.
universal, 107.
Blasphemes his feeder, 118.
Blasphemy in the soldier, 14.
Blast, he died of no, 136.
of that dread horn, 259.
of war, 37.
striding the, 54.
Blasted with excess of light, 193.
Blastments, contagious, 61.
Blasts from hell, 62.
Blaze of noon, 115.
Blazon, eternal, 63.
Blazoning pens, 74.
Bleak world alone, 264.
Bleed, hearts for which others, 151.
Bleeding country save, 254.
piece of earth, 50.
sire to son, 276.
Blend our pleasure, 235.
Bless, none whom we can, 271.
thee, Bottom, 20.
the turf that wraps their clay, 198.
Blessed do above, 101.

Blessed, it is twice, 22.
mood, 235.
more, to give, 325.
who ne'er was born, 142.
with temper, 163.
with the soft phrase of peace, 73.
Blessedness, single, 19.
Blesses his stars, 147.
Blesseth him that gives, 22.
Blessing dear, expectation makes, 93.
most need of, 55.
steal immortal, 47.
Blessings be with them, and eternal praise, 243.
brighten as they take their flight, 154.
on him that invented sleep, 5.
wait on virtuous deeds, 151.
Blest, always to be, 158.
I have been, 276.
paper-credit, 163.
with some new joys, 136.
Blind bard on the Chian strand, 253.
be to her faults, 142.
dazzles to, 209.
eyes to the, 312.
guides, 324.
he that is stricken, 45.
his soul with clay, 300.
lead the blind, 323.
old man of Scio's rocky isle, 277.
Bliss, bowers of, 176.
centres in the mind, 200.
how exquisite the, 224.
hues of, 196.
ignorance is, 192.
momentary, 192.
of paradise, 211.
of solitude, 234.
source of all my, 202.
virtue makes the, 162, 198.
waking, 117.
was it in that dawn to be alive, 247.
winged hours of, 255.
Blithe, no lark more, 208.
Blockhead, the bookful, 166.
Blood and state, 95.
cold in, cold in clime, 276.
drizzled upon the Capitol, 50.
dyed waters, 254.
Blood, felt in the, 235.
flesh and, can't bear it, 179.
freeze thy young, 63.
hand raised to shed his, 158.
hey-day in the, 68.
in their dastardly veins, 266.
more stirs, 33.
of a British man, 71.
of all the Howards, 161.
of the Martyrs, 330.
of tyrants, 228.
rebellious liquors in my, 24.
spoke in her cheeks, 85.
stirs to rouse a lion, 33.
summon up the, 37.
unreclaimed, 64.
was thin and old, 293.
weltering in his, 130.
whoso sheddeth, 310.
will follow where the knife is driven, 157.
Bloods, breed of noble, 49.
Bloody instructions, 53.
Bloom, kill the, before its time, 233.
of young desire, 193.
Blossom as the rose, 321.
in the dust, 95.
in the trees, 159.
Blossomed the lovely stars, 306.
Blossoms of my sin, 63.
Blot, art to, 170.
discreetly, 101.
one line could wish to, 189.
Blow and a word, 136.
bugle-blow, 299.
hand that dealt the, 255.
liberty in every, 226.
signal, 156.
swashing, 45.
that gives the, 141.
thou winter wind, 25.
wind! come wrack, 59.
word and a, 349.
Blown with restless violence, 15.
Blows, apostolic, 127.
of circumstance, 301.
Blue above and the blue below, 290.
and gold, 229.
beautifully, 282.
darkly, deeply, 248.
meagre hag, 117.
sky bends over all, 250.
the fresh, the ever free, 290.
Blunder, free us frae monie a, 224.
in men this, 220.

Blunder worse than a crime, 229.
Blundering kind of melody, 132.
Blunders round about a meaning, 168.
Blush of maiden shame, 296.
shame, where is thy, 68.
to find it fame, 169.
to give it in, 255.
Blushes at the name, 294.
bear away, 17.
man that, 156.
Blushing honours, 43.
like the morn, 112.
Boast not thyself, 318.
of heraldry, 194.
Boards, ships are but, 21.
Boat is on the shore, 279.
Boatman, take thrice thy fee, 288.
Boats, little, keep near shore, 185.
Bobbed for whale, 336.
Bobtail tike, 72.
Bodes some strange eruption, 59.
Bodies, bore dead, 33.
forth, 20.
friendless, 97.
ghosts of defunct, 126.
of unburied men, 97.
pressed the dead, 35.
princes like to heavenly, 80.
Boding tremblers, 202.
Bodkin, bare, 65.
Body, absent in, 326.
clog of his, 131.
demd moist, 309.
form doth take, 7.
nature is, 159.
or estate, 328.
sickness broken, 124.
thought, almost say her, 85.
to that pleasant country's, 32.
with my, I thee worship, 329.
Bog or steep, 107.
Boil like a pot, 313.
Bokes clothed in black, 1.
Bold bad man, 6, 42.
peasantry, 201.
Boldest held his breath, 256.
Bond of fate, 57.
't is not in the, 22.
Bondage, eternity in, 148.
Bondman let me live, 243.
that would be a, 50.
Bondman's key, 21.
Bondsmen, hereditary, 271.
Bone and skin, two millers, 179.
Bone, bites him to the, 184.
of manhood, 205.
Bones are coral, 11.
cover to our, 32.
full of dead men's, 324.
good oft interred with their, 50.
tell all my, 313.
to lay his weary, 43.
worn him to the, 48.
Bononcini, compared to, 179.
Booby, who 'd give her, 177.
Book, adversary had written a, 312.
and heart must never part, 341.
and volume of my brain, 63.
dainties bred in a, 18.
face is as a, 53.
I 'll drown my, 11.
in gold clasps, 45.
is a book though nothing in 't, 269.
kill a good, 124.
of fate, 158.
of knowledge, 107.
of nature short of leaves, 292.
of songs and sonnets, 12.
only read by me, 234.
so fairly bound, 47.
the precious life-blood, 124.
Bookful blockhead, 166.
Bookish theoric, 72.
Books are a world, 242.
authority from others', 17.
cannot always please, 223.
deep vers'd in, 115.
in the running brooks, 23.
making of many, 320.
not in your, 16.
of honour razed, 79.
out of old, 3.
quit your, 241.
some to be tasted, 80.
spectacles of, 136.
talismans and spells, 212.
tenets with, 163.
that nourish all the world, 18.
the printers lost by, 125.
to hold in the hand, 189.
upon his head, 229.
were woman's looks, 264.
which are no books, 249.
wiser grow without, 212.
Booted and spurred, 138.
Boots it at one gate, 115.
Bo-peep, played at, 94.
Bore a bright golden flower. 118.

Bore without abuse, 301.
Bores and bored, 283.
Born, better ne'er been, 261.
better to be lowly, 42.
for the universe, 202.
happy is he, 83.
in the garret, 278.
of woman, 312.
to be a slave, 213.
to blush unseen, 195.
to set it right, 63.
to the manner, 62.
under a rhyming planet, 17.
who ne'er was, 142.
Borne down by the flying, 259.
like thy bubbles, 275.
the burden of the day, 323.
Borrowed wit, 90.
Borrower, better, by the, 124.
is servant, 317.
nor a lender be, 61.
Borrowing dulls the edge, 61.
such kind of, 124.
Bosom, cleanse the stuffed, 58.
confidence in an aged, 189.
of God, 10.
of his Father, 196.
of the ocean, 40.
thorns that in her, 63.
was young, 256.
Bosomed high in tufted trees, 120.
Bosoms, come home to men's, 80.
Bosom's lord sits lightly, 48.
Bosom-weight, 237.
Boston, solid men of, 221.
Botanize upon his mother's grave, 242.
Both in the wrong, 177.
were young, 278.
Bottle, little for the, 220.
Bottom, dive into the, 33.
of the sea, 41.
thou art translated, 20.
Bough, Apollo's laurel, 10.
Boughs are daily rifled, 292.
Bound in shallows, 51.
in those icy chains, 15.
into saucy doubts, 56.
Boundless contiguity of shade, 210.
his wealth, 258.
Bounds of modesty, 48.
of place and time, 193.
vulgar, 164.
Bounties of an hour, 154.
Bounty, large was his, 196.
Bourbon or Nassau, 143.
Bourn, no traveller returns, 65.
Bout, winding, 120.
Bow, stubborn knees, 68.
two strings to his, 349.
Bowels of compassion, 328.
of the harmless earth, 33.
of the land, 41.
Bower, nuptial, 112.
of roses, 262.
Bowers of bliss, 176.
Bowl be broken, 320.
mingles with my friendly, 169.
Box, twelve good men into a, 290.
Boxes, beggarly account of, 48.
Boy, love is a, 128.
playing on the seashore, 140.
stood on the burning deck, 286.
who would not be a, 271.
you hear laughing, 398.
Boyish days, 73.
Boys, three merry, 88.
wooing in my, 340.
Brach or lym, 72.
Bradshaw bullied, 184.
Braggart with my tongue, 57.
Braids of lillies, 118.
Brain, coinage of your, 68.
heat-oppressed, 54.
him with a fan, 33.
madness in the, 250.
memory, warder of the, 54.
of an idle, 46.
paper bullets of the, 16.
poet's, 84.
too finely wrought, 208.
vex the, 223.
volume of my, 63.
written troubles of the, 58.
Brains could not move, 229.
cudgel thy, 69.
steal away their, 75.
were out, 56.
Branch, cut is the, 10.
Branch-charmed, 287.
Brandy for heroes, 188.
Branksome Hall, custom of, 257.
Brass, evil manners live in, 43.
sounding, 326.
Brave days of old, 294.
deserve the fair, 130.
fears of the, 186.
how sleep the, 198.
on, ye, 256.
that are no more, 214.

Brave, toll for the, 214.
Brawling woman, 317.
Bray a fool in a mortar, 318.
Breach, imminent deadly, 73.
more honoured in the, 62.
once more unto the, 37.
Bread and butter, smell of, 279.
begged his, 98.
crust of, 169.
distressful, 38.
eaten in secret, 316.
half-pennyworth of, 34.
he took and brake it, 85.
in sorrow ate, 307.
is the staff of life, 146.
man shall not live by, 322.
upon the waters, 319.
Break it to our hope, 59.
of day, 15.
Breakfast on a lion's lip, 38.
with what appetite, 42.
Breaking waves, 286.
Breast, arm the obdured, 105.
eternal in the human, 158.
master-passion in the, 160.
on her white, 167.
snowy, 101.
soothe the savage, 151.
sunshine of the, 192.
tamer of the human, 192.
thine ideal, 274.
toss him to my, 92.
where learning lies, 174.
within his own clear, 117.
Breastplate, what stronger, 39.
Breath, bated, 21.
boldest held his, 256.
call the fleeting, 195.
can make them, 201.
good man yields his, 253.
heaven's, 53.
hope's perpetual, 239.
is in his nostrils, 320.
lightly draws its, 232.
of kings, 227.
of morn, 109.
o'erthrows, 170.
revives him, 170.
suck my last, 172.
summer's ripening, 46.
weary of, 291.
Breathe, thoughts that, 193.
Breathed the long, long night, 295.
Breathes from yonder box, 167.
must suffer, who, 142.
Breathes there the man, 258.
Breathing household laws, 239.
of the common wind, 239.
we watched her, 291.
Breathless with adoration, 237.
Bred in a book, 18.
Breech, where honour's lodged, 129.
Breeches, are so queer, 308.
cost but a crown, 74.
Breed, how use doth, 12.
of noble bloods, 49.
Breeding, to show your, 223.
Breeds by a composture, 48.
Breeze, every passing, 267.
refreshes in the, 159.
Brentford, two kings of, 209.
Brethren in unity, 315.
Brevity is the soul of wit, 64.
Briars, working-day full of, 23.
Bribe, too poor for a, 197.
Brick-dust man, 184.
Bricks are alive this day, 39.
Bridal chamber, come to the, 303.
of the earth, 92.
Bride, glittering, 245.
Bridegroom, fresh as a, 33.
Bridge of sighs, 273.
Brief as the lightning, 19.
as woman's love, 67.
authority, 14.
let me be, 63.
Bright, angels are still, 57.
as young diamonds, 135.
consummate flower, 111.
excessive, 107.
honour, pluck, 33.
must fade, 264.
particular star, 27.
promise of early day, 266.
waters meet, 263.
Brighten, blessings, 154.
Brightens, how the wit, 166.
Brighest and best of the sons of the morning, 267.
still the fleetest, 264.
Bright-eyed Fancy, 193.
Science, 194.
Brightness, her original, 103.
Brilliant Frenchman, 213.
Bring me to the test, 68.
sad thoughts, 242.
the day, 91.
the pen, 291.
the philosophic mind, 245.

Bring the rathe primrose, 119.
your wounded hearts, 265.
Bringer of unwelcome news, 36.
Brings me to an end, 148.
Britain first at Heaven's command, 183.
Britain's monarch uncovered sat, 184.
Britannia needs no bulwarks, 256.
rules the waves, 183.
Brither, like a vera, 223.
Briton even in love, 233.
Britons never shall be slaves, 183.
Broad based upon her people's will, 297.
Broadcloth without, 212.
Broke the die, Nature, 278.
the good meeting, 56.
Broken-hearted, ne'er been, 226.
Brokenly live on, 272.
Broil and battle, 73.
Broods and sleeps, 242.
Brook and river meet, 305.
can see no moon, 263.
noise like of a hidden, 249.
sparkling with a, 283.
Brooks, books in the running, 23.
in Vallombrosa, 102.
make rivers, 135.
near the running, 242.
Broomstick, write finely on a, 146.
Brother, closer than a, 317.
followed brother, 244.
man and a, 336.
near the throne, 168.
of the Angle, 91.
Brotherhood, monastic, 245.
of venerable trees, 238.
Brothers in distress, 224.
Brother's keeper, 310.
Brow, anguish wrings the, 259.
furrows on another's, 155.
grace was seated on this, 68.
of Egypt, 20.
Brows bound with victorious wreaths, 40.
gathering her, 223.
whose shady, 116.
Bruise, parmaceti for, 33.
Bruised reed, 321.
with adversity, 15.
Brushing with hasty steps, 196.
Brute deny'd, 113.
not quite a, 156.
Brutish, life of man, 90.
Brutus grows so covetous, 51.
is an honourable man, 50.
will start a spirit, 49.
Bubble burst, 158.
empty, honour but an, 131.
on the fountain, 260.
reputation, 25.
Bubbles, borne like thy, 275.
the earth hath, 52.
Bubbling and loud-hissing urn, 211.
cry of some strong swimmer, 281.
groan, 275.
venom flings, 270.
Bucket, as a drop of a, 321.
iron-bound, 262.
moss-covered, 262.
the old oaken, 262.
Buckets into empty wells, 211.
Buckingham, so much for, 146.
Buckram, rogues in, 34.
Bud, bit with an envious worm, 45.
like a worm in the, 28.
of love, 46.
offered in the, 150.
to heaven conveyed, 252.
Budding rose above the rose, 247.
rose is fairest when 't is, 260.
Buds the promise, 157.
Buff and the blue, 226.
Buffets and rewards, 66.
Bug in a rug, 185.
Bugle horn, blast upon his, 260.
Build for him, others should, 234.
not boast, he lives to, 180.
the lofty rhyme, 119.
Builded better than he knew, 303.
Building, life of the, 55.
Built a lordly pleasure-house, 297.
a paper-mill, 39.
God a church, 213.
in the eclipse, 119.
on stubble, 118.
Bullied in a broad-brimmed hat, 184.
Bullocks at Stamford Fair, 36.
talk is of, 322.
Bully, like a tall, 164.
Bulwark, floating, 207.
Bulwarks, Britannia needs no, 256.
Bunghole, stopping a, 70.
Burden and heat of the day, 323.
loads the day, 123.
man bear his own, 326.

Burden of some merry song, 169.
of the mystery, 235.
of three-score, 200.
the grasshopper a, 319.
Burdens of the Bible, old, 303.
Burglary, flat, 17.
Burn daylight, 12.
to the socket, 245.
words that, 193.
Burned, half his Troy, 36.
is Apollo's laurel bough, 10.
Burning and a shining light, 325.
deck, boy stood on the, 286.
marle, 102.
one fire burns out another's, 45.
Burnished dove, 298.
Burns with one love, 175.
Burrs, conversation's, 308.
Burst in ignorance, 62.
Burthen of his song, 208.
Bush, good wine needs no, 26.
man in the, 303.
the thief doth fear each, 40.
Business, diligent in, 317.
dinner lubricates, 219.
feeling of his, 69.
home to men's, 80.
hours set apart for, 184.
in great waters, 315.
men, some to, 163.
of the day, 133.
prayer all his, 152.
Busy bee, 150.
hammers, closing rivets, 38.
hum of men, 120.
Busy-bodies, 327.
But me no buts, 350.
on and up, 288.
what am I? 300.
Butchered their sire, 274.
Butchers, gentle with these, 50.
Butter in a lordly dish, 311.
smoother than, 314.
Butterfly, I 'd be a, 289.
upon a wheel, 168.
Button on Fortune's cap, 64.
Buttoned down before, 302.
Buttons be disclosed, 61.
Buy it, they lose it that do, 21.
By strangers mourned, 174.
that sin fell the angels, 43.
By-word, proverb and a, 311.

Cabined, cribbed, 56.
loop-hole, 116.
Cadmean victory, 330.
Cadmus letters ga' 282.
Cæsar dead and turned to clay, 70.
had his Brutus, 218.
hath wept, 51.
in every wound of, 51.
not that I loved less, 50.
with a senate at his heels, 161.
word of, 51.
Cæsar's, things which are, 323.
wife above suspicion, 331.
Cage, iron bars a, 96.
Cages, it happens as with, 97.
Cain the first city made, 100.
Cake, eat thy, and have it, 92.
is dough, 27.
Cakes and ale, 28.
Calamity is man's true touchstone, 89.
of so long life, 65.
Caledonia! stern and wild, 258.
Calf's-skin on recreant limbs, 30.
Call evil good, 320.
for the robin-redbreast, 97.
it holy ground, 286.
it not vain, 257.
me early, mother, dear, 298.
to-day his own, 134.
us to penance, 104.
you that backing? 33.
Called, many are, 323.
the tailor lown, 74.
Caller, him who calleth be the, 144.
Calling shapes, 116.
Calls back the lovely April, 79.
Calm, here find that, 187.
lights of philosophy, 147.
repose, 196.
so deep, 238.
thou mayst smile, 220.
thoughts, 252.
Calumny, shalt not escape, 66.
Calvinistic creed, 189.
Cambuscan bold, story of, 121.
Cambyses' vein, 34.
Came prologue, excuse, 113.
to the beach, 256.
Camel, like a, 67.
shape of a, 67.
swallow a, 324.
through the eye of a needle, 323.
Camilla scours the plain, 166.
Can any mortal mixture? 117.

Can imagination boast, 181.
it be that this is all, 275.
such things be, 56.
this be death, 173.
Candid friend, 230.
where we can, be, 158.
Candied tongue, 66.
Candle, hold a, 179.
match with the, 157.
not worth the, 93.
out, out, brief, 58.
throws his beams, 23.
to the sun, 157.
to thy merit, 184.
Candles are all out, 54.
night's, are burnt out, 47.
Cane, clouded, 167.
Canker and the grief are mine, 280.
galls the infants, 61.
Cankers of a calm world, 35.
Cannon by our sides, 70.
Cannon's mouth, in the, 25.
Cannot come to good, 60.
tell how the truth may be, 257.
Canon 'gainst self-slaughter, 60.
Canonized bones, 62.
Canopied by the blue sky, 279.
Canopy, most excellent, 64.
under the, 44.
Cap of youth, 69.
whiter than the driven snow, 191.
Capability and godlike reason, 69.
Capitol, betrayed the, 140
drizzled blood upon the, 50.
Captain, a choleric word, in the, 14.
Christ, 32.
ill, attending, 79.
jewels in the carcanet, 79.
Captive, all ears took, 27.
good, attending, 79.
Capulets, tomb of the, 207.
Carcanet, jewels in the, 79.
Carcase is, eagles will gather, 324.
of Robinson Crusoe, 198.
Card, reason the, 160.
speak by the, 69.
Cards, old age of, 163.
Care adds a nail, 217.
beyond to-day, 192.
fig for, 83.
for nobody, 208.
his useful, was ever nigh, 187.
in heaven, is there, 6.
Care is an enemy to life, 28.
keeps his watch, 47.
life of, 285.
o' the main chance, 128.
ravelled sleave of, 55.
that buy it with much, 21.
will kill a cat, 90.
wrinkled, 120.
Cared not to be at all, 104.
Career of his humour, 16.
Careless childhood, 192.
of the single life, 300.
shoe-string, 95.
their merits, 201.
Cares beguiled by sports, 200.
dividing, 231.
eating, 120.
fret thy soul with, 7.
heart of a man is depress'd with, 177.
nobler loves and, 243.
that infest the day, 306.
Caress, wooing the, 280.
Carnage is his daughter, 240.
Carnegie, John, lais heer, 143.
Carpet knights, 340.
Carrying three insides, 230.
Cart, ballads from a, 135.
Carved not a line, 287.
with figures strange, 250.
Carver's brain, 250.
Casca, the envious, 51.
Case, lady is in the, 178.
reason of the, 138.
Cassius, help me, 49.
lean and hungry, 49.
Cast bread upon the waters, 319.
of thought, 66.
off his friends, 203.
set my life upon a, 42.
Casting a dim religious light, 121.
with unpurchased hand, 307.
Castle, a man's house is his, 5.
hath a pleasant seat, 53.
Castled crag of Drachenfels, 272.
Rhine, 305.
Castles in the air, 343.
in the clouds, 182.
Casuists doubt, 163.
Cat, care will kill a, 90.
endow a college or a, 164.
i' the adage, 54.
monstrous tail our, has, 144.
will mew, 70.
Catalogue, go for men in the, 55.

Cataracts, silent, 251.
Catastrophe, I 'll tickle your, 36.
Catch larks, 4.
my flying soul, 172.
the driving gale, 160.
the manners, 158.
the transient hour, 186.
Caters for the sparrow, 24.
Cathay, cycle of, 299.
Cato, big with the fate of, 147.
give his little senate laws, 168, 174.
the sententious, 282.
Cattle are grazing, 234.
upon a thousand hills, 314.
Caucasus, frosty, 31.
Caught by glare, 270.
my heavenly jewel, 9.
Cause, grace my, 73.
hear me for my, 50.
magnificent and awful, 210.
me no causes, 350.
of a long ten years' war, 141.
of all men's misery, 10.
of mankind, 263.
of policy, 37.
of this defect, 64.
report me and my, 70.
Causes and occasions, 38.
Caution, could pausing, 225.
Caution's lesson scorning, 225.
Cave, the darksome, 6.
vacant interlunar, 115.
Cavern, misery's darkest, 187.
Caverns, measureless, 252.
Caviare to the general, 64.
Cavil on the ninth part of a hair, 34.
Caw, says he, 215.
Cease every joy, 255.
ye from man, 320.
Ceases to be a virtue, 205.
Ceasing of exquisite music, 306.
Celebrated, Saviour's birth is, 59.
Celestial rosy red, 113.
Cell, prophetic, 122.
Cement of the soul, 180.
Censer, eye was on the, 308.
Censure is the tax, 146.
mouths of wisest, 74.
take each man's, 61.
Cent for tribute, 228.
Centre, faith has, everywhere, 300.
Centres in the mind, 200.
Centric and eccentric, 112.
Century, well wait a, 96.
Cerberus, like, three gentlemen at once, 222.
Cerements, burst their, 62.
Ceremony enforced, 51.
to great ones, 14.
Certainty, sober, 117.
to please, 231.
Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away, 283.
Cervantes' serious air, 171.
Chaff, two bushels of, 21.
Chain, electric, 273.
in a golden, 107.
Chains, bound in those icy, 16.
magic, 117.
untwisting all the, 121.
Chair, little one's, 309.
one vacant, 306.
rack of a too easy, 172.
Chalice, our poisoned, 53.
Chamber where the good man meets his fate, 155.
Champagne and a chicken, 178.
Champion, cased in adamant, 241.
Champions fierce strive, 107.
Chance, all, direction, 159.
lucky, decides the fate of monarchs, 181.
main, 128.
right by, 213.
skirts of happy, 300.
time and, 319.
to fall below Demosthenes, 228.
Chancellor in embryo, 191.
Chancellor's foot, 90.
Chances, most disastrous, 73.
Change came o'er my dream, 279.
can give no more, 139.
fear of, perplexes monarchs, 103.
of many-coloured life, 186.
old love for new, 83.
ringing grooves of, 299.
such a, 273.
Changed, mind not to be, 102.
Changeful dream, 260.
Chanticleer, crow like, 24.
Chaos and eldest night, 103, 107.
is come again, 75.
is restored, 172.
of thought, 160.
Chaos-like, 172.
Chapel, devil builds a, 93, 142.
Character I leave behind me, 222.
Characters from high life, 162.
of hell to trace, 194.

Charge, Chester, charge, 259.
is prepared, 177.
Chariest maid is prodigal enough, 61.
Chariots, brazen, 111.
Charitable intents, 62.
Charities that soothe, 246.
Charity, a little earth for, 43.
all mankind's concern is, 161.
covers multitudes of sins, 328.
melting, 37.
Charm of earliest birds, 110.
of poetry and love, 241.
one native, 202.
power to, 59.
remoter, 235.
that lulls to sleep, 203.
to stay the morning star, 251.
Charmed life, I bear a, 59.
Charmer, hope the, 254.
sinner it, 163.
't other dear, 177.
Charmers, like other, 280.
voice of, 314.
Charming, he saw her, 181.
is divine philosophy, 118.
never so wisely, 314.
Charms, music hath, 151.
or ear or sight, 252.
strike the sight, 167.
where are the, 215.
Charter large as the wind, 24.
Chartered libertine, 37.
Charybdis, your mother, 22.
Chase, in piteous, 23.
Chased with more spirit, 22.
Chasms and watery depths, 253.
Chaste as ice, 66.
as morning dew, 155.
as the icicle, 45.
muse, 189.
Chasteneth whom he loveth, 327.
Chastises whom most he likes, 141.
Chastity my brother, 117.
of honour, 206.
saintly, 117.
Chatham's language, 210.
Chatterton, the marvellous boy, 234.
Cheap defence of nations, 206.
Cheat, 't is all a, 136.
Cheated, pleasure of being, 129.
Check to loose behaviour, 147.
Checkered paths of joy, 185.
Cheek, feed on her damask, 28.
he that loves a rosy, 89.
of night, 46.
Cheek, o'er her warm, 193.
tears down Pluto's, 121.
that I might touch, 46.
the roses from your, 190.
upon her hand, 46.
Cheeks, blood spoke in her, 85.
crack your, 71.
stain my man's, 71.
Cheer, be of good, 323.
cups that, 211.
make good, 4.
Cheerful countenance, 316.
dawn, 234.
godliness, 239.
ways of men, 107.
yesterdays, 246.
Cheese, moon made of green, 346.
Cheese-paring, man made of, 37.
Cherish and to obey, 329.
hearts must have to, 307.
those hearts that hate, 43.
Cherry, like to a double, 20.
ripe, ripe, do cry, 82, 94.
Cherub, sweet little, 220.
Cherubins, young-eyed, 23.
Chest of drawers by day, 202.
Chewing the food of fancy, 26.
Chian strand, 253.
Chickens, all my pretty, 57.
hen gathereth her, 324.
count your, ere they 're hatched, 129.
Chief a rod, 161.
vain was the, 170.
Chiel 's amang ye takin' notes, 224.
Child, a curious, 245.
a naked new-born, 220.
a simple, 232.
a three years', 247.
grief fills the room of my absent, 30.
in simplicity, 174.
is father of the man, 232.
is not mine, 309.
like a tired, 285.
of many prayers, 305.
of misery, 217.
of our grandmother Eve, 18.
of suffering, 308.
spake as a, 326.
spoil the, 128.
thankless, 71.
train up a, 317.
wise father that knows his own, 21.

Childhood, careless, 192.
days of, 249.
fleeted by, 293.
shows the man, 115.
Childhood's hour, 262.
Childish ignorance, 292.
treble, 25.
Childishness, second, 25.
Children, airy hopes my, 245.
call her blessed, 318.
gathering pebbles, 115.
like olive-plants, 315.
of a larger growth, 135.
of an idle brain, 46.
of light, 324.
of the sun, 157.
of this world, 324.
Rachel weeping for, 322.
sports of, 200.
tale which holdeth, 8.
through the mirthful maze, 200.
Chill penury, 195.
Chills the lap of May, 200.
Chime, to guide their, 130.
Chimæras dire, 106.
Chimes at midnight, 37.
Chimney in my father's house, 39.
Chimney-corner, old men from the, 8.
Chimney-sweepers come to dust, 78.
Chin, compared with that was next her, 93.
China fall, 163.
to Peru, 186.
Chink of her sickness-broken body, 124.
Chinks that time has made, 100.
Chivalry, age of, 206.
beauty and her, 272.
Choice and master spirits, 50.
in rotten apples, 26.
of loss, 77.
word and measured phrase, 235.
Choicely good, 91.
Choose a firm cloud, 163.
an author, 137.
not alone to marry, 214.
thine own time, 220.
where to, 114.
Choosing and beginning late, 113.
Chord in melancholy, 292.
in unison, 212.
Chords, smote on all the, 298.
Chorus, ready, 224.
Chosen, few are, 323.
that good part, 324.
Christ, to live is, 326.
unto his captain, 32.
Christian faithful man, 41.
God Almighty's gentleman, 155.
is the highest style of man, 155.
Christians burned each other, 280.
Christmas comes once a year, 4.
Chronicle small beer, 74.
Chronicler, such an honest, 44.
Chronicles, abstracts and brief, 64.
Chrononhotonthologos, 144.
Chrysolite, perfect, 77.
Chuckle, one's fancy, 137.
Church, army, physic, 215.
built God a, 213.
forgotten the inside of a, 34.
of England, 189.
seed of the, 330.
some repair to, 165.
to be of no, 188.
who builds to God a, 164.
without a bishop, 293.
Church-door, wide as a, 47.
Churches, scab of the, 84.
Church-going bell, 215.
Churchyard mould, 292.
stone, beneath the, 293.
Churchyards yawn, 67.
Chylden's game, 345.
Chymist, fiddler, 132.
Cigar, give me a, 280.
Cimmerian darkness, 255.
Cinnamon, tinct with, 287.
Circle, within that magic, 135.
Circles the earth, 268.
Circuit is Elysium, 40.
Circumstance allows, 154.
blows of, 301.
of glorious war, 76.
Citadel, sea-girt, 271.
tower'd, 78.
Cities, far from gay, 175.
seven mighty, strove, 98.
seven, warr'd for Homer, 98.
Citizens, fat and greasy, 24.
man made us, 310.
City of Cologne, 252.
populous pent, 113.
set on an hill, 322.
Civet in the room, 213.
ounce of, 72.
Civil discord, 148.
Civility, wild, 95.
Clad in blue and gold, 229.
in complete steel, 117.

Claims of long descent, 297.
Clamours, Jove's dread, 76.
Clapper-clawing, 128.
Claret is the liquor for boys, 188.
Clasps, book in gold, 45.
Classic ground, 149.
Clay, blind his soul with, 300.
could think, 240.
of humankind, 136.
porcelain of human, 282.
tenement of, 131.
turned to, 70.
wraps their, 198.
Cleanliness next to godliness, 183.
Cleanse the stuffed bosom, 58.
Clear as a whistle, 179.
deep, yet, 98.
in his great office, 54.
your looks, 241.
Clerk foredoomed, 167.
me no clerks, 350.
ther was of Oxenforde, 1.
Clever man by nature, 229.
Clicked behind the door, 202.
Clients, nest-eggs to make, 130.
Cliff rent asunder, 250.
some tall, 201.
Climb, fain would I, 8.
hard it is to, 208.
why then, at all, 8.
Climber upward, 49.
Climbing sorrow, 71.
Clime adored, 173.
cold in, 276.
done in their, 276.
ravage all the, 208.
some brighter, 220.
Climes, cloudless, 278.
Clink of hammers, 146.
Clip an angel's wing, 286.
Cloak, martial, 287.
Cloaked from head to foot, 300.
Clock, finger of a, 211.
Shrewsbury, 35.
varnished, 202.
worn out, 136.
Clod, kneaded, 14.
Clog of his body, 131.
Cloistered virtue, 124.
Close against the sky, 292.
of the day, 209.
the shutter fast, 211.
Closeness all dedicated, 10.
Clothe a man in rags, 317.
my naked villany, 41.
Clothed in black or red, 1.
Clothes, tattered, 72.
wantonness in, 95.
when he put on his, 203.
Clothing the palpable, 253.
Cloud-capped towers, 11.
Cloud, choose a firm, 163.
like a summer, 56.
of witnesses, 327.
out of the sea, 311.
pillar of a, 310.
sable, 117.
that 's dragonish, 78.
which wraps the present hour, 197.
with silver lining, 117.
Clouds, castles in the, 182.
fought upon the, 50.
he that regardeth the, 319.
hooded like friars, 305.
impregns the, 109.
looks in the, 49.
of glory, 244.
plighted, 117.
robe of, 279.
sees God in, 158.
sit in the, 36.
that gather round, 245.
that lowered upon our house, 40.
thy, dispel all other, 302.
Clouted shoon, 118.
Cloy the edge of appetite, 31.
Clubs, typical of strife, 211.
Clutch the golden keys, 301.
Coach, go call a, 144.
Coals of fire on his head, 317, 325.
Coat buttoned down before, 302.
Coats, hole in a' your, 224.
Cockloft is empty, 125.
Code, shrines to no, 304.
Coffee, which makes the politician wise, 167.
Cofre, litel gold in, 1.
Cogibundity of cogitation, 144.
Cogitative faculties, 144.
Cohorts were gleaming, 278.
Coigne of vantage, 53.
Coil, not worth this, 30.
shuffle off this mortal, 65.
Coinage of your brain, 68.
Coincidence, strange, 282.
Cold ear of death, 195.
for the hot, 5.
in blood, 276.
in clime, 276.

Cold marble leapt, 287.
neutrality, 206.
on Canadian hills, 217.
performs the effect of fire, 105.
the changed, 273.
waters to a thirsty soul, 317.
Coldly furnish forth, 60.
heard, 291.
sweet, 275.
Cold-pausing caution, 225.
Coleridge, mortal power of, 244.
Coliseum, while stands the, 274.
Collar, braw brass, 225.
College-joke, 145.
Collied night, 19.
Collier and a barber fight, 184.
Cologne, wash your city of, 252.
Coloquintida, bitter as, 74.
Colossus, like a, 49.
Colours a suffusion, 252.
idly spread, 31.
of the rainbow, 117.
Columbia, happy land, 248.
Combat deepens, 256.
wit in the, 266.
Combination and a form, 68.
Combine, bad men, 205.
Come and trip it, 120.
as the waves come, 260.
as the winds come, 260.
forth into the light, 241.
gentle spring, 180.
home to men's bosoms, 80.
in between and bid us part, 183.
in the rearward of a woe, 79.
like shadows, 57.
live with me, 9.
one, come all, 260.
perfect days, 309.
rest in this bosom, 264.
send round the wine, 263.
to the bridal chamber, 303.
to this, has it, 60.
unto these yellow sands, 10.
what come may, 53.
when you call them, 34.
Comes a reckoning, 177.
the blind fury, 119.
the brick-dust man, 184.
this way sailing, 116.
to be denide, 178.
unlooked for, 173.
Cometh al this new corne, 3.
al this new science, 3.
Comets, no, seen, 50.
Comfort and command, 234.
flows from ignorance, 143.
in a face, 7.
to my age, 24.
Comforted, would not be, 322.
Comforters, miserable, 312.
Coming events, 255.
eye will mark our, 281.
Command success, 147.
Commandments, set my ten, 39.
Commands all light, 87.
Comment on the shows, 240.
Commentators each dark passage shun, 157.
plain, 223.
Common as light is love, 284.
growth of mother earth, 237.
he nothing, did, 130.
men, roll of, 95.
people of the skies, 83.
souls, flight of, 199.
sun, air, 196.
use, remote from, 280.
walk, privileged beyond the, 155.
Commonplace of nature, 233.
Communion holds, 295.
sweet, quaff, 111.
Compact, imagination all, 20.
Companies of men, 130.
Companion, even thou, my, 329.
Companions, best, 201.
I have had, 249.
musing on, 258.
thou 'dst unfold, 77.
Company, faithful dog shall bear him, 158.
shirt and a half in, 35.
with pain, 243.
Compare, beautiful beyond, 254.
great with small, 343.
Comparisons are odious, 85, 93.
are odorous, 16, 343.
Compass, narrow, 100.
of a guinea, 269.
Compassed by inviolate sea, 297.
Compassion, bowels of, 328.
Compelled sins, 14.
Competence, peace and, 161.
Complete steel, 117.
Complies against his will, 130.
Composture of excrement, 48.
Compound for sins, 127.
of villanous smell, 13.
Compulsion, a reason on, 34.

Compunctious visitings, 53.
Compute, what 's done we may, 224.
Comus and his midnight crew, 194.
Concatenation accordingly, 204.
Concealment, like a worm, 28.
Conceit, wise in his own, 318.
Conceits, wise in your own, 325.
Concentred in a life intense, 273.
Conception of the joyous prime, 11.
Concerted harmonies, 291.
Conclusion, a foregone, 76.
impotent, 74.
of the whole matter, 320.
Concord, heart in, 233.
holds, firm, 105.
of sweet sounds, 23.
Condemn the fault, 14.
the wrong, 332.
Condemned alike to groan, 192.
with life to part, 204.
Condescend to take a bit, 145.
Condition, wearisome, 9.
Conduct and equipage, 144.
of a clouded cane, 167.
still right, 202.
Confer, nothing to, 233.
Conference a ready man, 80.
Confidence of reason, 243.
plant of slow growth, 189.
Confident to-morrows, 246.
Confine, hies to his, 100.
Confines of daylight, 124.
Confirm the tidings, 149.
Confirmations strong, 76.
Conflict, dire was the, 111.
irrepressible, 297.
rueful, 238.
Confusion his masterpiece, 55.
on thy banners, 193.
worse confounded, 107.
Congenial to my heart, 202.
Congregate, merchants, 21.
Congregation of vapours, 64.
Conjectures, I am weary of, 148.
Conjure with them, 49.
Conquer Love, they, that run, 89.
our fate, 256.
twenty worlds, 99.
Conqueror creates a muse, 101.
proud foot of a, 31.
Conquerors, a lean fellow beats all, 99.
Conquest, ever since the, 138.
Conquest's crimson wing, 193.
Conscience avaunt, 147.
Conscience, catch the, 65.
coward, 42.
does make cowards, 65.
hath a thousand tongues, 42.
is corrupted, 39.
of the worth, 112.
wake despair, 108.
with gallantry, 223.
Conscious water, 97.
Consecration and Poet's dream, 244.
Consequence, deepest, 52.
trammel up the, 53.
Consent, will ne'er, 280.
Consider the lilies, 323.
Consideration, like an angel, 37.
Considereth the poor, 314.
Constable, outrun the, 128.
Constancy lives in realms above, 250.
Constant as the northern star, 50.
service of the antique world, 24.
Constellations, happy, 112.
Construction, mind's, 53.
Consumedly, laughs, 152.
Consummation devoutly to be wished, 65.
Consumption's ghastly form, 303.
Contagion to this world, 67.
Contagious blastments, 61.
Contemplation, formed for, 108.
of my travels, 26
Contemporaneous posterity, 342.
Contempt upon familiarity, 12.
Content and poor, 75.
farewell, 76.
humble livers in, 42.
if hence the unlearned, 166.
measureless, 54.
to dwell in decencies, 163.
Contented, when one is, 5.
Contentions, fat, 123.
Contentious woman, 318.
Contentment of the noblest mind, 6.
Contests from trivial things, 167.
Contiguity of shade, 210.
Continual dropping, 318.
plodders, 17.
Contortions of the sibyl, 207.
Contradiction, woman 's a, 163.
Contrived a double debt, 202.
Controls them and subdues, 243.
Conversation coped withal, 66.
Conversation's burrs, 308.
Converse, formed by thy, 162.
with the mighty dead, 182.
Conversing, I forget all time, 109.

Convey, the wise call it, 12.
Conveyed, bud to Heaven, 252.
the dismal tidings, 202.
Convolutions of a shell, 246.
Cool reflection came, 261.
sequestered vale, 195.
shade of aristocracy, 269.
Cope of heaven, 110.
Coped withal, 66.
Corages, nature in hir, 1.
Coral, his bones are, 11.
Cord be loosed, 320.
threefold, 318.
Cordial, gold in phisike is a, 1.
to the soul, 125.
Core, heart's, 67.
Corinthian lad of mettle, 33.
Corioli, Volscians in, 45.
Cormorant, like a, 108.
Corn, reap an acre of, 232.
two ears of, 145.
unbending, 166.
Corne, cometh al this new, 3.
Corner of the house-top, 317.
sits the wind in that, 16.
Corners of the world, 31.
Corner-stone of a nation, 306.
Coronets, kind hearts are more than, 298.
Corporal sufferance, 14.
Corporations no souls, 5.
Corpse of public credit, 268.
Corrector of enormous times, 89.
Correggios and stuff, 203.
Correspondent to command, 10.
Corrupt good manners, 326.
the youth, 39.
Corrupted freemen, 198.
Corruption, honour from, 44.
lighter wings, 163.
wins not more, 43.
Corsair's name, he left a, 277.
Corse, unhandsome, 33.
Cortez, like stout, 287.
Cost a sigh, 220.
Costard, rational hind, 18.
Costly thy habit, 61.
Cot beside the hill, 231.
Cottage of gentility, 248.
poorest man in his, 189
the soul's dark, 100.
with a double coach-house, 248.
Couch, drapery of his, 296.
grassy, 109.
in sorrow steep, 225.
Couch of war, 74.
Couched with revenge, 108.
Could ever hear by tale, 19.
I flow like thee, 98.
not the grave forget thee, 274.
play the woman, 57.
we forbear dispute, 101.
Counsel darkeneth, 312.
in his face, 105.
sometimes, rake, 167.
together, 314.
Counsellors, multitude of, 316.
Counsels, maturest, 104.
sweet, 223.
Count our spoons, 188.
that day lost, 342.
their chickens, 129.
time by heart-throbs, 297.
Countenance, disinheriting, 222.
more in sorrow, 61.
of his friend, man sharpeneth the, 318.
of truth, 123.
Counterfeit a gloom, 121.
presentment, 68.
Counterfeited glee, 202.
Counters, such rascal, 51.
wise men's, 90.
Countless thousands mourn, 226.
Country bleeding, 254.
God made the, 209.
good of my, 152.
he sighed for his, 256.
his first best, 200.
in another, 118.
left, for country's good, 227.
loved my, 280.
right or wrong, 267.
undiscovered, 65.
Country's cause, 174.
wishes blessed, 198.
Courage and compassion, 148.
mounteth with occasion, 29.
never to submit, 102.
screw your, 54.
Couriers of the air, 54.
Course, I have finished my, 327.
of empire, 152.
of human events, 218.
of justice, 22.
of one revolving moon, 132.
of true love, 19.
Courses, steer their, 127.
Courted in your girls again, 340.
by all the winds, 116.

Courteous, the retort, 26.
though coy, 223.
Courtesy, heart of, 9.
pink of, 47.
Courtier, heel of the, 69
Courtier's, scholar's eye, 66.
Court'sied, when you have, 10.
Courts, day in thy, 314.
Covenant with death, 321.
Coventry, march through, 35.
Cover my head now, 292.
Covered with two narrow words, *Hic jacet*, 8.
Covert yield, try what the, 158.
Covetousness, cause of, 10.
Coward conscience, 42.
flattery to name a, 232.
instinct, 34.
sneaks to death, 176.
that would not dare, 259.
thou slave, 30.
Cowards, conscience makes, 65.
die many times, 50.
plague of all, 33.
Cowslips wan, 119.
Cowslip's bell I lie, 11.
Coxcombs vanquish Berkeley, 197.
Coy and hard to please, 259.
courteous though, 223.
submission, 109.
Cozenage, strange, 136.
Crabbed age and youth, 79.
and harsh, 118.
Crab-tree and old iron rang, 127.
Crack of doom, 57.
the voice of Melody, 308.
your cheeks, 71.
Cradle, little one's, 309.
of reposing age, 169.
stands in the grave, 86.
Cradled into poetry, 285.
Cradles rock us, 156.
Craft so long to lerne, 3.
Craftiness, wise in their own, 312.
Crams and blasphemes, 118.
Cranny, every, but the right, 216.
Crannying wind, 272.
Crape, saint in, 162.
Cras amet, 152.
Cream and mantle, like a standing pond, 21.
Create a soul, 118.
Created equal, all men, 219.
half to rise, 160.
Creation false, 54.
Creation of some heart, 274.
ploughshare, o'er, 156.
sleeps, 154.
Creation's dawn beheld, 275.
heir, 200.
Creator drew his spirit, 134.
remember thy, 319.
Creature drink but I, 99.
drink, pretty, 232.
every, shall be purified, 9.
good familiar, 75.
is at his dirty work, 168.
smart so little as a fool, 168.
Creatures, delicate, 76.
millions of spiritual, 110.
not too bright for daily food, 234.
of the elements, 117.
you dissect, 162.
Crebillon, romances of, 197.
Credit his own lie, 10.
Creditor, glory of a, 13.
Credulity, ye who listen with, 187
Creed of slaves, 189.
outworn, 237.
sapping a solemn, 273.
Creeds, half the, 301.
keys of all the, 300.
Creep in one dull line, 165.
into his study, 17.
wit that can, 168.
Creepeth o'er ruins old, 309.
Creeping like snail, 25.
where no life is seen, 309.
Creeps in this petty pace, 58.
Crested Fortune, 216.
Cribb'd, confin'd, 56.
Cricket on the hearth, 121.
Cried razors up and down, 217.
Crime, madden to, 276.
numbers sanctified the, 207.
of being a young man, 189.
worse than a, 229.
Crimes committed in thy name, 228.
dignity of, 220.
register of, 208.
undivulged, 71.
Crimson in thy lips, 48.
Crispian, feast of, 38.
name of, 38.
Cristes lore, and his apostles, 2.
Critic, each day a, 166.
Critical, nothing if not, 74.
Criticising elves, 207.

Critics, before you trust in, 269.
criticise, 211.
Critic's eye, 228.
Cromwell damn'd to fame, 162.
guiltless of his country's blood, 195.
Crony, drouthy, 223.
Crook the pregnant hinges, 66.
Crops the flowery food, 158.
Cross, last at his, 285.
on the bitter, 32.
sparkling, she wore, 167.
Crossed in love, 222.
with adversity, 12.
Crosses, fret thy soule with, 8.
relics, crucifixes, 129.
Crotchets in thy head, 13.
Crow like chanticleer, 24.
that flies, 79.
Crowd, midst the, the hum, 271.
not on my soul, 194.
of common men, 95.
we met—'t was in a, 289.
Crowded hour of glorious life, 261.
Crown, better than his, 22.
emperor without his, 154.
fruitless, upon my head, 55.
head that wears a, 36.
of glory, a hoary head is a, 317.
of life, receive the, 327.
of sorrow is remembering happier things, 298.
old Winter's head, 97.
ourselves with rosebuds, 322.
sweet to wear a, 40.
Crowning good, 221.
Crown's disguise, 197.
Crow-toe, tufted, 119.
Crude surfeit reigns, 118.
Cruel as death, 182.
as the grave, 320.
death is always near, 341.
only to be kind, 68.
Cruelty to load a fallen man, 44.
Crumbs, dogs eat of the, 323.
picked up his, 347.
Crusaders, think they are, 308.
Crush of worlds, 148.
Crust of bread and liberty, 169.
Crutch, shouldered his, 201.
Cry and no wool, 127.
bubbling, 281.
have a good, 292.
Havock, 50.
is still, They come, 58.
Cry, no language but a, 300.
not when his father dies, 188.
Crying, Give, give, 318.
Cuckoo-buds, 19.
Cucumbers, sunbeams out of, 145.
Cud of bitter fancy, 26.
Cudgel, know by the blow, 128.
thy brains no more, 69
Cummin and anise, 324.
Cunning, right hand forget, 315.
in fence, 29.
Cup, inordinate, 75.
kiss but in the, 85.
life's enchanted, 272.
of hot wine, 96.
of water, little thing to give a, 288.
Cupid is painted blind, 19.
kills with arrows, 16.
Cupid's curse, 83.
Cups, in their flowing, 38.
pass swiftly round, 96.
that cheer, 211.
Cur of low degree, 203.
Curded by the frost, 45.
Cure for life's worst ills, 296.
on exercise depend, 133.
the dumps, 152.
Curfew time, 117.
tolls the knell, 194.
Curious child, 245.
Curled darlings, 72.
Curls, ambrosial, 175.
Current of a woman's will, 153.
of domestic joy, 187.
of the soul, 195.
Curse on all laws, 172.
primal eldest, 68.
Curses dark, rigged with, 119.
not loud but deep, 58.
Curst be the verse, 168.
by Heaven's decree, 202.
hard reading, 223.
spot is, 235.
Curtain, Priam's, 36.
Curtains, fringed, of thine eye, 11.
let fall the, 211.
Curule chair, 197.
Cushion and soft dean, 164.
Custom always in the afternoon, 63.
honoured in the breach, 62.
of Branksome Hall, 257.
stale her infinite variety, 77.
tyrant, 74.

'Custom'd hill, missed him on the, 196.
Customs and its businesses, 215.
Cut him in little stars, 47.
is the branch, 10.
most unkindest, 51.
Cutpurse of the empire, 68.
Cycle and epicycle, 112.
of Cathay, 299.
Cynosure of neighbouring eyes, 120.
Cynthia of this minute, 163.
Cypress and myrtle, land of the, 276.
Cytherea's breath, 29.

Dacian mother, 274.
Daff'd the world, 35.
Daffodills before the swallow, 29.
fair, we weep to see, 95.
Dagger I see before me, 54.
of the mind, 54.
smiles at the drawn, 148.
Daggers, speak, 67.
Daggers-drawing, 128.
Daily beauty in his life, 77.
Daintie flowre or herbe, 6.
Daintier sense, 69.
Dainties bred in a book, 18.
Daisie, the eye of the day, 3.
Daisies, myriads of, 24.
pied, 19, 120,
that men callen, 3.
Daisy by the shadow, 243.
Dale, haunts in, 253.
hawthorn in the, 120.
Dales and fields, 9.
Dallies with the innocence of love, 28.
Dalliance, primrose path of, 61.
Dally with wrong, 250.
Dame of Ephesus, 146.
sulky, sullen, 223.
Dames, gentle, it gars me greet, 223.
of ancient days, 200.
Damiata and Mount Casius, 105.
Damn with faint praise, 168.
Damnable iteration, 32.
woman, 140.
Damnation, distilled, 229.
of his taking off, 54.
round the land, 173.
wet, 86.
Damned be he who first cries, Hold, 59.
Damned, better be, 217.
see him, ere I would, 29.
to fame, 162, 171.
Damp my intended wing, 113.
Damsel lay deploring, 176.
with a dulcimer, 252.
Dan Chaucer, 7.
Dan Cupid, giant-dwarf, 18.
Dan to Beersheba, 191.
Dance and jollity, 116.
attendance, 44.
on with the, 272.
when you do, 29.
Dances in the wind, 135.
midnight, 174.
such a way, 93.
Dancing days, past our, 46.
drinking time, 134.
in the chequer'd shade, 120.
Danger on the deep, 289.
out of this nettle, 33.
Dangerous, delays are, 136.
to be of no church, 188.
Dangers, loved me for the, 74.
make us scorn, 224.
of the seas, 93.
Danger's troubled night, 256.
Daniel come to judgment, 22.
Dank and dropping weeds, 123.
Dappled turf, 233.
Dare do all becomes a man, 54.
not die, 290.
stir abroad, 59.
the elements to strife, 277.
to be true, 92.
what man, I dare, 56.
what men, do, 16.
Dares think one thing, 175.
Darien, silent upon a peak in, 287.
Daring dined, 172.
in full dress, 280.
Dark amid the blaze of noon, 115.
and doubtful from the, 223.
and lonely hiding-place, 251.
as Erebus, 23.
as pitch, 343.
blue sea, 277.
ever-during, 107.
eye in woman, 273.
illumine what in me is, 102.
leap into the, 4.
sun to me is, 115.
Darkeneth counsel by words, 312.
Darkly, deeply, beautifully, 282.
Darkness and the worm, 155.

Darkness buries all, 172.
Cimmerian, 255.
dawn on our, 267.
instruments of, 52.
jaws of, 19.
land of, 312.
prince of, 71, 94.
raven down of, 117.
up to God, 300.
visible, 102.
which may be felt, 310.
Darling sin, 251.
Darlings, wealthy curled, 72.
Dart, Death his, 114.
like the poisoning of a, 100.
shook a dreadful, 106.
time shall throw a, 86.
Dashed the dew, 259.
Daughter, harping on my, 64.
of his voice, 113.
of my house, 271.
of the Voice of God, 243.
old man's, 73.
Daughters of my father's house, 28.
David, hating, 132.
Daw, wiser than a, 39.
Dawn, belong not to the, 111.
cheerful, 234.
exhalations of the, 253.
is overcast, 147.
later star of, 233.
on our darkness, 267.
Dawning, bird of, 59.
of morn, 256.
Daws to peck at 72.
Day, as it fell upon a, 79, 84.
brought back my night, 123.
burden and heat of the, 323.
business of the, 133.
close of the, 209.
count that, lost, 342.
critic on the last, 166.
dearly love but one, 144.
deceased, 154.
dog will have his, 70.
ended with the, 295.
ere the first, of death, 275.
eye of, 122.
great important, 147.
hand open as, 37.
harmless, entertains the, 83.
he that outlives this, 38.
I 've lost a, 154.
in June, what so rare as a, 309.
in thy courts, 314.
Day is done, and the darkness falls, 306.
joint-labourer with the, 59.
light of common, 244.
may bring forth, 318.
merry as the, 16.
merry heart goes all the, 29.
morning shows the, 115.
night follows the, 61.
not to me returns, 107.
now 's the, 226.
of adversity, 319.
of nothingness, 275.
of prosperity, 319.
of woe, 247.
parting, linger, and play, 268.
peep of, 95.
posteriors of this, 19.
so calm, so cool, 92.
stands tiptoe, 47.
suffering ended with the, 295.
sufficient unto the, 323.
that comes betwixt a Saturday and Monday, 144.
that is dead, 299.
the great, the important, 147.
through the roughest, 53.
unto day uttereth speech, 313.
Daylight and truth, 124.
we burn, 12.
Day-star, so sinks the, 119.
Days, afternoon of her best, 41.
among the Dead, 248.
and nights to Addison, 188.
are as grass, 315.
are dwindled, 217.
are in the yellow leaf, 280.
are swifter than a shuttle, 312.
begin with trouble, 341.
boyish, 73.
degenerate, 175.
fall 'n on evil, 111.
flight of future, 105.
live laborious, 119.
measure of my, 313.
melancholy, are come, 296.
of childhood, 249.
o' lang syne, 225.
of my distracting grief, 199.
of nature, 62.
of our years are threescore years and ten, 314.
one of those heavenly, 234.
past our dancing, 46.
perfect, if ever come, 309.

Days, race of other, 302.
salad, 77.
sweet childish, 232.
that are no more, 299.
that need borrow, 97.
to lose good, 7.
with God he passed the, 152.
world of happy, 41.
Day's march nearer home, 254.
Daze the world, 297.
Dazzle as they fade, 261.
Dazzles to blind, 209.
Dazzling fence of rhetoric, 118.
Dead, bent him o'er the, 275.
better be with the, 56.
day that is, 299.
days among the, 248.
fading honours of the, 257.
flies a stinking savour, 319.
for a ducat, 68.
he mourns the, 154.
in his harness, 322.
men's bones, 324.
men's skulls, 41.
not, but gone before, 231.
of midnight, 219.
of the night, 60.
past bury its dead, 305.
sheeted, did squeak, 59.
would I were, 292.
Deadly fair, so coldly sweet, 275.
Deaf adder, 314.
Deal damnation round, 173.
Dear as remembered kisses, 299.
as the light that visits, 193.
as the ruddy drops, 193.
as the vital warmth, 140, 193.
as these eyes that weep, 140.
beauteous death, 126.
charmer away, 177.
five hundred friends, 211.
for his whistle, 185.
hut, our home, 185.
son of memory, 122.
Dearer than his horse, 298.
than self, 271.
Dearest thing he owed, 53.
Dearly let, or let alone, 92.
Death, all of, to die, 254.
and his brother Sleep, 284.
and life, 148.
back resounded, 106.
be thou faithful unto, 328.
borders upon our birth, 86.
by slanderous tongues, 17.
Death calls ye, 95.
came with friendly care, 252.
can this be, 173.
certain to all, 36.
cold ear of, 195.
cometh soon or late, 294.
covenant with, 321.
coward sneaks to, 176.
cruel as, 182.
dear beauteous, 126.
dread of something after, 65.
ere thou hast slain, 86.
fell sergeant, 70.
first day of, 275.
grim, 87.
grinned horrible, 106.
hearsed in, 62.
herald after my, 44.
in the midst of life we are in, 329.
in the pot, 311.
into the world, 191.
intrench'd, 155.
just and mightie, 8.
kisses after, 299.
lays his icy hands, 95.
love strong as, 320.
lovely in, 155.
loves a shining mark, 156.
makes equal, 83.
most in apprehension, 14.
not divided in, 311.
nothing but birth, 156.
nothing our own but, 32.
of each day's life, 55.
rides in every breeze, 267.
ruling passion strong in, 163.
shades of, 106.
shadow of, 312.
shook his dart, 114.
sights of ugly, 41.
slavery or, 148.
sleep of, what dreams may come in that, 65.
so noble, 116.
soul under the ribs of, 118.
studied in his, 53.
there is no, 306.
thou hast all seasons, 286.
to us, play to you, 138.
untimely stopp'd, 174.
urges, knells call, 154.
us do part, 328.
valiant taste but once of, 50.
wages of sin is, 325.

Death, way to dusty, 58.
what should it know of? 232.
what we fear of, 15.
where is thy sting? 173, 326.
which nature never made, 155.
whose portal we call, 306.
wonderful is, 284.
Death-bed is a detector, 155.
Death-beds, ask, 154.
Death's pale flag, 48.
Debt, a double, to pay, 202.
to nature, 92.
Debtor to his profession, 81.
Debts, he that dies pays all, 11.
Decalogue, men who can hear the, 243.
Decay, gradations of, 187.
muddy vesture of, 23.
unperceiv'd, 186.
Decays and glimmerings, 125.
Decay's effacing fingers, 275.
Deceit in gorgeous palace, 47.
Deceitful shine, 265.
woman, 140.
Deceivers, men were, ever, 16.
December, roses in, 269.
when men wed, 26.
Decencies, content to dwell in, 163.
that daily flow, 113.
Decency, right meet of, 191.
Decent limbs composed, 174.
Decently and in order, 326.
Decide, who shall, 163.
Decider of dusty titles, 89.
Decision, valley of, 322.
Declined into the vale of years, 76.
Dedes, gentil, 2.
Dedicate his beauty, 45.
Dedicated to closeness, 10.
Deed, attempt, and not the, 55.
dignified by the doer, 27.
go with it, unless the, 57.
of dreadful note, 56.
so shines a good, 23.
without a name, 57.
Deeds are men, 188.
are the sons of heaven, 188.
blessings wait on virtuous, 151.
devilish, excused, 109.
foul, will rise, 61.
live in, 297.
means to do ill, 31.
not words, 343.
Deep and gloomy wood, 235.
as a well, 47.
Deep as first love, 299.
bottom of the, 33.
calleth unto deep, 314.
damnation of his taking-off, 54.
danger on the, 289.
embosom'd in the, 200.
for his hearers, 202.
home is on the, 256.
in the lowest, 108.
malice to conceal, 108.
on his front engraven, 105.
sleep falleth on men, 312.
spirits from the vasty, 34.
tipple in the, 96.
versed in books, 115.
yet clear, 98.
Deeper than all speech, 302.
than plummet, 11.
Deep-mouthed welcome, 281.
Deer a shade, 255.
let the strucken, 67.
mice and such small, 71.
Defamed by every charlatan, 301.
Defect, cause of this, 64.
fine by, 163.
Defective comes by cause, 64.
Defence, admit of no, 137.
against injury, 5.
Defend me from my friends, 338.
your departed friend, 134.
Defer, madness to, 154.
till to-morrow, 151.
Defiance in their eye, 200.
Deficiencies of the present day, 187.
Deformed, unfinished, 40.
Degenerate days, 175.
Degree, all in the, 160.
curs of low, 203.
of woe, bliss must gain by, 190.
Degrees, fine by, 143.
grows up by, 88.
ill habits gather by, 135.
of kin, 129.
scorning the base, 49.
Deified by our own spirits, 235.
Deity offended, 225.
Dejection do we sink as low, 234.
Delay, amorous, 109.
each dull, 201.
law's, 65.
Delays are dangerous, 136.
have dangerous ends, 136.
Deliberates, woman that, 148.
Deliberation sat, 105.
Delicate creatures, call these, ours, 76.

Delicious land, done for this, 270.
Delight and dole, 60.
by heavenly lays, 243.
enjoy with libertie, 7.
ever new, 110.
in love, 151.
in misfortunes of others, 125.
into a sacrifice, 92.
lap me in, 302.
mounted in, 234.
over-payment of, 247.
paint the meadows with, 19.
phantom of, 234.
she 's my, 138.
to pass away the time, 40.
Delightful task, 181.
Delights, all you vain, 88.
that witchingly instil, 182.
to scorn, 119.
Delphian vales, the, 304.
Delphos, steep of, 122.
Demd damp moist body, 309.
horrid grind, 309.
Demi-paradise, 31.
Democratie, fierce, 115.
Democrats, d—d, 283.
Democritus would not weep, 240.
Demosthenes, fall below, 228.
Den, beard the lion in his, 259.
Denide, who comes to be, 87.
Denizen, world's tired, 271.
Denmark, may be so in, 63.
rotten in, 62.
Deny, heart would fain, 58.
Depart, loth to, 143.
Deplore thee, we will not, 267.
Depressed with care, 177.
Depth, and not the tumult, 236.
in philosophy, 80.
in whose calm, 288.
Depths and shoals of honour, 43.
Derby dilly, 230.
Descant amorous, 109.
Descends the unguarded store, 163.
Descent and fall, adverse, 104.
claims of long, 297.
Describe the undescribable, 273.
Description, beggared all, 77.
Desdemona would seriously incline, 73.
Desert blossom as the rose, 321.
fountain in the, 278.
my dwelling-place, 274.
of a thousand lines, 170.
of the mind, 276.
Desert, use every man after his, 64.
wilderness, 116.
Deserted at his utmost need, 131.
Deserts, his, are small, 101.
idle, and antres vast, 73.
Deserve the precious bane, 103.
Desire, bloom of young, 193.
kindle soft, 131.
of the moth for the star, 285.
this fond, 148.
who lives as they, 154.
Desires of the mind, 81.
Desk's dead wood, 249.
Desolate, no one so utterly, 305.
none are so, 271.
Despair, black, 284.
depth of some divine, 299.
fiercer by, 104.
flat, or final hope is, 104.
hurried question of, 277.
infinite, and wrath, 108.
message of, 255.
nympholepsy of some fond, 274.
of getting out, 97.
that slumbered, 108.
wasting in, 90.
Despairing, sweeter for thee, 227.
Despatch, well spelt in the, 283.
Despatchful looks, 111.
Desperate steps, 215.
Despised, I like to be, 208.
Despond, slough of, 137.
Despondency and madness, 235.
Destined page, torn from their, 229.
Destiny, leaves of, 97.
Destroy his fib, 168.
Destroyed by thought, 208.
Destruction, pride goeth before, 317.
that wasteth at noonday, 315.
Destructive woman, 140.
Detector of the heart, 155.
Detest the offence, 172.
Detraction at your heels, 28.
will not suffer it, 35.
Device nor work, 319.
Devil a monk was he, 4.
as a roaring lion, 328.
builds a chapel, 93, 142.
can cite Scripture, 21.
did grin, 251.
eat with the, 345.
give the, his due, 32.
go, poor, 190.
hath power to assume, 65.
how the, they got there, 168.

Devil, hunting for one fair female, 133.
I play the, 41.
in all his quiver, 283.
laughing, in his sneer, 277.
let us call thee, 75.
must go that the, drives, 27, 345.
of all that dread the, 233.
resist the, 327.
sends cooks, 344.
take the hindmost, 344.
tell truth and shame the, 34.
to serve the, 289.
wears black, 67.
with devil damn'd, 105
Devise, wit! write, pen, 18.
Devotion, ignorance mother of, 135.
to something afar, 285.
Devotion's visage, 65.
Devour, seeking whom he may, 328.
Devoutly to be wished, 65.
Dew, chaste as morning, 155.
glist'ring with, 110.
like a silent, 95.
of sleep, 109.
of thy birth, 7.
of youth, 61.
on his thin robe, 256.
on the mountain, 260.
resolve itself into a, 60.
upon a thought falling, 282.
walks o'er the, 60.
wombe of morning, 7.
young diamonds in infant, 135.
Dew-drop from the lion's mane, 44.
Dews, brushing away the, 196.
mother of, 181.
of the evening, 180.
Diadem of snow, 279.
precious, 68.
Dial from his poke, 24.
to the sun, 129, 158.
Diamond, great rough, 180.
me no diamonds, 350.
Diamonds, bright as young, 135.
cut diamonds, 344.
Dian's temple, 45.
Diana's foresters, 32.
Diapason closing full in Man, 134.
Dice were human bones, 280.
Dicers' oaths, 68.
Dickens, what the, 13.
Dictynna, good-man Dull, 18.
Die a bachelor, 16.
and endow a college, 164.
Die and go we know not where, 14.
at the top, like that tree, 146.
because a woman's fair, 90.
before I wake, 341.
dare to, or bear to live, 161.
hazard of the, 42.
here in a rage, 146.
in a great cause, 280.
in an inn, 191.
in the last ditch, 335.
in yon rich sky, 299.
is gain, 326.
is landing on some silent shore, 144.
let us do or, 226, 345.
nature broke the, 278.
not born to, 304.
not willingly let it, 123.
of a rose, 159.
taught us how to, 176.
who tell us Love can, 247.
with harness on, 59.
without or this or that, 164.
young, whom the gods love, 282.
Died in freedom's cause, 248.
Dies and makes no sign, 39.
like the dolphin, 273.
Diet, sober in your, 178.
Difference to me, 233.
Different, like—but oh! how, 236.
Difficulties, knowledge under, 290.
Difficulty and labour, 107.
Diffused knowledge, 229.
Digest, inwardly, 328.
of anarchy, 205.
Digestion bred, 110.
wait on appetite, 56.
Diggeth a pit, whoso, 318.
Dignified by the doer's deed, 27.
Dignifies humanity, 296.
Dignity, in every gesture, 112.
of crimes, 220.
Diligent in his business, 317.
Dim and perilous way, 245.
eclipse, 103.
religious light, 121.
the sweet look, 305.
with childish tears, 242.
with the mist of years, 271.
Diminish'd heads, hide their, 108.
Dimm'd and gone, 265.
Dine, that jurymen may, 167.
Dining, thought of, 202.
Dinner lubricates business, 219.
of herbs, better is a, 316.

Dire was the noise of conflict, 111.
Directs the storm, 148.
Direful spring of woes, 175.
Dirge in marriage, 60.
Dirt, loss of, 83.
Disappointed, unanel'd, 63.
Disastrous chances, 73.
twilight, 103.
Discharge in that war, 319.
Disciplined inaction, 229.
Discontent, nights in pensive, 7.
winter of our, 40.
Discord, horrible, 111.
Discords, harsh, 47.
Discords sting through Burns and Moore, 308.
Discourse, bid me, 79.
more sweet, 105.
most eloquent music, 67.
of reason, 60.
of the elders, 322.
such large, 69.
voluble in, 18.
Discreetest, best, 113.
Discreetly blot, 101.
Discretion better part of valour, 35.
Disease, young, 160.
Diseased nature, 34.
Diseases desperate grown, 69.
Disguise, scandal in, 170.
Disguises which we wear, 110.
Dish, butter in a lordly, 311.
Dishonourable graves, 49.
Disinheriting countenance, 222.
Dislimn the rack, 78.
Dismal treatise rouse, 58.
tidings, conveyed the, 202.
Dismissing the doctor, 228.
Disobedience, Man's first, 101.
Disorder, most admir'd, 56.
in the dress, 95.
Dispensations and gifts, 128.
Displac'd the mirth, 56.
Disposer of other men's stuff, 83.
Disposition, shake our, 62.
Dispraise or blame, 116.
other men's, 98.
Disprais'd, to be, no small praise, 115.
Dispaires, comfortlesse, 8.
Dispute, could we forbear, 101.
Disputing, itch of, 84.
Disrespect, luxury of, 243.
Dissect, creatures you, 162.
Dissemble your love, 227.
Dissension between hearts, 262.
Dissevering power, 118.
Dissonance, barbarous, 118.
Distance lends enchantment, 254.
made more sweet, 198.
Distant spires, 192.
Trojans, 175.
Distemper, of no, 136.
Distilled damnation, 229.
Distinction between virtue and vice, 188.
Distinguish and divide, 126.
Distraction, waft me from, 272.
Distressed, in mind, body, or estate, 328.
Distressful bread, 38.
stroke, 73.
Distrest by poverty, 187.
griefs that harass the, 186.
Ditch, die in the last, 335.
Ditto to Mr. Burke, 205.
Divide, distinguish and, 126.
Divided duty, 74.
Dividends, incarnation of fat, 302.
Divine, all save the spirit of man is, 276.
enchanting ravishment, 117.
human face, 107.
in hookas, 280.
makes drudgery, 92.
philosophy, 300.
to love, 287.
woman may be made, 236.
Divineness, participation of, 81.
Diviner air, 236.
Divinity doth hedge a king, 69.
in odd numbers, 13.
that shapes our ends, 70.
that stirs within us, 148.
Division of a battle, 72.
Do good by stealth, 169.
well and right, 93.
what I pleased, 5.
what I will with mine own, 323.
Dock the tail of Rhyme, 308.
Doctor, after death the, 93.
dismissing the, 228.
Fell, I do not love thee, 142.
shook his head, 177.
Doctors disagree, who shall decide when, 163.
Doctrine from women's eyes, 18.
not for the, some to church repair, 165.
orthodox, prove their, 127.

Doctrine sanctified by truth, 240.
Doctrines clear, what makes, 129.
Does well, acts nobly, 154.
Doff it for shame, 30.
Dog and bay the moon, 51.
bark when I ope my lips, 21.
hunts in dreams, like a, 298.
is thy servant a, 311.
is turned to his vomit, 328.
it was that died, 203.
living, better than a dead lion, 319.
mine enemy's, 72.
shall bear him company, 158.
smarts for what that dog has done, 184.
something better than his, 298.
to gain his private ends, 203.
whose, are you, 173.
will have his day, 70.
word to throw at a, 23.
Dogs bark at me, 40.
between two, 39.
delight to bark and bite, 150.
eat of the crumbs, 323.
little, and all, 71.
of war, let slip the, 50.
throw physic to the, 58.
Doing or suffering, 102.
Doit, beggarly last, 212.
Dole, delight and, 60.
Doleful sound, 150.
Dolphin, dies like the, 273.
Dome, him of the western, 132.
of many-coloured glass, 285.
of Thought, 271.
Domestic Happiness, 211.
joy, smooth current of, 187.
Dominations, princedoms, 111.
Dominions, the sun never sets in my, 268.
Done quickly, it were, 53.
to death by slanderous tongues, 17.
we may compute what's, 224.
what 's, is done, 55.
with so much ease, 131.
Doom, the crack of, 57.
had an early, 293.
regardless of their, 192.
Doomed for a certain term, 62.
to go in company, 243.
Door, at mine hostess', 30.
click'd behind the, 202.
shall we shut the, 183.
Door shut, shut the, 167.
sweetest thing beside a human, 232.
Door-keeper, rather be a, 314.
Doors, infernal, 107.
Dorian mood of flutes, 103.
Dost thou love life, 185.
Dotage, streams of, 186.
Dotes, yet doubts, 75.
Doting with age, Pyramids, 125.
Double debt to pay, 202.
double, toil and trouble, 57.
Doubling his pleasures, 231.
Doubly dying, 258.
feel ourselves alone, 258.
Doubt I love, but never, 64.
never stand to, 95.
once in, to be, 75.
that the sun doth move, 64.
the equivocation, 59.
thou the stars are fire, 64.
to hang a, 76.
truth to be a liar, 64.
Doubts are traitors, 13.
saucy, 56.
Dough, my cake is, 27.
Douglas conquer, 199.
in his hall, 259.
Dove, burnish'd, 298.
found no rest, 310.
gently as any sucking, 19.
more of the serpent than, 10.
springs of, 233.
wings like a, 314.
Dove-cot, eagle in a, 45.
Doves, harmless as, 323.
moan of, 299.
Dowagers for deans, 299.
Down among the dead men, 190.
bed of, 74.
he that is, 127.
I grant you I was, 35.
on your knees, 26.
thou climbing sorrow, 71.
to a sunless sea, 252.
to the dust with them, 266.
Downcast modesty, 181.
Downs, all in the, 177.
unhabitable, 145.
Doxy, another man's, 338.
Drachenfels, crag of, 272.
Drag the slow barge, 216.
Dragon, evening, 116.
St. George, that swinged the, 30.

Drags at each remove, 199.
its slow length, 165.
Drain'd by fever'd lips, 288.
Drama, shall close the, 152.
Drank delight, 223.
judicious, 172.
Drapery of his couch, 296.
Draught, nauseous, 133.
Draughts, shallow, 165.
Draw men as they ought to be, 202.
Drawers, chest of, 202.
Draws us with a single hair, 135, 167.
Dread and fear of kings, 22.
of all who wrong, 301.
of something after death, 65.
the Devil, 233.
whence this secret, 148.
Dreadful reckoning, 177.
urs, 308.
Dream, a phantasma or a hide ous, 49.
all night without a stir, 287.
consecration and the Poet's, 244.
dreams, old men shall, 322.
forgotten, 235.
life is but an empty, 304.
love's young, 264.
of peace, 283.
of things that were, 271.
old men's, 132.
sight to, 250.
silently as a, 267.
spirit of my, 279.
when one awaketh, 314.
which was not all a dream, 279.
Dreaming ear, 256.
Dreams at length deceive, 143.
babbling, 147.
books are each a world of, 242.
full of fearful, 41.
hunts in, 298.
in brighter, 126.
pleasant, lies down to, 296.
pleasing, and slumbers light, 259.
smooth and idle, 124.
such stuff as, are made of, 11.
that wave, 182.
true I talk of, 46.
Dreamt of in your philosophy, 63.
Dreary intercourse of daily life, 236.
sea now flows between, 250.
Dregs of life, 136.
Dress, be plain in, 178.
Dress, disorder in the, 95.
of thoughts, 180.
Drest, still to be, 85.
Drink and to be merry, 319.
deep or taste not, 165.
every creature, but I, 99.
for the thirsty, 5.
gapes for, again, 99.
no longer water, 327.
no more than a sponge, 4.
pretty creature, 232.
they never taste who always, 143.
to me only, 85.
to the lass, 222.
why men, 139.
with him that wears a hood, 6.
ye to her, 256.
Drinking largely sobers us, 165.
Drinks and gapes, 99.
Drip of the suspended oar, 272.
Driveller and a show, 186.
Drives fat oxen, 188.
Driving of Jehu, 311.
Drooped the willow, 295.
Drop a tear and bid adieu, 183.
in for an after-loss, 79.
in the well, 279.
into thy mother's lap, 114.
of a bucket, 321.
of allaying Tyber, 96.
Dropping buckets into wells, 211.
continual, 318.
Dropped from an angel's wing, 241.
manna, 104.
Drops from off the eaves, 121.
his blue fringed lids, 251.
like kindred, 210.
precious, 135.
ruddy, 50.
Dropt from the zenith, 103.
Droughte of March, 1.
Drown a fly, 154.
pain it was to, 41.
Drowned honour, pluck up, 33.
Drowsiness shall clothe a man in rags, 317.
Drowsy syrups of the world, 76.
Drowsyhed, land of, 182.
Drudgery at the desk, 249.
makes, divine, 92.
Druid lies in yonder grave, 198.
Drum ecclesiastick, 126.
spirit-stirring, 76.
was heard, not a, 287.
Drum-beat, morning, 268.

Drums, beat the, 141.
Drunk, gloriously, 211.
hasten to be, 133.
pleasure to be, 184.
Drunkard clasp his teeth, 86.
Drunken man, stagger like a, 315.
Drury's, happy boy at, 293.
Dry as summer dust, 245.
as the remainder biscuit, 24.
sun, dry wind, 5.
tree, done in the, 325.
Drying up a single tear, 283.
Ducat, dead for a, 68.
Due season, word in, 316.
Dues, render to all their, 325.
Dukedom, my library was, 10.
Dulcimer, damsel with a, 252.
Dull, cold marble, 43.
good-man, 18.
tame shore, 290.
Duller than the fat weed on Lethe wharf, 63.
Dulness, gentle, loves a joke, 171.
Dum vivimus vivamus, 185.
Dumb, beggar that is, 8.
forgetfulness, 195.
modest men are, 227.
oracles are, 122.
Dumps, cure the, 145.
Dumpy woman, I hate a, 280.
Duncan, hear it not, 55.
is in his grave, 56.
Dunce sent to roam, 213.
with wits, 171, 213.
Dundee, single hour of that, 239.
Dunsinane, come to, 59.
Dupe, gamester, and poet, 198.
Durance vile, 225.
Dusk faces, 115.
Dusky race, rear my, 298.
Dust, blossom in the, 95.
down to the, with them, 266.
dry as summer, 245.
enemies shall lick the, 314.
heap of, alone remains of thee, 174.
lay it in the, 271.
learned, 211.
of the balance, 321.
pride that licks the, 168.
provoke the silent, 195.
return to the earth, 320.
sleeps in, 96, 329.
that is a little gilt, 44.
the knight's bones are, 251.
Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return, 310.
to dust, 329.
vile, whence he sprung, 258.
Duste, write it in, 43.
Duties, men who know their, 221.
primal, shine aloft, 246.
Duty, a divided, 74.
in that state of life, 328.
I 've done my, 184.
of man, whole, 320.
service sweat for, 24.
subject's, is the king's, 38.
such as the subject owes, 27.
Dwarf on a giant's shoulders, 253.
Dwell in decencies for ever, 163.
Dwelling-place, desert my, 274.
Dwelt all that 's good, 100.
Dwindled to the shortest span, 217.
Dyer's hand, like the, 80.
Dying eyes were closed, 174.
eyes, unto, 299.
man to dying men, 137.
to-morrow will be, 94.
when she slept, 291.

Each in his narrow cell, 194.
Eager for the fray, 147.
heart the kindlier hand, 301.
Eagle flight, an, 194.
he was lord, 238.
in a dove-cote, 45.
like a young, 270.
mewing her mighty youth, 124.
so the struck, 270.
Eagle's fate and mine are one, 101.
Eagles be gathered together, 324.
dare not perch, 166.
Ear, applying to his, 246.
enchant thine, 79.
give every man thine, 61.
heard me, 312.
hearing of the, 313.
I was all, 118.
jewel in an Ethiop's, 46.
more is meant than meets the, 121.
of a drowsy man, 30.
of Death, 195.
of Eve, 110.
of him that hears it, 19.
the night's dull, 38.
word of promise to our, 59.
wrong sow by the, 349.
Ears it heard, one, 3.

Earliest at his grave, 285.
light of the morning, 268.
Early and provident fear, 206.
bright, transient, chaste, 155.
death, heaven gives its favourites, 274.
gods, utterance of the, 287.
Ear-piercing fife, 76.
Ears, aged, play truant, 18.
attending, 46.
he that hath, to hear, 324.
in mine ancient, 47.
lend me your, 50.
nailed by the, 129.
noise of water in mine, 41.
of corn, 145.
of flesh and blood, 63.
of the groundling, 66.
polite, 164.
ravished, 130.
same sound is in my, 242.
she gave me, 232.
took captive, 27.
Earth a hell, 270.
a stage, 98.
ancients of the, 81, 299.
any spot of, 246.
best of men that e'er wore, 99.
bleeding piece of, 50.
bowels of the harmless, 33.
bridal of the, 92.
felt the wound, 113.
first flower of the, 264.
forgot and heaven around us, 264.
fragrant the fertile, 110.
giants in the, 310.
girdle round about the, 20.
give him a little, 43.
glory passed from the, 244.
growth of mother, 237.
has no sorrow, 265.
hath bubbles, 52.
heaven on, 108.
heaven tries the, 309.
inhabitants o' the, 52.
insensible, 114.
is a thief, 48.
kindly fruits of the, 328.
lap of, 196.
lards the lean, 33.
lay her i' the, 70.
less of, 260.
lift our low desire from, 276.
made so various, 209.
Earth, man marks the, 275.
model of the barren, 32.
naught beyond, O, 286.
nought so vile that on the, 47.
of majesty, 31.
of the, earthy, 326.
on the bare, 131.
o'erwhelm them, 61.
passing from the, 244.
peace, good will on, 324.
pleasant country's, 32.
poetry of, is never dead, 287.
proudly wears the Parthenon, 303.
salt of the, 322.
so much of, 234.
soaks up the rain, 99.
sovereign'st thing on, 33.
sure and firm-set, 54.
to earth, 329.
truth crushed to, 296.
turf of fresh, 125.
vanities of, 242.
walk the, 110.
way of all the, 310.
which men call, 116.
with her thousand voices, 251.
with orient pearl, 110.
Earth's base built on stubble, 118.
bitter leaven, 238.
noblest thing, 310.
Earthlier happy, 19.
Earthly godfathers, 17.
happier, 28.
hope and heavenly hope, 267.
power show likest God's, 22.
Earthquake and eclipse, 284.
Ease, age of, 201.
and alternate labour, 181.
for aye to dwell, 297.
gentlemen who wrote with, 170.
in mine inn, 34.
in writing, 166.
of heart, 223.
studious of, 149.
with grace, 182.
write with, to show your breeding, 223.
Eased the putting off, 110.
Easiest, move, who have learned to dance, 166.
East, golden window of the, 45.
gorgeous, with richest hand, 104.
Easter-day, sun upon an, 93.

Easy as lying, 67.
to be true, 139.
writing curst hard reading, 223.
Eat and drink, let us, 321.
drink, and be merry, 324.
I cannot, but little meat, 6.
thy cake and have it, 92.
with the devil, 345.
Eaten me out of house and home, 36.
sour grapes, 321.
Eating, appetite comes with, 4.
Eating-time, worn out with, 136.
Eaves, from off the, 121.
Ebony, image of God in, 124.
Ebrew Jew, 34.
Eccentric and centric, 112.
Echo answers, Where, 277.
applaud thee to the very, 58.
of the sad steps, 246.
to the sense, 166.
Echoes, dying, dying, 299.
roll from soul to soul, 299.
Echoing walks, 114.
Eclipse, built in the, 119.
dim, 103.
Eclipsed the gayety of nations, 188.
Ecstasy of love, 64.
to lie in restless, 56.
waked to, the living lyre, 195.
Eden, this other, 31.
through, took their solitary way, 114.
Edge is sharper than the sword, 78.
of appetite, 31.
of battle, 102.
of husbandry, dulls the, 61.
Edged with poplar pale, 122.
Edified, whoe'er was, 210.
Education forms the common mind, 162.
to love her was a liberal, 147.
virtuous and noble, 123.
Educing good, from seeming evil, 182.
Edward, sons of, 41.
Eel of science, 171.
Effect, cause of this, 64.
Eftsoones they heard, 6.
Egeria! sweet creation, 274.
Egg, learned roast an, 170.
Egregiously an ass, 74.
Egypt, brow of, 20.
Egypt's dark sea, 265.
Eld, palsied, 14.
Elder days of Art, 307.
let the woman take an, 28.
Elders, discourse of the, 322.
Electric chain, 273.
Elegant, but not ostentatious, 188.
simplicity, 219.
sufficiency, 181.
Element, creatures of the, 117.
lowering, scowls, 105.
one law, one, 301.
Elements, become our, 105.
dare the, to strife, 277.
I tax not you, 71.
so mixed in him, 52.
war of, 148.
Elephants endorsed with towers, 115.
for want of towns, 145.
Elm, star-proof, 120.
Elms, immemorial, 299.
Eloquence, heavenly, 132.
resistless, 115.
the soul, 105.
to woe, 277.
Eloquent, old man, 122.
Elves, criticising, 207.
whose little eyes, 94.
Elysium, lap it in, 117.
on earth, 262.
whose circuit is, 40.
Emathian conqueror, 122.
Embalmed in tears, 260.
Embattled farmers stood, 303.
Embers, glowing, 121.
Emblem of untimely graves, 211.
Emblems of deeds, 276.
right meet of decency, 191.
Embosomed in the deep, 200.
Embrace me, she inclin'd, 123.
Embryo, chancellor in, 191.
Emelie, up rose, 2.
Eminence, that bad, 104.
Eminent, tax for being, 146.
Emits a brighter ray, 204.
Emperor without his crown, 154.
Empire, course of, 152.
cutpurse of the, 68.
rod of, 195.
star of, 152.
trade's proud, 187.
Empires, whose game was, 280.
Employment, hand of little, 69.
wishing the worst, 155.
Employments, how various his, 211.

Emprise and floure, 3.
Empty boxes, beggarly account of, 48.
cock-loft is, 125.
praise, pudding against, 171.
Empty-vaulted night, 117.
Enamell'd eyes, 119.
Enamour'd, hung over her, 110.
Enchant thine ear, 79.
Enchantment, distance lends, 254.
Enchants the world, 181.
Encompass the tomb, 267.
Encounter, free and open, 124.
of our wits, 40.
End, attempt the, 95.
beginning of our, 20.
beginning of the, 338.
crowns all, 44.
hope to the, 327.
in wand'ring mazes, 105.
of fame, 281.
me no ends, 350.
means unto an, 297.
must justify the means, 143.
original and, 187.
served no private, 164.
to know mine, 313.
End-all, might be the, 53.
Endeavour, too painful an, 163.
Ending, never, still beginning, 131.
Endless night, 193.
Endow a college or a cat, 164.
Ends, neglecting worldly, 10.
of verse, 127.
old odd, 41.
thou aimest at, 43.
Endurance, foresight, 234.
Endure, human hearts, 187.
we first, then pity, 160.
Endured, not to be, 27.
Enemies, naked to mine, 43.
of nations, 210.
shall lick the dust, 314.
Enemy in their mouths, 75.
invention of the, 147.
thing devised by the, 42.
Enemy's dog, 72.
Energy divine, 170.
Engineer hoist with his own petar, 68.
England, mariners of, 255.
martial airs of, 268.
never shall lie at the proud foot of a conqueror, 31.
roast beef of old, 184.
England, slaves cannot breathe in, 210.
this realm, this, 31.
true to itself, 31.
with all her faults, 210.
English, abusing the king's, 12.
air, sweet as, 299.
dead, close the wall up with, 37.
legs, one pair of, 38.
undefyled, well of, 7.
Enjoy your dear wit, 118.
Enough is good as a feast, 344.
verge, for more, 136.
Ensample, this noble, 2.
Ensanguined hearts, 211.
Ensign, beauty's, 48.
imperial, 103, 193.
tattered, 307.
Enskied, and sainted, 13.
Entangling alliances, 219.
Enterprise, life-blood of our, 35.
Enterprises, impediments to great, 80.
of great pith, 66.
Entertained angels, 327.
Entertains the harmless day, 83.
Enthroned in the hearts, 22.
Entire affection hateth, 6.
Entity and quiddity, 126.
Entrance to a quarrel, 61.
Entrances and exits, 25.
Entuned in hire nose, 1.
Envious tongues, 43.
Envy, hatred, and malice, 328.
of less happier lands, 31.
will merit, 166.
withers at another's joy, 181.
Ephesian dome, 146.
Ephesus, dame of, 146.
Epicurus' sty, 204.
Epitaph, no man write my, 257.
Epitaphs, let 's talk of, 32.
Epitome, all mankind's, 132.
Epocha in the history of America, 218.
Equable and pure, 236.
Equal, all men created, 219.
and exact justice, 219.
to all things, 202.
Equity is a roguish thing, 90.
Equivocation of the fiend, 59.
will undo us, 69.
Ercles' vein, 19.
Ere I was old, 252.
Erebus, dark as, 23.

Erect, above himself he can, 84.
Eremites and friars, 108.
Erin, exile of, 256.
Err, they do not, 257.
to, is human, 166.
Erring sister's shame, 276.
spirit hies, 59.
Error, he was guilty of no, 290.
of opinion, 219.
wounded, writhes with pain, 296.
Errors, female, 167.
like straws, 135.
Eruption, bodes some strange, 59.
Eruptions strange in nature, 34.
Escape calumny, shall not, 66.
Eschewed evil, 311.
Estate, fallen from his high, 130.
flies of, 92.
Esteem, to love, to, 251.
Eternal anarchy, 107.
blazon, must not be, 63.
friendship, 230.
frost, that skirt the, 251.
hope springs, 158.
now does always last, 100.
smiles his emptiness betray, 168.
summer gilds them yet, 281.
summer shall not fade, 79.
sunshine settles, 201.
Eternities, two, 262.
Eternity in bondage, 148.
intimates to man, 148.
mourns that, 296.
opes the palace of, 116.
thou pleasing, dreadful, 148.
wander through, 104.
wanderers o'er, 272.
white radiance of, 285.
Ether, ampler, 236.
Ethereal mildness, 180.
Ethiopian change his skin, 321.
Etrurian shades, 102.
Euphrasy and rue, 114.
Europe rings, 123.
Eve, ear of, 110.
fairest of her daughters, 109.
from noon to dewy, 103.
grandmother, 18.
Even, gray-hooded, 116.
such is Time, 339.
ushers in the, 80.
Even-handed justice, 53.
Evening bells, 265.
comment, meek Nature's, 240.
Evening, dews of the, shun, 180.
now came still, 109.
shades prevail, 149.
welcome peaceful, 211.
Evening's close, hie him home at, 196.
Event, far-off divine, 301.
one, happeneth to them all, 318.
Events, coming, 255.
spirits of great, 253.
Ever charming, ever new, 183.
thus from childhood's hour, 262.
Ever-during dark, 107.
gates, open'd wide her, 112.
Everich word, 2.
Everlasting flint, 47.
now, 100.
yawn confess, 172.
Every clime ador'd, 173.
fool will be meddling, 317.
inch a king, 72.
man's work, 326.
one as God made him, 5.
one that hath, 324.
why hath a wherefore, 344.
Everything by starts, 132.
handsome, 17.
time tries the troth in, 4.
Everywhere confess'd, 186.
his place, 99.
Evidence of things not seen, 327.
Evil, be not overcome of, 325.
be thou my good, 108.
communications, 326.
days, though fall'n on, 111.
do, that good may come, 325.
feared God and eschewed, 311.
good, and good evil, 320.
goodness in things, 38.
is wrought by want of thought, 292.
means of, 102.
news rides post, 116.
obscures the show of, 22.
partial, universal good, 159.
report and good report, 326.
root of all, 327.
still educing good from, 182.
sufficient unto the day is the, 323.
that men do lives after them, 50.
vice lost half its, 206.
Evils, less of two, 3, 347.
present, triumph over philosophy, 125.

Example, teaching by, 152.
you with thievery, 48.
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, 44.
Excel, 't is useless to, 190.
unstable, thou shalt not, 310.
Excellence it cannot reach, 181.
Excellent thing in woman, 72.
to have a giant's strength, 14.
Excess of glory obscured, 103.
of light, blasted with, 193.
wasteful and ridiculous, 30.
Exchequer of the poor, 31.
rob me the, 34.
Excrement, general, 48.
Excuse, fault worse by the, 30.
for the glass, 222.
Excus'd his devilish deeds, 109.
Execrable shape, 106.
Execute their airy purposes, 103.
Executes a freeman's will, 284.
Exempt from public haunt, 23.
Exercise, for cure depend on, 133.
Exhalation, like an, 103.
like a bright, 42.
Exhalations of the dawn, 253.
Exhal'd, and went to heaven, 155.
he was, 134.
Exhausted worlds, 186.
Exile of Erin, 256.
Existence, secured in her, 148.
Exits and their entrances, 25.
Expatiate free o'er all this, 158.
Expatiates in a life to come, 158.
Expectation, better bettered, 16.
fails, oft, 27.
makes a blessing dear, 93.
Experience be a jewel, 13.
made him sage, 177.
old, do attain, 121.
tells in every soil, 200.
to make me sad, 26.
Expletives their feeble aid, 165.
Explain a thing till all men doubt, 171.
the asking eye, 169.
Explore the thought, 169.
Expose thyself to feel, 71.
Exposition of sleep, 20.
Express, painting can, 151.
Express'd in fancy, 61.
Expressive silence, 182.
Extend a mother's breath, 169.
Extenuate, nothing, 77.
External ordinances, 188.
Extravagant and erring spirit, 59.
Extreme, few in th', 160.
perplex'd in the, 77.
Extremes by change more fierce, 106.
heard so oft in worst, 102.
in man, 164.
in nature, 164.
Extremity, most dark, 261.
Exultations, agonies, 239.
Eye and prospect of his soul, 17.
apple of his, 310, 313.
behind you, 28.
curtains of thine, 11.
defiance in their, 200.
dissolved in dew, 217.
explain the asking, 169.
fades in his, 147.
fire in each, 167.
for eye, 310.
great task-master's, 122.
harvest of a quiet, 242.
heaven in her, 112.
in a fine frenzy rolling, 20.
in my mind's, 60.
inward, of solitude, 234.
jaundiced, 166.
lack-lustre, 24.
like Mars, 68.
looks with a threatening, 30.
Nature's walks, 158.
negotiate for itself, 16.
not satisfied with seeing, 318.
of a needle, 323.
of day, 3, 122.
of Greece, 115.
of heaven, beauteous, 6, 30.
of nature, 243.
of newt, and toe of frog, 57.
of vulgar light, 263.
one dropping, 60.
peril in thine, 46.
precious seeing to the, 18.
pupil of the, 266.
saw me, it gave witness, 312.
sublime declar'd, 108.
tear in her, 259.
to watch, 264.
twinkling of an, 326.
unborrowed from the, 235.
unforgiving, 222.
was dim and cold, 293.
was in itself a soul, 277.
was on the censer, 308.
where feeling plays, 236.
which hath the merriest, 39.
white wench's black, 47.

Eye will mark our coming, 281.
Eyeballs roll, 122.
Eyebrow, to his mistress', 25.
Eyelids of the morn, 119.
weigh down my, 36.
Eyes are dim, 242.
are homes of silent prayer, 300.
are in his mind, 253.
dear as these, 141.
death within mine, 41.
drink to me only with thine, 85.
dying, were clos'd, 174.
happiness through another man's, 26.
hath not a Jew, 22.
history in a nation's, 195.
lids of Juno's, 29.
light in woman's, 264.
like stars, 63.
look your last, 48.
love looks not with, 19.
make pictures, 253.
man with large gray, 232.
not a friend to close his, 131.
of sentiment, 308.
poorly satisfy our, 83.
rain influence, 120.
reflecting gems, 41.
severe, and beard of formal cut, 25.
she gave me, 232.
show his, and grieve his heart, 57.
sought the west afar, 257.
soul sitting in thine, 121.
speculation in those, 56.
the break of day, 15.
the glow-worm lend the, 94.
to the blind, 312.
unto dying, 299.
were made for seeing, 303.
which spake, 272.
with his half-shut, 167.
Eyesight, treasure of his, 45.
Eyne, with pink, 77.

Fabric, baseless, of this vision, 11.
huge, rose like an exhalation, 103.
Face, continuall comfort in a, 7.
divine, human, 107.
familiar with her, 160.
garden in her, 82.
give me a, 85.
hides a shining, 215.
Face, in her, excuse, 113.
in his morning, 202.
is as a book, 53.
labour bears a lovely, 99.
like the milky way, 94.
look on her, 167.
man had fixed his, 237.
mind's construction in the, 53.
music breathing from her, 277.
music of her, 96.
of heaven so fine, 47.
of joy, we wear, 242.
one beloved, 278.
pardoned all except her, 282.
shining morning, 25.
some awful moment, 243.
sweat of thy, 310.
ten commandments in your, 39, 348.
that launched a thousand ships, 9.
that makes simplicity a grace, 85.
transmitter of a foolish, 180.
truth has such a, 133.
umbered, 38.
visit her, too roughly, 60.
Faces, dusk, with turbans, 115.
of the poor, 320.
old familiar, 249.
sea of upturned, 268.
Facing fearful odds, 294.
Facts are stubborn things, 199, 344.
imagination for his, 223.
Faculties, hath borne his, 54.
infinite in, 64.
Faculty divine, 245.
Fade, all that 's bright must, 264.
as a leaf, 321.
Faded like the morning dew, 255.
Fades o'er the waters blue, 270.
Fading honours of the dead, 257.
Faery elves, 104.
of the mine, 117.
Fail, if we should, 54.
never, who die in a great cause, 280.
no such word as, 291.
not for sorrow, 301.
we will not, 54.
Failed the bright promise, 266.
Failing, every, but their own, 276.
Failings leaned to virtue's side, 201
Fails, oft expectation, 27.
Fain would I climb, 8.
Faint and fear to live alone 289.
heart ne'er won, 344.

Fair as a star, 233.
gift for my, 191.
good-night, 259.
humanities, 253.
is foul, 52.
is she not passing, 12.
laughs the morn, 194.
none but the brave deserve the, 130.
Science frowned not, 196.
spoken, and persuading, 44.
to fair he flew, 259.
undress, best dress, 182.
women and brave men, 272.
Faire, to bud out, 6.
Fairer spirit conveyed, 176.
than the evening air, 9.
Fairest of her daughters Eve, 109.
Fairies' midwife, 45.
Fairy fiction drest, 194.
hands their knell is rung, 198.
takes, nor witch, 59.
Faith and hope, 161.
and morals which Milton held, 239.
has centre everywhere, 300.
I have kept the, 327.
in honest doubt, 301.
in some nice tenets, 99.
in womankind, 300.
is half confounded, 197.
is the substance of things [illegible]ped for, 327.
modes of, 161.
of many made for one, 16 [illegible]
of reason, 253.
plain and simple, 51.
pure-eyed, 117.
ripened into, 246.
we walk by, not by sight, 326.
work of, 327.
Faith's defender, 179.
Faithful among the faithless, 111.
dog shall bear him company, 158.
in action, 164.
unto death, be thou, 328.
Falcon, towering in her pride, 55.
Falcons, hopes like towering, 143.
Fall, it had a dying, 28.
needs fear no, 137.
of a sparrow, 70.
successive, 175.
though free to, 107.
what a, was there, 51.
Fallen, be for ever, 103.
from his high estate, 130.
into the sear, the yellow leaf, 58.
Lucifer, how art thou, 321.
on evil days, 111.
Falling in melody back, 251.
with a falling state, 174.
Falling-off was there, 63.
Fallings from us, vanishings, 244.
Falls as the leaves do, 87.
like Lucifer, 43.
False and fleeting as 't is fair, 267.
and hollow, all was, 104.
as dicers' oaths, 68.
fires, kindles, 243.
fugitive, 106.
philosophy, 105.
science betray'd, 209.
would'st not play, 53.
Falsehood, a goodly outside, 21.
can endure, 110.
heart for, framed, 222.
under saintly shew, 108.
Falstaff sweats to death, 33.
Falter not for sin, 301.
Fame, blush to find it, 169.
cover his high, 89.
damned to, 162, 171.
elates the, 263.
fool to, 168.
great heir of, 122.
hard to climb the steep of, 208.
honest, grant me, 123.
is no plant, 119.
is the spur, 119.
martyrdom of, 278.
on lesser ruins, 98.
outlives in, 146.
rage for, 217.
unknown, 196.
what is the end of, 281.
Fame's eternal bead-roll, 7.
proud temple, 208.
Familiar as his garter, 37.
be thou, 61.
beast to man, 12.
beauty grows, 147.
but not coarse, 188.
faces, old, 249.
friend, mine own, 329.
in his mouth, 38.
in their mouths, 38.
with her face, 160.
with his hoary locks, 288.

Familiarity, upon, will grow more contempt, 12.
Families of yesterday, 142.
Famine should be filled, 106.
Famous by my sword, 101.
found myself, 283.
to all ages, 124.
victory, 248.
Fan me while I sleep, 210.
with his lady's, 33.
Fancies, men's more giddy, 28.
thick-coming, 58.
Fancy, bright-eyed, 193.
chuckle, 137.
fed, hope is theirs by, 192.
free, 20.
his imperial, 229.
home-bound, 296.
like the finger of a clock, 211.
most excellent, 69.
motives of more, 27.
not expressed in, 61.
reason, virtue, 182.
sweet and bitter, 26.
whispers of, 187.
Fancy's course, impediments in, 27.
meteor ray, 225.
rays the hills adorning, 225.
Fanny's, pretty, way, 152.
Fantasies, thousand, 116.
Fantastic as a woman's mood, 260.
summer's heat, 31.
toe, light, 120.
toys, painted trifles and, 197.
Fantasy, vain, 46.
Fantasy's hot fire, 258.
Far above the Great, 193.
as angel's ken, 102.
as the solar walk, 158.
from gay cities, 175.
less sweet to live with them, 264.
off his coming shone, 111.
Fardels bear, who would, 65.
Fare thee well! and if for ever, 278.
Farewell, a long farewell, 43.
a word that must be, 275.
content, 76.
for ever and for ever, 52.
goes out sighing, 44.
happy fields, 102.
hope, fear, remorse, 108.
I only feel, 269.
that fatal word, 277.
the neighing steed, 76.
Farewell the plumed troop, 76.
the tranquil mind, 76.
to thee, Araby's daughter, 262.
Farewells to the dying, 306.
Far-off divine event, 301.
Farre stretched greatness, 8.
Fashion, glass of, 66.
high Roman, 78.
of these times, 24.
of this world, 326.
wears out more apparel, 16.
Fashion's brightest arts, 202.
Fashioned so slenderly, 291.
Fashioneth their hearts alike, 303.
Fast and loose, 344.
by a brook, 209.
by the oracle of God, 102.
by their native shore, 214.
in fires, confined to, 62.
spare, 121.
Fasten him as a nail, 321.
Fasting for a good man's love, 26.
Fat contentions, 123.
dividends, incarnation of, 302.
men about me that are, 49.
more, than bard beseems, 182.
oily man of God, 182.
oxen, who drives, 188.
things, feast of, 321.
weed on Lethe wharf, 63.
Fatal and perfidious bark, 119.
bell-man, 55.
gift of beauty, 273.
Fate and wish agree, 258.
armour against, 95.
bond of, 57.
book of, 158.
cries out, 62.
cursed his, 359.
fixed, freewill, 105.
forced by, 135.
he either fears his, 101.
itself could awe, 147.
man meets his, 155.
of Rome, big with the, 147.
of mighty monarchs, 181.
seemed to wind him up, 136.
stamp of, 175.
storms of, 174.
take a bond of, 57.
to conquer our, 256.
torrent of his, 186.
Fates, masters of their, 49.
Father and my Friend, 137.
antic the law, 32.

Father feeds his flocks, 199.
hoarding, went to hell, 40.
no more like my, 60.
of all ! in every age, 173.
of the man, 232.
to that thought, 37.
wise, that knows his own child, 21.
Fatherly, lift it up, 309.
Fathom five, 11.
line could never touch, 33.
Fattest hog in Epicurus' sty, 204.
Fault, condemn the, 14.
excusing of a, 30.
grows two thereby, 92.
he that does one, 150.
hide the, 173.
just hint a, 168.
seeming monstrous, 25.
stars more in, 143.
Faultless monster, 140.
piece to see, 165.
Faults, best men moulded out of, 85.
blind to her, 142.
lie gently on him, 43.
thou hast no, 144.
to scan, 201.
vile ill-favour'd, 13.
with all her, 208.
with all thy, 210.
Favour, to this, she must come, 69.
Favourite has no friend, 197.
to be a prodigal's, 243.
Favourites early death, heaven gives its, 274.
Favours, hangs on princes', 43.
secret, sweet, and precious, 224.
Fawne and crouch, 8.
Fawning, thrift may follow, 66.
Fayre and fetisly, 1.
Fear and Bloodshed, 243.
early and provident, 206.
God ! honour the King, 328.
is affront, and jealousy injustice, 153.
of God before their eyes, 325.
o' Hell 's a hangman's whip, 225.
thy nature, 53.
to live alone, 289.
Fearful summons, 59.
Fearfully and wonderfully made, 315.
Fears and saucy doubts, 56.
do make us traitors, 57.
Fears his fate too much, 101.
of the brave, 186.
our hopes belied our, 291.
present, 52.
to beat away, 236.
Feast, enough is good as a, 344.
going to a, 85.
gorgeous, 118.
imagination of a, 31.
of Crispian, 38.
of fat things, 321.
of languages, 19.
of nectar'd sweets, 118.
of reason, 169.
Feasting, house of, 319.
presence full of light, 48.
Feather, a wit 's a, chief a rod, 161.
is wafted downwards, 306.
of his own, espied, 101.
that adorns the royal bird, 341.
waft a, or to drown a fly, 154.
whence the pen, 241.
Feats of broil and battle, 73.
Feature, cheated of, 40.
so scented the grim, 114.
Features, homely, 118.
Fed of the dainties, 18.
show myself highly, 27.
Fee the doctor, 133.
Feeble, forcible, 36.
woman's breast, 236.
Feed fat the ancient grudge, 21.
his sacred flame, 251.
on hope, 8.
on prayers, 82.
Feeder, blasphemes his, 118.
Feel and to possess, 271.
another's woe, 173.
by a kick, 128.
like one who treads alone, 265.
that I am happier, 112.
to hear, to see, to, 271.
your honour grip, 225.
Feeling deeper than all thought, 302.
hearts touch them but rightly, 231.
of his business, 69.
of sadness, 306.
Feelings, great, came to them, 288.
to mortal given, 260.
unemploy'd, 276.
Feels at each thread, 159.
meanest thing that, 235.
the noblest, acts the best, 297.

Fees, flowing, 123.
Feet, bar my constant, 182.
beneath her petticoat, 93.
close about his, 288.
like snails, did creep, 94.
many-twinkling, 193.
nail'd on the bitter cross, 32.
standing with reluctant, 305.
through faithless leather, 157.
to the foe, 255.
to the lame, 312.
Feinen thinges, 2.
Felicitie, what more, 7.
Felicity, our own we make, 187.
Fell, Doctor, I do not love thee, 142.
like autumn fruit, 136.
like stars, 254.
purpose, 53.
Fellow, dies an honest, 87.
in a market town, 217.
in the firmament, 50.
mad, met me, 35.
many a good tall, 33.
no feeling of his business, 69.
of infinite jest, 69.
of no mark, 34.
that hath had losses, 17.
that hath two gowns, 17.
there 's a lean, 99.
want of it the, 161.
with the best king, 213.
Fellow-fault to match it, 25.
Fellow-feeling, 198.
Fellows of the baser sort, 325.
young, will be young, 208.
Fellowship, right hands of, 326.
Felony to drink small beer, 39.
Felt along the heart, 235.
in the blood, 235.
the halter draw, 221.
Female errors fall, 167.
for one fair, 133.
of sex it seems, 116.
Fence, cunning in, 29.
dazzling, 118.
Fens, bogs, dens, 106.
Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, 151.
Fever, after life's fitful, 56.
of the world, 235.
Fevered blood, 260.
Few and far between, 255.
are chosen, 323.
die, and none resign, 219.
in th' extreme, 160.
plain rules, 239.
Few strong instincts, 239.
Fiat justitia ruat cœlum, 334.
Fib, destroy his, 168.
Fibs, tell you no, 204.
Fickle as a dream, 260.
fierce, and vain, 260.
Fico for the phrase, 12.
Fiction, fairy, drest, 194.
truth stranger than, 283.
Fie, fah, and fum, 71.
on possession, 2.
Field, ample, 158.
and flood, 73.
back to the, 255.
be lost, what though the, 102.
flower of the, 315.
in the tented, 73.
lilies of the, 323.
six Richmonds in the, 42.
squadron in the, 72.
Fields and dales, 9.
babbled of green, 37.
belov'd in vain, 192.
better to hunt in, 133.
farewell happy, 102.
out of old, 3.
raw in, 133.
show'd how, were won, 201.
Fiend angelical, 47.
equivocation of the, 59.
frightful, 250.
Fiends, juggling, 59.
Fierce as ten furies, 106.
democratie, 115.
repentance, 181.
Fiercer by despair, 104.
Fiery soul working its way, 131.
floods, to bathe in, 14.
Pegasus, 35.
Fife, ear-piercing, 76.
wry-neck'd, 22.
Fig for care, and a fig for woe, 83.
Fight again, those that fly may, 129.
an other daie, 332.
famoused for, 79.
for such a land, 259.
I dare not, 37.
the good fight, 327.
Fighting, for want of, 127.
Fights and runs away, 333.
by my side, soldier who, 263.
Fig-tree, under his, 322.
Figure, for the time of scorn, 76.
the thing we like, we, 296.
Filches from me my good name, 75.

Files, foremost, of time, 298.
Fillip me with a three-man beetle, 36.
Fill the fife, 261.
Filled with fury, 198.
sails and streamers waving, 116.
Fills the air around with beauty, 273.
Filthy lucre, 327.
Final goal of ill, 300.
Finds the down pillow hard, 78.
Fine by defect, 163.
by degrees, 143.
frenzy rolling, 20.
puss-gentleman, 213.
words! wonder where you stole 'em, 145.
Finer form, or lovelier face, 259.
Finger of a clock, 211.
slow and moving, 76.
unmoving, 76.
Fingers rude, 119.
Finished my course, 327.
Fire answers fire, 38.
beds of raging, 106.
burned, while I was musing the, 313.
coals of, 317, 325.
from the mind, 272.
in antique Roman urns, 214.
in each eye, 167.
little, kindleth, 327.
little, quickly trodden out, 40.
muse of, 37.
one, burns out another's, 45.
purge off the baser, 104.
shirt of, 304.
souls made of, 157.
stood against my, 72.
three removes bad as a, 185.
uneffectual, 63.
who can hold a, 31.
yreken in our ashen cold, 2.
Fired the Ephesian dome, 146.
that the house rejects him, 168.
Fires, confin'd to fast in, 62.
kindles false, 243.
live their wonted, 196.
of ruin glow, 254.
Fireside happiness, 231.
Firm concord holds, 105.
Firmament, no fellow in the, 50.
now glow'd the, 109.
o'erhanging, 64.
pillar'd, 118.
showeth his handywork, 313.
Firm-set earth, 54.
First by whom the new are tried, 165.
flower of the earth, 264.
gem of the sea, 264.
in war, first in peace, 228.
to fade away, 262.
true gentleman, 99.
who came away, 281.
Fir-trees dark and high, 292.
Fish, all that cometh to net, 4.
nor flesh, 346.
ye 're buying, 292.
Fishes gnaw'd upon, 41.
live in the sea, 79.
that tipple, 96.
Fishified, how art thou, 47.
Fish-like smell, 11.
Fist instead of a stick, 126.
Fit audience, though few, 111.
Fit 's upon me now, 89.
Fits, 't was sad by, 198.
Fittest place where man can die, 290.
Five fathom under the Rialto, 279.
hundred friends, 211.
reasons why men drink, 139.
words long, 299.
Fix itself to form, 300.
Fixed fate, free will, 105.
figure, 76.
like a plant, 160.
Flag, death's pale, 48.
has braved a thousand years, 255.
of our Union, 295.
Flame, adding fuel to the, 116.
nurse a, 256.
that lit the battle's wreck, 286.
Flames, paly, 38.
Flanders, our armies swore terribly in, 191.
received our yoke, 100.
Flash and outbreak, 64.
those sparks, 178.
Flashes of merriment, 69.
Flat burglary, 17.
despair, 104.
sea sunk, 117.
that 's, 18, 35.
Flattered, being then most, 50.
to tears, 286.
Flatterers besieg'd, 168.
he hates, 50.
Flattering painter, 202.
tale, 286.
Flattery 's the food of fools, 145.

Flattery lost on Poet's ear, 257.
to name a coward, 232.
Flea has smaller fleas, 145.
Fled murmuring, 110.
Fleeting and false, 267.
good, 200.
show, the world is all a, 265.
Flesh and Blood can't bear it, 179.
and the devil, 328.
how art thou fishified, 47.
is grass, 321.
is heir to, 65.
is weak, 324.
nor herring, 346.
too solid, 60.
unpolluted, 70.
weariness of the, 320.
will quiver, 157.
Flies an eagle flight, 48.
of estate, 92.
with swallow's wings, 41.
Flight of ages, 254.
of common souls, 199.
of future days, 105.
soonest take their, 141.
Flighty purpose, 57.
Fling away ambition, 43.
but a stone, 178.
Flint, everlasting, 47.
snore upon the, 78.
Flinty and steel couch, 74.
Flirtation, significant word, 180.
Float double, swan and shadow, 239.
upon the wings of silence, 117.
Floating bulwark, 207.
Flock, however watched, 306.
Flocks, father feeds his, 199.
Flood and field, 73.
leap into this angry, 49.
seems motionless, 238.
taken at the, 51.
Floods, bathe in fiery, 14.
Floor nicely sanded, 202.
of Heaven, 23.
Flour of wifly patience, 2.
Floure of floures, 3.
Floures in the mede, 3.
white and rede, 3.
Flourish in immortal youth, 148.
Flow like thee, 98.
of soul, 169.
Flower born to blush unseen, 195.
bright consummate, 111.
bright golden, 118.
every, enjoys the air, 242.
Flower, every leaf and every, 111.
man a, he dies, 186.
meanest, that blows, 245.
of glorious beauty, 136.
of sweetest smell, 238.
of the field, 315.
offered in the bud, 150.
prove a beauteous, 46.
safety, 33.
sculptured, 296.
that smiles to-day, 94.
Flowre, no daintie, 6.
Floweret of the vale, 196.
Flowers and fruits of love, 280.
appear on the earth, 320.
are lovely, 252.
awake to the, 263.
baptism o'er the, 95.
bitter o'er the, 270.
chalic'd, 78.
have their time to wither, 286.
of all hue, 108.
purple with vernal, 119.
shut of evening, 113.
spring unlocks the, 267.
that skirt the eternal frost, 251.
to feed on, 7.
Flow'ry meads in May, 90.
Flowing cups, freshly remember'd in their, 38.
fees, and fat contentions, 123.
limb in pleasure drowns, 182.
Flown with insolence, 103.
Flows all that charms, 252.
in fit words, 132.
Flung rose, flung odours, 112.
Flutes and soft recorders, 103.
Flutter'd your Volscians, 45.
Fly betimes, 89.
for those that, 129, 332.
not yet, 263.
that sips treacle, 177.
to drown a, 154.
Flying-chariot, 216.
Foam is amber, 98.
on the river, 260.
Foe, ever sworn the, 230.
feet to the, 255.
insolent, 73.
let in the, 115.
manly, 230.
overcome but half his, 103.
they come, they come, 272.
to love, unrelenting, 183.
Foemen worthy of their steel, 260.

Foes, long-inveterate, 133.
thrice he routed all his, 130.
Fog or fire, by lake or fen, 117.
Fold, wolf on the, 278.
Folding of the hands, 316.
Folio, volumes in, 18.
Folk to gon on pilgrimages, 1.
Folks, unhappy, on shore, 248.
Follies of the wise, 186.
Follow as the night the day, 61.
so fast they, 69.
Following his plough, 235.
Folly as it flies, 158.
grow romantic, 163.
into sin, 261.
is all they 've taught me, 264.
's at full length, 153.
loves the martyrdom, 278.
mirth glide into, 261.
shunn'st the noise of, 121.
to be wise, 192.
wherein you spend your, 88.
woman stoops to, 203.
Fond hope of many nations, 274.
imagination, 239.
Memory brings, 265.
of humble things, 149.
to rule alone, 168.
Fondest hopes decay, 262.
Fondness, weep in, 140.
Fontarabian echoes borne, 259.
Food, are of love the, 113.
convenient for me, 318.
crops the flowery, 158.
for powder, 35.
human nature's daily, 234.
minds not craving for, 223.
of bitter fancy, 26.
of fools, flattery 's the, 145.
of love, 28.
of sweetly uttered knowledge, 8.
pined and wanted, 232.
Fool at forty, 157.
at thirty, 154.
counted wise, 317.
every inch that is not, 132.
hath said in his heart, 313.
in a mortar, 318.
laughter of a, 319.
me to the top of my bent, 67.
more hope of a, 318.
more knave than, 10.
now and then be right, 213.
of nature stood, 132.
outlives in fame the pious, 146.
Fool resolved to live, 88.
smarts so little as a, 168.
to fame, 168.
to make me merry, 26.
who thinks by force or skill, 153.
will be meddling, 317.
with judges, 213.
Fooled with hope, 136.
Foolery governs the world, 91.
Fools admire, 166.
are my theme, 269.
ever since the conquest, 138.
food of, 145.
for arguments use wagers, 128.
for forms of government contest, 161.
make a mock at sin, 316.
men may live, 155.
money of, 90.
never-failing vice of, 165.
of nature, 62.
paradise of, 108, 223, 347.
rush in where angels fear, 166.
shame the, 168.
suckle, 74.
supinely stay, 223.
that crowd thee so, 100.
the way to dusty death, 58.
they are, who roam, 185.
thus we play the, 36.
who came to scoff, 201.
young men think old men, 342.
Foot and hand go cold, 6.
Chancellor's, 90.
for foot, hand for hand, 310.
has music in 't, 217.
is on my native heath, 261.
more light, 259.
of time, 27, 254.
so light a, 47.
Footprints on the sands, 305.
Footsteps in the sea, 215.
For of all sad words, 302.
Forbearance ceases to be a virtue, 205.
Force of Nature could no further go, 134.
of the crown, 189.
who overcomes by, 103.
Forc'd from their homes, 200.
Forcible are right words, 312.
Feeble, 36.
Forcibly if we must, 230.
Fordoes or makes me quite, 77.
Forefathers of the hamlet, 194.

Forefinger of all time, 299.
of an alderman, 45.
Foregone conclusion, 76.
Forehead, god-like, 244.
of the morning sky, 119.
Foreheads, villanous, 11.
Foreknowledge, absolute, 105.
Forelock, from his parted, 109.
Foremost files of time, 298.
man of all this world, 51.
Fore-spent night of sorrow, 97.
Forest by slow stream, 253.
pacing through the, 26.
primeval, 306.
Forests are rended, 260.
Forest-side or fountain, 104.
For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove, 183.
known to be, 99.
singing, 149.
still for ever, 278.
Forfeit once, all the souls that were, 14.
Forget all time, with thee conversing, 109.
my sovereign, 216.
never, never can, 291.
the human race, 274.
thee, O Jerusalem, 315.
Forgetful to entertain strangers, 327.
Forgetfulness, dumb, 195.
not in entire, 244.
steep my senses in, 36.
Forget-me-nots of the angels, 306.
Forgive, divine to, 166.
the crime, 254.
Forgiveness to the injured, 135.
Forgot for which he toil'd, 79.
Forgotten dream, 236.
the inside of a church, 34.
Forked radish, 37.
Forlorn hic jacet, 238.
Formal cut, beard of, 25.
Form and feature, outward, 253.
mould of, 66.
of life and light, 276.
Formed by thy converse, 162.
Forms of ancient poets, 253.
of government, 161.
of things unknown, 20.
that once have been, 305.
unseen, their dirge is sung, 198.
Forsake me, do not, 137.
Forsaken, when he is, 292.
Forsworn, sweetly were, 15.
Fortress built by nature, 31.
Fortune, for ever, wilt thou prove, 183.
hostages to, 80.
I care not, 182.
leads on to, 51.
means most good, 30.
prey at, 75.
railed on Lady, 24.
sling and arrows of outrageous, 65.
with threatening eye, 30.
Fortune's buffets, 66.
cap, 64.
champion, 30.
finger, 67.
ice prefers, 131.
power, not now in, 127.
sharpe adversitie, 3.
Fortunes, battles, sieges, 73.
manners with, 163.
pride fell with my, 23.
Forward and frolic glee, 260.
Forty feeding like one, 234.
fool at, 157.
parson power, 283.
pounds a year, 201.
Foster-child of silence, 287.
Fou for weeks thegither, 223.
Fought a good fight, 327.
all his battles o'er again, 130.
Foul deeds will rise, 61.
is fair, 52.
Foules maken melodie, 1.
Found myself famous, 283.
only on the stage, 282.
out a gift for my fair, 197.
Found'st me poor, 202.
Fount of joy's delicious springs, 270.
Fountain, broken at the, 320.
heads and pathless groves, 88.
hither, as to their, 119.
is springing, 278.
of sweet tears, 232.
troubled, 27.
Fountain's murmuring wave, 209.
silvery column, 251.
Four rogues in buckram, 34.
Fourteen hundred years ago, 32.
Foutra for the world, 37.
Fowl, tame villatic, 11.
Foxes have holes, 323.
that spoil the vines, 320.
Fragments, gather up the, 325.
of a once glorious Union, 267-8.

Fragrance after showers, 110.
Fragrant the fertile earth, 110.
Frail a thing is man, 341.
Frailties from their dread abode, 196.
Frailty, thy name is woman, 60.
Frame, stirs this mortal, 251.
this goodly, 64.
Framed to make women false, 74.
France, threatening, 133.
Frauds and holy shifts, 128.
Free as nature, 135.
livers on a small scale, 269.
nature's grace, 182.
or die, 239.
to fall, 107.
who would be, must strike, 271.
will, fixed fate, 105.
Freed his soul, 187.
Freedom has a thousand charms, 213.
in my love, 96.
of person, freedom of religion, freedom of the press, 219.
only deals the deadly blow, 230.
shrieked as Kosciusko fell, 254.
Freedom to worship God, 286.
Freedom's battle, once begun, 276.
cause, 248.
hallowed shade, 230.
holy flame, 193.
Freeman's will, 284.
Freemen, corrupted, 198.
who rules o'er, 188.
Freeze thy young blood, 63.
Frenche she spake ful fayre, 1.
of Paris, 1.
Frenchmen, three, 38.
Frenzy rolling, 20.
Frenzy's fevered blood, 260.
Fresh as a bridegroom, 33.
gales and gentle airs, 112.
woods and pastures, 119.
Freshly ran he on, 136.
Fret thy soul, 8.
Fretful stir unprofitable, 236.
Fretted the pygmy body, 131.
vault, 195.
with golden fire, 64.
Friars and eremites, 108.
Friend after friend departs, 253.
as you choose a, 137.
departed, 134.
favourite has no, 192.
house to lodge a, 145.
Friend in my retreat, 213.
is such a, 215.
knolling a departed, 36.
mine own familiar, 329.
of every friendless name, 186.
of my better days, 304.
of pleasure, wisdom's aid, 198.
of woe, 247.
philosopher and, 162.
sticketh closer than a, 317.
thou art not my, 303.
to close his eyes, 131.
to my life, 168.
to Roderick, 260.
to truth, 164.
who hath not lost a, 253.
who lost no, 164.
wounds of a, 318.
Friendless name, 186.
Friendliest to sleep, 111.
Friendly, show himself, 317.
Friend's infirmities, 51.
Friends, adversity of our, 125.
are exultations, 239.
backing of your, 33.
cast off his, 203.
dear five hundred, 211.
defend me from my, 338.
enter on my list of, 212.
house of my, 322.
never-failing, 248.
old, are best, 90.
out of sight, we lose, 289.
request of, 168.
Romans, countrymen, 50.
three firm, 252.
to congratulate their, 133.
troops of, 58.
Friendship but a name, 203.
cement of the soul, 180.
constant save in love, 16.
generous, no cold medium knows, 175.
is a sheltering tree, 252.
might divide, 174.
swear an eternal, 230.
with all nations, 219.
Friendship's laws, 175.
name, speak to thee in, 265.
Frightful fiend, 250.
Frights the isle, 74.
Fringed curtains of thine eye, 11.
with fire, 300.
Frog, thus use your, 91.
toe of, 57.

Frolics, youth of, 163.
From Thee, Great God, 187.
Front, fair large, 108.
me no fronts, 350.
of battle lour, 226.
of Jove, 68.
of my offending, 73.
Fronts bore stars, 245.
Frore burns the air, 105.
Frost, a killing frost, 43.
curdled by the, 45.
skirt the eternal, 231.
Frosts, encroaching, 151.
Frosty but kindly, 24.
Caucasus, 31.
Frown at pleasure, 156.
Frowning Providence, 215.
Froze the genial current, 195.
Frozen by distance, 238.
Frugal mind, 214.
swain, 199.
Fruit, like Autumn, 136.
like ripe, thou drop, 114.
of that forbidden tree, 101.
that mellowed long, 136.
the ripest, first falls, 31.
tree known by his, 323.
Fruitless crown, 55.
Fruit-tree tops, 46.
Fruits of love are gone, 280.
Fuel to the flame, 116.
Fugitive and cloistered virtue, 124.
Ful wel she sange, 1.
Full age, to thy grave in a, 312.
fathom five, 11.
many a flower, 195.
many a gem, 195.
of goodly prospect, 123.
of sound and fury, 58.
of strange oaths, 25.
of sweet days, 92.
of wise saws, 25.
on thy bloom, 224.
twenty times was Peter feared, 237.
well the busy whisper, 202.
well they laugh'd, 202.
without o'erflowing, 97.
Fulmin'd over Greece, 115.
Fuming vanities of earth, 240.
Fun grew fast and furious, 224
think he 's all, 308.
Funeral bak'd meats, 102.
marches to the grave, 304.
mirth in, 60.
Funeral note, not a drum was heard, not a, 287.
Funny as I can, 308.
Furies, harpy-footed, 106.
Furnace, sighing like, 25.
Further off from heaven, 292.
Fury, filled with, 198.
from your eyes, 178.
like a woman scorned, 151.
of a patient man, 132.
with the abhorred shears, 119
Fust in us unused, 69.
Fustian 's so sublimely bad, 168.
Future favours, sense of, 149.
prophets of the, 283.

Gadding vine, 119.
Gain or lose it all, 101.
the timely inn, 56.
the whole world, 323.
to die is, 326.
Gale, catch the driving, 160.
note that swells the, 196.
partake the, 162.
passion is the, 160.
Gales and gentle airs, 112.
that from ye blow, 192.
Galilean lake, 119.
Galileo with his woes, 273.
Gall enough in thy ink, 29.
Gallant, gay Lothario, 151.
Gallantry with politics, 223.
Gallery critics, 210.
Galligaskins, long withstood, 151.
Galls his kibe, 69.
Game, pleasure of the, 143.
rigour of the, 249.
was empires, 280.
Gang aft a-gley, 224.
a kennin' wrang, 224.
Gaping age, 302.
Garden, loves a greenhouse too, 211.
in her face, 82.
the first, 100.
was a wild, 255.
Gardens trim, 121.
Garish sun, worship to the, 47.
Garland and singing robes, 123.
of the war, 10.
to the sweetest maid, 176.
Garlands dead, 265.
Garment of praise, 321.
Garments, his vacant, 30.
Garret, born in the, 278.

Garret, nature never put her jewels into a, 81.
Gars auld claes, 227.
me greet, 223.
Garter, familiar as his, 37.
mine host of the, 12.
Garters, gold, amuse, 160.
Garth did not write his own Dispensary, 166.
Gashed with honourable scars, 255.
Gate of Eden, 262.
what boots it at one, 115.
Gates ever-during, 112.
of light unbarred, 111.
of mercy shut, 195.
Gath, tell it not in, 311.
Gather to the eyes, 299.
up the fragments, 325.
ye rosebuds, 94.
Gathered every vice, 122.
Gatherer and disposer, 83.
Gathering her brows, 223.
Caudy, rich, not, 61.
Gave his body to that pleasant country's earth, 32.
his father grief, 174.
sign of gratulation, 112.
the word of onset, 239.
us nobler loves, 243.
Gay and ornate, 116.
from grave to, 162.
gilded scenes, 149.
grandsire, 200.
hope is theirs, 192.
innocent as, 155.
Lothario, 151.
Gayety of nations, 188.
Gayly the Troubadour, 289.
Gaze and show, 59.
Gazed, still they, 202.
Gazelle, nursed a dear, 262.
Gem of purest ray serene, 195.
of the sea, 264.
Gems, eyes reflecting, 41.
rich and rare were the, 263.
the starry girdle, 255.
Generalities, glittering, 293.
Generation passeth away, 318.
Generations, honourable men in their, 322.
Generous and free, 144.
friendship, 175.
Genial current of the soul, 195.
morn appears, 255.
Genius, bane of all, 284.
Genius, parting, is with sighing sent, 122.
which can perish, 278.
Genteel in personage, 144.
Gentil dedes, 2.
that doth gentil dedes, 2.
Gentilman, the gretest, 2.
Gentle airs, 112.
and low her voice, 72.
dulness ever loves a joke, 171.
his life was, 52.
lights without a name, 94.
limbs did she undress, 250.
shepherd, tell me where, 184.
though retired, 223.
yet not dull, 98.
Gentleman and scholar, 225.
first true, 99.
grand old name of, 301.
prince of darkness is a, 71.
who was then the, 335.
Gentlemen, God Almighty's, 132, 155.
of the shade, 32.
two single, in one, 228.
who wrote with ease, 170.
Gently, not smiting it, 307.
scan your brother man, 224.
Geographers in Afric maps, 145.
George, if his name be, 29.
the Third was king, 281.
German to the matter, 70.
Gestic lore, 200.
Get money, boy, 86.
place and wealth, 169.
thee behind me, 323.
understanding, 316.
Getting and spending, 237.
Ghost, beckoning, 174.
like an ill-used, 180.
of him, I'll make a, 62.
stubborn unlaid, 117.
there needs no, 63.
vex not his, 72.
Ghosts of defunct bodies, 126.
Giant dies, as when a, 14.
dies, fling but a stone the, 178.
dwarf on the shoulders of a, 253.
mass, baby figure of the, 44.
Giant's strength excellent, 14.
Giants in the earth, 310.
Gibber, squeak and, 59.
Gibbets keep in awe, 157.
unloaded all the, 35.

Gibes, where be your, 69.
Giddy and unfirm, 28.
Gift for my fair, 191.
horse in the mouth, 346.
last best, 110.
of beauty, 273.
of fortune, 16.
of heaven, 164.
of noble origin, 239.
which God has given, 258.
Giftie gie us, 224.
Gifts and dispensations, 128.
Gild refined gold, 30.
the vernal morn, 216.
Gilead, balm in, 321.
Gill shall dance, 90.
Gilpin, long live he, 214.
Gilt, dust that is a little, 44.
o'erdusted, 44.
Ginger hot in the mouth, 28.
Girdle round about the earth, 20.
Girl graduates, 299.
Girls, again be courted in your, 340.
between two, 39.
that are so smart, 144.
Girt with golden wings, 117.
Give a cup of water, 288.
an inch he 'll take an ell, 344.
every man thine ear, 61.
his little senate laws, 168.
him a little earth, 43.
it an understanding, 61.
me a cigar, 280.
me a look, 85.
me again my hollow tree, 169.
me but what this riband bound, 100.
me liberty or death, 218.
me neither poverty nor riches, 318.
me ocular proof, 76.
more blessed to, 325.
sorrow words, 57.
thee all—I can no more, 227.
thee sixpence, 230.
their readers sleep, 121.
Given, to him that hath shall be, 324.
unsought is better, 29.
Givers prove unkind, 66.
Gives the nod, 175.
Giveth his beloved sleep, 315.
Giving a gentle kiss, 12.
Glad diviner's theme, 132.
father, wise son maketh, 316.
me with its soft black eye, 262.
Glad the heart of man, 315.
waters, o'er the, 277.
would lay me down, 114.
Gladiator lie, 274.
Gladlier grew, 112.
Gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche, 1.
would I meet, 114.
Gladness, begin in, 235.
Gladsome light of, 5.
Glance from heaven to earth, 20.
of the mind, 215.
Glare, caught by, 270.
of false science, 209.
Glass, darkly, through a, 326.
excuse for the, 222.
of fashion, 66.
of liquid fire, 229.
wherein the noble youth, 36.
Glasses itself in tempests, 275.
Gleaming taper's light, 204.
Glides the smooth current, 187.
Glimmer on my mind, 255.
Glimmering square, casement grows a, 299.
tapers to the sun, 223.
through the dream of things that were, 271.
Glimmering and decays, 125.
Glimpse divine, 172.
of happiness, 124.
Glimpses of the moon, 62.
Glist'ring grief, 42.
with dew, 110.
Glisters, all that, is not gold, 342.
Glittering generalities, 293.
like the morning-star, 205.
Globe, all that tread the, 295.
distracted, 63.
itself shall dissolve, 11.
Gloom, counterfeit a, 121.
of earthquake, 284.
Glories, like glow-worms, 97.
of our blood, 95.
Glorious and free, 264.
by my pen, 101.
in a pipe, 280.
Tam was, 224.
uncertainty, 178.
Gloriously drunk, 211.
Glory, air of, 125.
alone with his, 287.
and vain pomp, 43.
dies not, 230.
excess of, obscured, 103.

Glory, full meridian of my, 42.
full-orbed, 247.
go where, waits thee, 263.
hoary head is a crown of, 317.
is in their shame, 326.
jest, and riddle, 160.
of a creditor, 13.
of an April day, 12.
passed from the earth, 244.
paths of, lead but to the grave, 194.
peep into, 126.
pursue, and gen'rous shame, 193.
rush to, or the grave, 256.
share the, 45.
shows the way, 140.
to God in the highest, 324.
track the steps of, 278.
trailing clouds of, 244.
trod the ways of, 43.
visions of, 194.
walked in, 234.
who pants for, 170.
Glory's lap they lie, 254.
morning gate, 295.
page, rank thee upon, 262.
thrill is o'er, 263.
Glove, O that I were a, 46.
Glows in ev'ry heart, 156.
in the stars, 159.
Glow-worm lend thee, 94.
shows the matin, 63.
Glow-worms, glories like, 97.
Glozed the tempter, 113.
Gluttony ne'er looks to heaven, 118.
Gnat, strain at a, 324.
Go, and do thou likewise, 324.
at once, 56.
boldly forth, my simple lay, 220.
call a coach, 144.
down to the sea in ships, 315.
his halves, 4.
no more a roving, 279.
poor devil, get thee gone, 190.
Soul, the body's guest, 339.
that the devil drives, 345.
to the ant, thou sluggard, 316.
we know not where, 14.
where glory waits thee, 263.
Goal, final, of ill, 300.
Goblin damn'd, 62.
God a necessary Being, 138.
all mercy is a God unjust, 155.
God Almighty first planted a garden, 209.
Almighty's gentlemen, 132.
alone was to be seen, 279.
an attribute to, 22.
and Mammon, 323.
bless the King, 179.
bless—no harm in blessing, 179.
could have made a better berry, 91.
disposes, man proposes, 3.
had I but serv'd my, 43.
hath made this world, 254.
helps them that help themselves, 185.
himself scarce seemed there to be, 250.
just are the ways of, 115.
made him, he is as, 5.
made him, let him pass, 21.
made the country, 209.
moves in a mysterious way, 215.
my Father, and my Friend, 137.
of my idolatry, 46.
of storms, 307.
or Devil, 132.
oracle of, 102.
save the king, 143.
send thee good ale, 6.
sendeth and giveth, 4.
sends meat, 344.
sunflower turns on her, 263.
takes a text, 92.
the Father, God the Son, 150.
the first garden made, 100.
the noblest work of, 161.
God's mill grinds slow, 93, 307.
most dreaded instrument, 240.
providence seeming estranged, 291.
power, show likest, 22.
sons are things, 188.
Goddess, like a thrifty, 13.
moves a, 175.
night, sable, 153.
write about it, 171.
Godfathers of heaven's lights, 17.
God-given strength, 258.
God-like forehead, 244.
reason, 69.
Godliness, cheerful, 239.
cleanliness next to, 183.
Gods and godlike men, 271.
approve the depth, 236.
are just, 72.

Gods had made thee poetical, 26.
how he will talk, 140.
it doth amaze me, 49.
kings it makes, 41.
love whom the, 282.
names of all the, 49.
provide thee, 131.
voice of all the, 18.
Goes to bed sober, 87.
Going, order of your, 56.
Gold, age of, 122.
all that glisters is not, 342.
apples of, 317.
bright and yellow, 292.
but litel in cofre, 1.
clasps, 45.
gild refined, 30.
he loved, in special, 1.
in phisike is a cordial, 1.
saint-seducing, 45.
servile opportunity to, 239.
thomb of, 2.
wedges of, 41.
weight in, 229.
Golden bowl be broken, 320.
exhalations, 253.
keys, clutch the, 301.
lads and girls, 78.
mean, 344.
numbers, 99.
opinions, 54.
prime of Alraschid, 297.
sorrow, 42.
story, locks in the, 45.
thumb of miller, 2.
urns draw light, 112.
window of the east, 45.
Gone, and for ever, 260.
before, not dead, but, 231.
before, not lost, but, 231.
to the grave, 267.
Good, all things work together for, 325.
and ill together, 27.
apprehension of the, 31.
are better made by ill, 231.
as a feast, 344.
as a play, 336.
as she was fair, 231.
beneath the, 193.
by stealth, 169.
cannot come to, 60.
deed in a naughty world, 23.
die first, 245.
evil, be thou my, 108.
Good, evil call, 320.
familiar creature, 75.
fellows, king of, 38.
fellowship in the, 32.
for us to be here, 323.
great man, 252.
hater, 189.
hold fast that which is, 327.
hold thou the, 300.
in everything, 23.
luck would have it, 13.
luxury of doing, 200.
man never dies, 253.
man yields his breath, 253.
man's sin, 255.
men and true, 16.
men must associate, 205.
name in man, 75.
name is better, 319.
name to be chosen, 317.
news baits, 116.
night till it be morrow, 46.
noble to be, 298.
nor aught so, 47.
of my country, 152, 227.
old age, 310.
old cause, 239.
old-gentlemanly vice, 281.
old rule, 238.
opinion of the law, 221.
or evil times, 80.
Parent of, 111.
part, hath chosen that, 324.
pleasure, ease, 161.
Queen Bess, 292.
report and evil report, 326.
sense the gift of Heaven, 164.
set terms, 24.
some fleeting, 200.
some special, 47.
sword rust, 251.
that men do is oft interred with their bones, 50.
the gods provide thee, 131.
the more communicated, 110.
thing out of Nazareth, 325.
things will strive, 11.
time coming, 261.
to me is lost, 108.
war or bad peace, 185.
we oft might win, 13.
will be the final goal of ill, 300.
will toward men, 324.
wine needs no bush, 26.
wits will jump, 345.

Good works, rich in, 327.
Good-bye, proud world, 303.
Goodliest, express her, 72.
man of men, 109.
Goodly outside, 21.
sight to see, 270.
Good-man Dull, 18.
Goodness, how awful is, 110.
in things evil, 38.
lead him not, 92.
never fearful, 15.
thinks no ill, 108.
Goods, much, laid up, 324.
Goose-pen, write with a, 29.
Gordian knot unloose, 37.
Gorgeous palaces, 11.
Gorgons and Hydras, 106.
Gory locks, never shake thy, 56.
Gospel-books, lineaments of, 7.
Gospel-light first dawn'd, 196.
Govern my passion, 141.
those that toil, 200.
Government, forms of, 161.
founded on compromise, 205.
Gown, pluck'd his, 201.
Gowns, fellow with two, 17.
furr'd, 72.
Grace affordeth health, 340.
all above is, 134.
and virtue, 129.
attractive kinde of, 7.
beyond the reach of art, 164.
does it with a better, 28.
ease with, 182.
free Nature's, 182.
half so good a, 14.
love of, 68.
me no grace, 349.
melody of every, 96.
ministers of, 62.
my cause, 73.
of a day, 299.
of finer form, 259.
power of, 255.
purity of, 277.
seated on this brow, 68.
simplicity, a, 85.
sweet attractive, 108.
that won, 112.
unbought, 206.
was in all her steps, 112.
Graceless zealots fight, 161.
Graces all other, 179.
peculiar, 110.
sacrifice to the, 179.
Gracious is the time, 59.
Tam grew, 224.
Gradations of decay, 187.
Grain, say which, will grow, 52.
Grammar-school, erecting a, 39.
Grand old ballad, 252.
old gardener, 297.
old name of gentleman, 301.
Grandam, soul of our, 29.
Grandmother Eve, 18.
Grandsire, cut in alabaster, 21.
phrase, 45.
skill'd in gestic lore, 200.
Grant an honest fame, 173.
Grapple them to thy soul, 61.
Grasp the ocean, 150.
Grasps the skirts of chance, 301.
Grass, all flesh is, 321.
days are as, 315.
two blades of, 145.
Grasshopper shall be a burden, 319.
Grasshoppers under a fern, 206.
Grateful evening mild, 110,
mind by owing, 108.
Gratiano, I hold the world, 21.
speaks an infinite deal, 21.
Gratitude of men, 242.
of place-expectants, 149.
still, small voice of, 194.
Gratulation, sign of, 112.
Gratulations flow, 144.
Grave, a little little, 32.
an obscure, 32.
botanize upon his mother's, 242.
come from the, 63.
cradle stands in the, 86.
cruel as the, 320.
dread thing, 180.
Druid lies in yonder, 198.
Duncan is in his, 56.
earliest at his, 285.
forget thee, 274.
glory lead but to the, 194.
gone to the, 267.
hungry as the, 182.
in a full age, 312.
low laid in my, 30.
mattock and the, 155.
night of the, 209.
rush to glory or the, 256.
she is in her, 233.
steps of Glory to the, 278.
strewed thy, 70.
to gay, 162.
to light, 134, 162.

Grave, where is thy victory, 173, 326.
where Laura lay, 8.
wisdom in the, 319.
with sorrow to the, 310.
without a, 275.
Graves are pilgrim-shrines, 304.
dishonourable, 49.
let 's talk of, 32.
of your sires, 303.
stood tenantless, 59.
Gray hairs with sorrow, 310.
Marathon, 271.
mare the better horse, 345.
Gray-hooded Even, 116.
Greasy citizens, 24.
Great Cæsar fell, 51.
cause, die in a, 280.
contest follows, 211.
far above the, 193.
glorious, and free, 264.
grown so, 49.
in villany, 30.
is truth, and mighty, 322.
let me call him, 157.
lords' stories, 227.
none unhappy but the, 151, 157.
of old, 279.
ones eat up the little ones, 79.
some are born, 28.
though fallen, 271.
thoughts, great feelings, 288.
vulgar, 100.
wits allied to madness, 131.
wits will jump, 345.
Greater love hath no man, 325.
than I can bear, 310.
Greatest happiness of the greatest number, 338.
love of life, 220.
men, world knows nothing of its, 296.
Greatness and goodness, 252.
farewell to all my, 43.
highest point of all my, 42.
some achieve, 28.
substance of his, 89.
Greatnesse on goodnesse, 131.
Grecian chisel trace, 259.
Greece, and fulmin'd over, 115.
beauties of exulting, 181.
but living Greece, 275.
eye of, 115.
isles of, 281.
John Naps of, 26.
we give our shining blades, 266.
Greedy of filthy lucre, 327.
Greek, above all, 170.
could speak, 126.
or Roman name, 134.
small Latin, and less, 86.
to me, it was, 49.
Greeks joined Greeks, 140.
Green and yellow melancholy, 28.
bay-tree, 313.
be the turf, 304.
grassy turf, 209.
in judgment, 77.
in youth, 175.
leaf has perished in the, 301.
old age, 136.
one red, 55.
pastures, lie down in, 313.
thought in a green shade, 130.
tree, things in a, 325.
Greenhouse, loves a, 211.
Greenland's icy mountains, 267.
Green-robed senators, 287.
Greetings where no kindness is, 236.
Gregory, remember thy swashing blow, 45.
Grew together like to a double cherry, 20.
Greyhound, mongrel, grim, 72.
Greyhounds in the slips, 38.
Grief, days of my distracting, 199.
every one can master a, 16.
fills the room up, 30.
gave his father, 174.
in a glist'ring, 42.
is past, 230.
manliness of, 202.
of a wound, 35.
patch, with proverbs, 17.
plague of sighing and, 34.
smiling at, 28.
that does not speak, 57.
treads upon the heel of pleasure, 151.
Griefs, some, are med'cinable, 78.
that harass, 186.
Grieve his heart, 57.
Grieved, we sighed, we, 99.
Grieving over the unreturning brave, 272.
Griffith, honest chronicler as, 44.
Grim death, 87, 106.
Feature, scented the, 114.
repose, 194.
Grimes, old, is dead, 302.
Grim-visaged war, 40.

Grin, one universal, 184.
so merry, 217.
to sit and, 308.
Grind, axe to, 269.
demd horrid, 309.
slowly, mills of God, 307.
the faces of the poor, 320.
Grinders cease, 319.
Gripe, barren sceptre in my, 55.
of noose, 221.
Gristle, people in the, 205.
Groan, anguish poured his, 187.
bubbling, 275.
the knell, the pall, 303.
Groans of the dying, 259.
thy old, ring yet, 47.
Groined the aisles, 303.
Grooves of change, 299.
Grose, his name was, 283.
Gross and scope, 59.
Ground, haunted, holy, 271.
let us sit upon the, 32.
of nature, 237.
on classic, 149.
purple all the, 119.
slave to till my, 210.
water spilt on the, 311.
Groundlings, ears of the, 66.
Grove of Academe, 115.
Groves, God's first temples, 296.
Grow dim with age, 148.
double, surely you 'll, 241.
wiser and better, 141.
Grown by what it fed on, 60.
Grows with his growth, 160.
Growth, man is the nobler, 219.
man the only, 200.
of mother earth, 237.
Grudge, feed fat the ancient, 21.
Grundy, what will Mrs., say, 229.
Guard dies, but never surrenders, 341.
our native seas, 255.
thy bed, holy angels, 150.
Guardian angel o'er his life presiding, 231.
angels sung, 183.
Gude time coming, 261.
Gudeman 's awa', 217.
Gudgeons, swallow, 129.
Guesseth but in part, 253.
Guest, speed the going, 169.
speed the parting, 175.
the body's, 339.
Guests are in the depths of hell, 316.
Guid to be honest and true, 226.
to be merry and wise, 226.
Guide, philosopher, and friend, 262.
providence their, 114.
Guides, blind, 324.
the planets in their course, 231.
Guilt 's in that heart, 264.
of Eastern kings, 98.
rebellion, fraud, 147.
so full of artless jealousy is, 69.
to cover, 203.
who fear not, 208.
Guilty of no error, 290.
of such a ballad, 18.
thing, started like a, 59.
thing surprised, 244.
Guinea, compass of a, 269.
jingling of the, 298.
Guinea's stamp, 226.
Gulf profound, 105.
Gum, med'cinable, 77.
Gun, out of an elder, 38.
Guns, these vile, 33.
Gypsies stealing children, 222.

Habit, costly thy, 61.
use doth breed a, 12.
Habitation, local, 20.
Habits, small, well pursued, 220.
Had we never loved sae kindly, 226.
Haggard, do prove her, 75.
Hags, black and midnight, 57.
Hail, Columbia, 248.
fellow, well met, 345.
holy light, 107.
horrors, hail, 102.
the rising sun, 198.
to the chief, 260.
wedded love, 110.
Hails you Tom or Jack, 215.
Hair, amber-dropping, 118.
beauty draws us with a single, 167.
distinguish and divide, 126.
just grizzled, 136.
most resplendent, 233.
my fell of, 58.
ninth part of a, 34.
sacred, dissever, 167.
shakes pestilence, 106.
to stand on end, 63.
Hair-breadth 'scapes, 73.
Hairs of your head are all numbered, 323.
Hal, no more of that, 34.

Half broken-hearted, 270.
hidden from the eye, 233.
his Troy was burned, 36.
in shade and half in sun, 265.
is more than the whole, 330.
our knowledge we must snatch, 162.
the creeds, 301.
Half-pennyworth of bread, 34.
Half-shirt is two napkins, 35.
Half-shut eyes, 167.
Hall, merry in, 5.
Hallowed is the time, 59.
Halt ye between two opinions, 311.
Halter draw, felt the, 221.
now fitted the, 143.
Halves, go his, 4.
Hamlet is still, at the close of the day, when the, 209.
rude forefathers of the, 194.
Hammer, smith stand with his, 31.
Hammers closing rivets, 38, 146.
fell, no, 266.
Hampden, some village, 195.
Hand, adore the, 141.
against every man, 310.
cheek upon her, 46.
cloud like a man's, 311.
findeth to do, do it, 319.
for hand, foot for foot, 310.
handle toward my, 54.
hold a fire in his, 31.
in hand, 114, 185.
in his lifted, 133.
in thy right, 43.
led by my, 122.
let not thy left, 122.
licks the, 158.
of little employment, 69.
open as day, 37.
put in every honest, 77.
red, right, 104.
sweet and cunning, 28.
sweeten this little, 58.
that dealt the blow, 255.
that fed them, 206.
that made us is divine, 149.
that rounded Peter's dome, 303.
time has laid his, 307.
to execute and head to contrive, 208.
unlineal, 55.
unpurchased, 307.
upon a woman, 232.
upon the ark, 210.
Hand upon the Ocean's mane, 288.
waved her lily, 177.
with my heart in 't, 11.
you cannot see, 176.
Handel 's but a ninny, 179.
Handle not, taste not, 327.
toward my hand, 54.
Hands, by foreign, 174.
fatal, 106.
folding of the, 316.
from picking and stealing, 328.
hateth nicer, 6.
knell is rung by fairy, 198.
promiscuously applied, 275.
shake, with a king, 304.
then take, 10.
wings, or feet, 107.
Hand-saw, hawk from a, 64.
Handsome, everything, about him, 17.
in three hundred pounds, 13.
Hang a calf's-skin, 30.
a doubt on, 76.
out our banners, 58.
sorrow, 90.
the pensive head, 119.
upon his pent-house, 52.
Hanging in a golden chain, 107.
the worst use man could be put to, 83.
Hangman's whip, 225.
Hangs on Dian's temple, 45.
on princes' favours, 43.
Hannibal a pretty fellow, 151.
Hapless love, 187.
Happier in the passion we feel, 284.
than I know, 112.
Happiness, domestic, 211.
glimpse of, 124.
of the greatest number, 338.
our being's end, 161.
produced by a good inn, 188.
that makes the heart afraid, 292.
through another's eyes, 26.
too familiar, 243.
too swiftly flies, 192.
virtue alone is, 162.
was born a twin, 281.
we prize, if solid, 185.
Happy boy at Drury's, 293.
could I be with either, 177.
he with such a mother, 300.
hills! pleasing shade, 192.
if I could say how much, 16.
is he born or taught, 83.

Happy is the man, 315.
mixtures of more happy days, 280.
soul that all the way, 98.
the man, 134.
walks and shades, 114.
who in his verse, 134.
Harass the distrest, 186.
Harbinger, spring-time's, 89.
Harbingers to heaven, 100, 124.
Hard crab-tree, 127.
it is to climb, 208.
to part, 220.
Hare, to start a, 33.
Hark ! from the tombs, 150.
hark ! the lark, 78.
they whisper, 173.
Harm, win us to our, 52.
Harmless as doves, 323.
Harmonies, concerted, 291.
Harmonious numbers, 107.
Harmoniously confus'd, 172.
Harmony, heaven drowsy with, 18.
heavenly, 134.
in her bright eye, 96.
in immortal souls, 23.
not understood, 159.
of shape, 143.
of the universe, 205.
of the world, 10.
soul of, 121.
to harmony, 134.
Harness, dead in his, 322.
girdeth on his, 311.
on our back, 59.
Haroun Alraschid, 297.
Harp of thousand strings, 150.
of Life, 298.
of Orpheus, 123.
open palm upon his, 307.
through Tara's halls, 263.
Harper, but as a, 307.
Harping on my daughter, 64.
Harps upon the willows, 315.
Harpy-footed Furies, 106.
Harrow up thy soul, 63.
Harry the King, 38.
with his beaver on, 35.
Harsh and crabbed, 118.
Heart panteth after the water brooks, 314.
ungalled play, 67.
Harvest of a quiet eye, 242.
of the new-mown hay, 146.
truly is plenteous, 323.
Harvest-time of Love, 247.
Has been and may be, 238.
Hast any philosophy in thee, 25.
thou a charm, 251.
Haste, married in, 151.
mounting in hot, 272.
now to my setting, 42.
thee, Nymph, 120.
to be rich, 318.
with moderate, 61.
Hasten to be drunk, 133.
Hastening ills, 201.
Hat not the worse for wear, 214.
three-cornered, 308.
Hate, immortal, 102.
in like extreme, 175.
of those below, 272.
unrelenting, 135.
Hated, as, to be, 160.
with a hate, 282.
Hater, a good, 189.
Hath he not always treasures, 252.
Hating David, 132.
no one, love but her, 274.
Hatred, love turned to, 151.
Haud the wretch in order, 225.
Haughtiness of soul, 147.
Haughty spirit before a fall, 317.
Haunt, exempt from public, 23.
Haunted, holy ground, 271.
me like a passion, 235.
Haunts in dale, 253.
Have and to hold, 328.
been blest, 276.
Havens, ports, and happy, 31.
Havock, cry, 50.
Hawk from a hand-saw, 64.
Hawks, between two, 39.
Hawthorn bush, with seats, 200.
under the, 120.
Hay, harvest of the new-mown, 146.
Hazard of concealing, 225.
of the die, 42.
He best can paint them, 172.
comes too near, 87, 178.
cometh unto you, 8.
coude songes make, 1.
for God only, 108.
must needs go, 27.
saw her charming, 181.
that is down, 127, 137.
that is robb'd, 76.
Head and front of, 73.
crotchets in thy, 13.
fantastically carved, 37.

Head, hairs of your, numbered, 323.
hands, wings, 107.
hang the pensive, 119.
hoary, crown of glory, 317.
imperfections on my, 63.
is not more native, 60.
is sick and the heart faint, 320.
lodgings in a, 126.
off with his, 41, 146.
one small, 202.
plays round the, 161.
precious jewel in his, 23.
repairs his drooping, 119.
some less majestic, 274.
that wears a crown, 36.
to be let unfurnished, 126.
to contrive, 208.
to shrowd his, 98.
uneasy lies the, 36.
Heads do grow beneath their shoulders, 73.
hide their diminish'd, 108.
houseless, 71.
sometimes so little, 124.
tall men had empty, 81.
touch heaven, 73.
Head stone of the corner, 315.
Headstrong as an allegory, 222.
Healing in his wings, 322.
Health and competence, 161.
spirit of, 62.
unbought, 133.
Heap of dust, 174.
Heapeth up riches, 314.
Heaps of pearl, 41.
unsunn'd, 117.
Hear by tale or history, 19.
me for my cause, 50.
to see, to feel, 271.
Heard it said full oft, 79.
melodies are sweet, 287.
the world around, 121.
Hearing ear, the seeing eye, 317.
of the ear, 313.
Hearings, younger, 18.
Hearse, sable, 86.
Heart a transport know, 190.
abundance of the, 323.
afraid, that makes the, 292.
after his own, 311.
and lute, 227.
arrow for the, 283.
as he thinketh in his, 317.
be troubled, let not your, 325.
beating of my, 288.
Heart, beatings of my, 235.
can know, ease the, 216.
comes not to the, 161.
detector of the, 155.
detests him, 175.
did break, some, 300.
distrusting asks, 202.
doth ache, 137.
ease of, her look convey'd, 223.
fail thee, if thy, 8.
faint, ne'er won fair lady, 344.
faint, whole, 320.
felt along the, 235.
for every fate, 279.
for falsehood framed, 222.
gently upon my, 307.
give lesson to the head, 212.
give me back my, 270.
glows in ev'ry, 156.
grieve his, 57.
grow fonder, 289.
has learned to glow, 176.
hath scap'd this sorrow, 79.
if guilt 's in that, 264.
in concord beats, 233.
in her husband's, 28.
in my hand, 11.
is firm as a stone, 313.
is wax to be moulded, 5.
knock at my ribs, 52.
knoweth his own bitterness, 316.
lord of the lion, 199.
many a feeling, 251.
merry, goes all the day, 29.
more native to the, 60.
moved more than with a trumpet, 8.
music in my, 238.
must have to cherish, 307.
naked human, 155.
never melt into his, 237.
new open'd, 43.
of a maiden is stolen, 264.
of courtesy, 9.
of heart, in my, 67.
of my mystery, 67.
of Nature rolled, 303.
on her lips, 279.
o'er-fraught, 57.
rends thy constant, 203.
responds unto his own, 305.
rise in the, 299.
riven with vain endeavour, 238.
rotten at the, 21.
seeth with the, 253.

Heart, set my poor, free, 15.
sick, maketh the, 316.
sleeps on his own, 242.
that has truly loved, 263.
that 's broken, 261.
that is soonest awake, 263.
that visit my sad, 50.
that was humble, 266.
to conceive, 208.
to eate thy, 8.
to heart, and mind to mind, 258.
to resolve, 208.
true as steel, 20.
untainted, 39.
untravell'd, 199.
upon my sleeve, 72.
war was in his, 314.
was one of those which most enamour us, 279.
weed's plain, 310.
weighs upon the, 58.
which others bleed for, 151.
will break, 272.
within him burned, 258.
would fain deny, 58.
wring your, 68.
Heart's core, 67.
supreme ambition, 189.
Heart-ache, end the, 65.
Hearth, cricket on the, 121.
Hearts beat high and warm, 303.
bring your wounded, 265.
cherish those, that hate thee, 43.
dry as summer's dust, 245.
fashioneth their, 313.
feeling, 231.
in love use their own tongues, 16.
lie withered, 264.
of his countrymen, 228.
of kings, enthroned in the, 22.
our hopes with thee, 306.
steal away your, 51.
that once beat high, 263.
that the world had tried, 262.
though stout and brave, 304.
to live in, we leave behind, 256.
unto wisdom, 315.
well may your, believe, 198.
Heart-stain, carried a, 266.
Heart-strings, my dear, 75.
Heart-throbs, count time by, 297.
Heat for the cold, 5.
of the day, 323.
Heat-oppressed brain, 54.
Heath-flower, from the, dashed the dew, 259.
Heaven a time ordains, 123.
airs from, 62.
all that we believe of, 140.
and happy constellations, 112.
around us, 264.
beauteous eye of, 30.
before high, 14.
better to serve in, 102.
cannot heal, 265.
care in, is there, 6.
commences, 201.
cope of, 110.
dear to, 117.
doth with us as we with torches do, 13.
drowsy with harmony, 18.
eye of, visits, 31.
face of, so fine, 47.
fell from, 103.
fingers point to, 245.
first taught letters, 122.
first-born, offspring of, 107.
floor of, 23.
from all creatures hides, 158.
from, it came, 247.
further off from, 292.
gentle rain from, 22.
gives its favourites, 274.
God alone to be seen in, 279.
great eye of, 6.
had made her such a man, 73.
has no rage, 151.
has willed, 289.
hath a summer's day, 98.
he cried, 254.
he gained from, 196.
heads touch, 73.
heard no more in, 111.
hell I suffer, seems a, 108.
her starry train, 110.
his blessed part to, 43.
how long or short permit to, 114.
husbandry in, 54.
in her eye, 112.
in hope to merit, 270.
invites, hell threatens, 154.
is love, 257.
is not always angry, 142.
itself that points out, 148.
kindred points of, 236.
leave her to, 63.
lies about us, 244.
light from, 276.

Heaven, like the path to, 117.
more things in, 63.
nothing true but, 265.
of hell, 102.
of invention, 37.
on earth, 108.
opened wide, 112.
points out an hereafter, 148.
prayer ardent opens, 156.
remedies we ascribe to, 27.
report they bore to, 154.
serene of, 247.
smells to, 68.
so much of, 234.
soul white as, 88.
stole the livery of, 289.
the self-same, that frowns, 42.
thorny way to, 61.
to be young was very, 247.
to gaudy day denies, 278.
tries our virtue by affliction, 197.
tries the earth, 309.
upon the past has power, 134.
verge of, 155.
was all tranquillity, 262.
were not heaven, 93.
will bless your store, 217.
winds of, visit her face, 60.
would stoop to her, 118.
yon blue, 297.
Heaven's best treasures, 196.
breath smells wooingly, 53.
cherubin hors'd, 54.
ebon vault, 284.
eternal year is thine, 134.
gate, the lark at, 78.
last best gift, 110.
lights, godfathers of, 17.
pavement, riches of, 103.
Sovereign saves, 155.
sweetest air, 79.
wide pathless way, 121.
Heaven-born band, 248.
Heaven-directed to the poor, 163.
Heaven-eyed creature, 244.
Heaven-kissing hill, 68.
Heavenly blessings without number, 150.
days that cannot die, 234.
eloquence and fit words, 132.
hope is all serene, 267.
maid, Music, was young, 198.
Heavens blaze forth the death of princes, 50.
declare the glory, 313.
Heavens, hung be the, with black, 39.
Heaven-taught lyre, 189.
Heaviest battalions, 335.
Hebrew knelt in the dying light, 293.
Hecuba to him, 65.
Hedgehogs dressed in lace, 308.
Heed lest he fall, 326.
Heel of the courtier, 69.
Heels, detraction at your, 28.
of pleasure, treads upon the, 151.
Height of this great argument, 102.
in an airy, 143.
Heightens ease with grace, 182.
Heir of all the ages, 298.
of fame, 122.
Heirs of truth, 243.
Helen, like another, 131.
Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt, 20.
Helicon's harmonious springs, 192.
Hell a fury like a woman scorned, 151.
all places shall be, 9.
better to reign in, 102.
blasts from, 62.
breathes contagion, 67.
broke loose, 110.
feeling, beholding heaven, 262.
for hoarding, went to, 40.
from beneath is moved, 321.
full of good meanings, 93.
grew darker, 106.
I suffer seems a heaven, 109.
injured lover's, 111.
it is in suing long to bide, 7.
making earth a, 270.
of heaven, 102.
of waters, 273.
of witchcraft, 80.
that riches grow in, 103.
terrible as, 106.
threatens, 154.
to ears polite, 164.
to quick bosoms, 272.
trembled at the hideous name, 106.
way out of, 105.
which way I fly is, 108.
within him, 108.
Hell's concave, tore, 103.
Helm, nodded at the, 122.
pleasure at the, 194.
Helmet now shall make, 82.
Help and hindrance, 233.
his ready, was ever nigh, 187.
me Cassius, 49.
of man, vain is the, 314.

Help thyself and God will help thee, 93.
Helper, our antagonist is our, 206.
Hen gathereth her chickens, 324.
Hence, all you vain delights, 88.
babbling dreams, 147.
horrible shadow, 56.
ye profane, 100.
Hen-pecked you all, 280.
Heraclitus would not laugh, 240.
Herald Mercury, 68.
of joy, perfectest, 16.
no other, after my death, 44.
Herald's coat without sleeves, 35.
Heraldry, boast of, 194.
Herbs and country messes, 120.
Hercules do what he may, 70.
than I to, 60.
Here a little and there a little, 321.
I and sorrows sit, 30.
in the body pent, 254.
's to the maiden, 222.
lies a truly honest man, 98.
lies our sovereign, 138.
nor there, 77.
rests his head, 196.
shall thy proud waves be stayed, 312.
Skugg lies snug, 185.
Hereditary bondsmen, 271.
Heritage of woe, 277.
the sea, 266.
Hermit, Man the, sighed, 255.
to dwell a weeping, 198.
Hermitage, take that for an, 96.
Hero and the man complete, 148.
conquering, comes, 140.
must drink brandy, 188.
perish or sparrow fall, 158.
to his valet, 338.
Herod, out-Herods, 66.
Heroic deed, knightly counsel and, 229.
stoic Cato, 282.
Herte, priketh every gentil, 2.
Hesitate dislike, 168.
Hesperus that led, 109.
Hey-day in the blood, 68.
Hic jacet, two narrow words, 8.
its forlorn, 238.
Hidden soul of harmony, 121.
Hide her shame, 203.
the fault I see, 123.
their diminish'd heads, 108.
those hills of snow, 15.
Hide your diminish'd rays, 164.
Hides a dark soul, 117.
a shining face, 215.
from himself his state, 186.
Hierophants, poets are the, 256.
Hies to his confine, 59.
High ambition lowly laid, 257.
and low, death makes equal the, 83.
and palmy state, 59.
characters are drawn from high life, 162.
erected thoughts, 9.
instincts, 244.
mountains are a feeling, 272.
on a throne of royal state, 103
over-arch'd imbower, 102.
thinking, plain living, 239.
High-born Hoel's harp, 193.
Higher law, 297.
Highest, pepper'd the, 203.
Highly fed, 27.
what thou wouldst, 53.
Highness's dog at Kew, 123.
Hill apart, set on a, 105.
cot beside the, 231.
'custom'd, 196.
heaven-kissing, 68.
so down thy, 230.
that skirts the down, 209.
went up a, and so came down agen, 89.
wind-beaten, 256.
yon high eastern, 60.
Hills and valleys, dales and fields, 9.
of snow, hide those, 15.
over the, and far away, 177.
peep o'er hills, 165.
strong amid the, 288.
Hillside, conduct ye to a, 123.
Him of the western dome, 132.
that hath not, 324.
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death, 252.
Hind mated by the lion, 27.
Hinders needle and thread, 292.
Hindrance and a help, 233.
Hinge nor loop, 76.
Hinges, golden, moving, 112.
grate harsh thunder, 107.
of the knee, 66.
Hint a fault, 168.
to speak, it was my, 73.
upon this, I spake, 74.
Hip, I have thee on the, 22

Hire, labourer worthy of his, 324.
His time is for ever, 99.
Histories make men wise, 80.
History, anything but, 149.
ever hear by tale or, 19.
is philosophy teaching by examples, 152.
in a nation's eyes, 195.
must be false, 149.
portance in my travel's, 73.
register of crimes, 208.
strange eventful, 25.
Hit, palpable, 70.
Hitches in a rhyme, 169.
Hitherto shalt thou come, 312.
Hive for bees, 82.
Hoard of maxims preaching, 298.
Hoarding, went to hell, 40.
Hoarse rough verse, 166.
Hoary head is a crown, 317.
Hobbes clearly proves, 145.
Hobby-horse is forgot, 67.
Hobson's choice, 336.
Hocus-pocus science, 178.
Hoel's harp, 193.
Hog in Epicurus' sty, 204.
Hoist with his own petar, 68.
Hold a candle, 179.
enough, 59.
fast that which is good, 327.
high converse, 182.
his peace, hereafter, 328.
makes nice of no vile, 30.
the mirror up to nature, 66.
thou the good, 300.
Hole, Cæsar might stop a, 70.
in a' your coats, 224.
poisoned rat in a, 146.
Holes where eyes did once inhabit, 41.
Holiday-rejoicing spirit, 249.
Holidays, if all the year were, 33.
Holiest thing alive, 251.
Holily, that wouldst thou, 53.
Hollaing and singing, 36.
Hollow and false, 104.
blasts of wind, 176.
murmurs died away, 198.
oak our palace is, 266.
Holy angels guard thy bed, 150.
ground, call it, 286.
haunted ground, 271.
text around she strews, 195.
time is quiet as a Nun, 237.
writ, proofs of, 76.
Holy writ, stol'n out of, 41.
Homage, all things do her, 10.
vice pays to virtue, 125.
Home, best country ever is at, 200.
dear hut our, 185.
draw near their eternal, 100.
homely features to keep, 118.
is home, 288.
is on the deep, 256.
man goeth to his long, 319.
next way, 92.
no place like, 288.
out of house and, 36.
sweet home, 288.
to men's business and bosom, 80.
Home-bound fancy, 296.
Home-keeping youth, 12.
Homeless near a thousand homes, 232.
Homer all the books you need, 140.
living begged his bread, 98.
seven cities warr'd for, 98.
Homer's rule the best, 169.
Homes, forced from their, 200.
near a thousand, 232.
of silent prayer, 300.
Honest and true, 226.
labour bears, 99.
man 's aboon his might, 226.
man 's the noblest work, 161.
tale speeds best, 41.
Honesty, armed so strong in, 51.
is the best policy, 345.
manhood, nor good fellowship, 32.
Honey-dew, hath fed on, 252.
Honied showers, 119.
Honour and shame, 161.
bed of, 127, 152.
books of, 79.
but an empty bubble, 131.
chastity of, 206.
clear in, 164.
depths and shoals of, 43.
from corruption, 44.
grip, feel your, 225.
hurt that, feels, 298.
is a mere scutcheon, 35.
's at the stake, 69.
's lodged, place where, 129.
is the subject, 48.
jealous in, 25.
love, obedience, 58.
loved I not, more, 96.

Honour more hurts, 129.
new-made, 29
no skill in surgery, 35.
our sacred, 219.
pluck up drowned, 33.
post of, 148.
pricks me on, 35.
prophet not without, 323.
set to a leg, 35.
she what was, knew, 112.
the King, fear God, 328.
there all the, lies, 161.
to pluck bright, 33.
what is that word, 35.
Honour's truckle-bed, 127.
Honourable men, these were, 322.
Honoured in the breach, 62.
Honours, to the world his, 43.
his blushing, 43.
Hood, him that wears a, 6.
Hooded clouds like friars, 305.
Hoofs of a swinish multitude, 206.
Hook or crook, 7, 343.
Hookas, divine in, 280.
Hooks of steel, 61.
Hooting at the glorious sun, 251.
Hope against hope, 325.
break it to our, 59.
deferred, 316.
earthly, 267.
elevates, 113.
faith and, 161.
farewell fear, 108.
final, is flat despair, 104.
fooled with, 136.
for a season bade farewell, 254.
frustrate of his, 123.
heavenly, is all serene, 267.
is brightest, 260.
is but the dream, 142.
is there no, 177.
light of, 255.
like the gleaming taper, 204.
never comes, 102.
never to, again, 43.
no other medicine but only, 14.
none without, 190.
nurse of young desire, 208.
of all who suffer, 301.
of many nations, 274.
phantoms of, 187.
springs eternal, 158.
still relies on, 204.
tender leaves of, 43.
the charmer, 254.
Hope this pleasing, 148.
to feed on, 8.
to merit heaven, 270.
to the end, 327.
to write well, 123.
told a flattering tale, 286.
true, is swift, 41.
while there 's life there 's, 177.
white-handed, 117.
withering fled, 277.
Hope's perpetual breath, 239.
Hopeless anguish, 187.
fancy feigned, 299.
Hopes belied our fears, 291.
crawling upon my startled, 146.
laid waste, 291.
like tow'ring falcons, 143.
my fondest, decay, 262.
of future years, 306.
stirred up with high, 124.
Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man, 66.
Horatius kept the bridge, 294.
Horn, blast of that dread, 259.
his wreathed, 237.
lends his pagan, 171.
voice of that wild, 259.
Horrible discord, 111.
imaginings, 52.
Horrid grind, 309.
Horror, inward, 148.
nodding, 116.
of his folded tail, 122.
Horrors accumulate on horror's head, 76.
supped full with, 58.
Horse, dearer than his, 298.
gray mare the better, 345.
my kingdom for a, 42.
scarce would move a, 213.
something in a flying, 237.
which is now a, 78.
Horseback, sits on his, 30.
Horse-leech hath two daughters, 318.
Horsemanship, witch the world with noble, 35.
Horses, between two, 39.
Hose, a world too wide, 25.
Hospitable thoughts intent, 111.
Host of the Garter, 12.
that led the starry, 109.
universal, up sent a shout, 103.
Hostages to fortune, 80.
Hot and rebellious liquors, 24.
cold, moist, 107.

Hot haste, mounting in, 272.
Hound or spaniel, 72.
Hour before the worshipped sun, 45.
bounties of an, 154.
by Shrewsbury clock, 35.
catch the transient, 186.
friendliest to sleep, 111.
I have had my, 134.
inevitable, 194.
lives its little, 296.
may lay it in the dust, 271.
now 's the, 226.
O for a single, 239.
of glorious life, 261.
of virtuous liberty, 148.
self-approving, 161.
some wee short, 226.
time and the, 53.
to hour we ripe and ripe, 24.
torturing, call us to penance, 104.
upon the stage, 58.
watch the, 280.
when lovers' vows, 278.
with beauty's chain, 265.
wonder of an, 271.
wraps the present, 197.
Houris, lying with, 197.
Hour's talk withal, 18.
Hours be set apart for business, 184.
circling, waked by the, 111.
I once enjoyed, 214.
of bliss, winged, 255.
of ease, woman! in our, 259.
unheeded flew, 254.
wise to talk with our past, 154.
House and home, out of, 36.
arrow o'er the, 70.
be divided against itself, 324.
daughters of my father's, 28.
for all living, 312.
his castle, 5.
ill spirit so fair a, 11.
little pleasure in the, 217.
lowered upon our, 40.
mansions in my Father's, 325.
moat defensive to a, 31.
nae luck about the, 217.
o' mourning, 319.
of my friends, 322.
of Pindarus, 122.
of prayer, 142, 349.
prop of my, 23.
set thine, in order, 321.
to be let for life, 92.
House to lodge a friend, 145.
Household words, 38.
Houseless heads, 71.
Houses fer asonder, 2.
plague o' both your, 47.
seem asleep, 238.
thick, and sewers annoy, 113.
Housewife that 's thrifty, 222.
How are the mighty fallen, 311.
art thou fallen, 321.
blest is he, 201.
divine a thing, 236.
few themselves in that just mirror see, 155.
he will talk, 140.
I pities them, 248.
it talked, 140.
light a cause, 262.
lov'd, how honour'd, 174.
not to do it, 309.
small a part of time, 101.
small of all that human hearts endure, 187.
the devil they got there, 168.
the style refines, 166.
Howards, blood of all the, 161.
Howl and hiss, 273.
Howls along the sky, 199.
Hue, love's proper, 113.
of resolution, 65.
unto the rainbow, 30.
Hues of bliss, 196.
Hugged by the old, 292.
the offender, 132.
Hum, hideous, 122.
of either army sounds, 38.
of human cities, 272.
of men, 120.
of mighty workings, 287.
Human creatures' lives, 292.
events, course of, 318.
face divine, 107.
nature's daily food, 234.
race, forget the, 274.
soul take wing, 278.
spark is left, 122.
to err is, 166.
to step aside is, 224.
Humanities of old religion, 253.
Humanity, imitated, 66.
music of, 235.
suffering, sad, 306.
wearisome condition of, 9.
with all its fears, 306.
Humankind, clay of, 136.

Humankind, lords of, 200.
Humble cares and delicate fears, 232.
grave adorned, 174.
heart that was, 266.
livers in content, 43.
Port to imperial Tokay, 197.
tranquil spirit, 99.
Humbleness, whispering, 21.
Humility and modest stillness, 37.
pride that apes, 248, 251.
Humour, career of his, 16.
of it, 12.
woman in this, won, 40.
Humorous sadness, 26.
Humours turn with climes, 163.
Huncamunca's eyes, 184.
Hundred, might tell a, 61.
Hung be the heavens, 39.
over her enamour'd, 110.
Hunger, obliged by, 168.
Hungry as the grave, 182.
lean-faced, 15.
lion give a grievous roar, 184.
Hunt for a forgotten dream, 235.
Hunter and the deer a shade, 255.
mighty, and his prey was man, 123.
Hunting the Devil designed, 133.
Hunts in dreams, 298.
Huntsman his pack, 203.
Hurly-burly 's done, 52.
Hurrying through the lawn, 299.
Hurt cannot be much, 47.
of the inside, 127.
that honour feels, 298.
to his own, 313.
Hurtles in the darkened air, 194.
Husband cools, 163.
lover in the, 190.
truant, should return, 281.
woman oweth to her, 27.
's eye, looks lovely in her, 232.
Husbandry, edge of, 61.
in heaven, 54.
Hush, my dear, lie still, 150.
Hushed be every thought, 244.
in grim repose, 194.
Hut our home, 185.
Hyacinthine locks, 109.
Hyperion to a satyr, 60.
Hyperion's curls, 68.
Hypocrisy, sort of homage, 125.
Hyrcan tiger, 56.

I can fly, or I can run, 118.
love it—I love it, 309.
Ice, be thou chaste as, 66.
in June, 269.
motionless as, 238.
starve in, 106.
thick-ribbed, 15.
to smooth the, 30.
Icicle, chaste as the, 45.
Icy hands of death, 95.
Idea of her life, 17.
teach the young, 181.
Ideas, man of nasty, 146.
Ides of March, 48.
Idiot, tale told by an, 58.
Idle as a painted ship, 249.
hands to do, 150.
wind, pass by me as the, 51.
wishes, in, 223.
world calls, 211.
Idleness, penalties of, 172.
polished, 229.
Idler, busy world an, 211.
is a watch, 213.
Idly spoken, that worn-out word, so, 291.
Idolatry, god of my, 46.
If all the world and love, 8.
any, speak, 50.
for ever, still for ever, 278.
is the only peacemaker, 26.
it were done, 53.
much virtue in, 26.
thy heart fail thee, 8.
Ignorance, burst in, 62.
is bliss, 192.
is the mother of your devotion, 135.
of wealth, 201.
our comfort flows from, 143.
sedate in, 186.
Ignorant of what he 's most assur'd, 14.
Ignorantly read, 166.
Ilium, topless towers of, 9.
Ill, better made by, 231.
blows the wind, 345.
deeds done, 31.
fares the land, 201.
final goal of, 300.
habits gather, 135.
nothing, can dwell, 11.
sovereign o'er transmuted, 116.
where no ill seems, 108.
wind turns none to good, 245.
Ill-favoured thing, 26.
Ills, bear those, we have, 65.

Ills o' life victorious, 224.
the scholar's life assail, 186.
to come, 192.
to hastening, a prey, 201.
what mighty, 140.
Illumed the eastern skies, 295.
Illumine, what in me is dark, 102.
Ill-us'd ghost, 180.
Illusion, for man's, given, 265.
Illustrious acts, 101.
predecessor, 205.
spark, 213.
Image of God in ebony, 124.
of Good Queen Bess, 292.
twofold, we saw a, 246.
Images and precious thoughts, 246.
Imaginary joys, 197.
Imagination all compact, 20.
bodies forth, 20.
can, boast, 181.
fair to fond, 239.
for his facts, 223.
of a feast, 31.
study of, 17.
sweeten my, 72.
trace the noble dust, 70.
Imaginations are as foul, 67.
Imagin'd new, 186.
Imaginings, horrible, 52.
Imitated humanity, 66.
Immemorial elms, 299.
Immense pleasure to come, 197.
Imminent deadly breach, 73.
Immodest words, 137.
Immoral thought, not one, 189.
Immortal as they quote, 156.
fire, spark of that, 276.
hate, and study of revenge, 102.
names, one of the few, 304.
part, have lost the, 75.
scandals fly, 137.
sea, sight of that, 245.
song, wanted one, 131.
though no more, 271.
verse, 120, 246.
with a kiss, 9.
Immortality, born for, 241.
longing after, 148.
quaff, and joy, 111.
Immortals never appear alone, 251.
Immovable, infix'd, 106.
Imparadis'd in one another's arms, 109.
Impartial laws were given, 176.
Impeachment, own the soft, 222.
Impearls on every leaf, 111.
Impediment, without, 41.
Impediments, admit, 80.
in fancy's course, 27.
to great enterprises, 80.
Imperceptible water, 292.
Imperfect offices of prayer, 245.
Imperfections on my head, 63.
Imperial Cæsar, dead, 70.
ensign, full high advanc'd, 103.
fancy, 229.
theme, swelling act of the, 52.
Tokay, humble Port to, 197.
Impious in a good man, 155.
men bear sway, 148.
Implied subjection, 109.
Important day, the great, the, 147.
Importune, too proud to, 197.
Impossible, because it is, 330.
she, that not, 97.
what 's, can't be, 227.
Impotent conclusion, 74.
Impoverished the public stock, 188.
Impregns the clouds, 109.
Imprison'd in the viewless winds, 15.
wranglers, set free the, 211.
Improve each moment, 186.
each shining hour, 150.
Impulse from a vernal wood, 242.
Inaction, disciplined, 229.
Inactivity, masterly, 229.
Inanimate, if aught e'er grieves, 272.
Inaudible foot of Time, 27.
Incapable of stain, 104.
Incarnadine, seas, 55.
Incarnation of fat dividends, 302.
Incense-breathing morn, 194.
Incens'd with indignation, 106.
Inch, every, a king, 72.
he 'll take an ell, 344.
that is not fool, 132.
Incidis in Scyllam, 22.
Incline, Desdemona seriously, 73.
Income tears, her, 92.
Incomparable oil, Macassar, 280.
Increase of appetite, 60.
Increaseth knowledge, 318.
Indemnity for the past, 189.
Independence, spirit, 199.
Index-learning, 171.
India's coral strand, 267.
Indian, like the base, 77.
lo, the poor, 158.
steep, on the, 116.
Indignation, incens'd with, 106.
Indocti discant et ament, 166.

Indus to the Pole, 172.
Inebriate, cheer but not, 211.
Inestimable stones, 41.
Inevitable hour, await the, 194.
Infamous are fond of fame, 208.
Infancy, heaven lies about us in our, 244.
Infant crying for the light, 300.
crying in the night, 300.
mewling and puking, 25.
Infants, canker galls the, 61.
Infected, all seems, 166.
Infection and the hand of war, 31.
Infidel, I have thee, 22.
Infidels adore, 167.
Infinite in faculties, 64.
riches in a little room, 10.
wrath, and despair, 108.
Infirm of purpose, 55.
Infirmities, bear his friend's, 51.
Infirmity of noble mind, 119.
Infix'd, and frozen round, 106.
Inflict, those who, 285.
Influence, selectest, 112.
unawed by, 267.
Influences, skyey, 14.
Information, know where we can find, 188.
Infortune, worst kind of, 3.
Inglorious arts of peace, 130.
Milton, 195.
Ingratitude, base, 118.
unkind as man's, 25.
Ingredient is a devil, 75.
Ingredients of our poison'd chalice, 53.
Inhabit this bleak world, 264.
Inhabitants, look not like, 52.
Inherit, all which it, 11.
Inhumanity to man, 226.
Injured, forgiveness to the, 135.
lover's hell, 111.
Injury, insult to, 332.
Ink, gall enough in thy, 29.
small drop of, 282.
Inn, gain the timely, 56.
happiness produced by a good, 188.
take mine ease in mine, 34.
warmest welcome at an, 191.
Innocence and health, 201.
and mirth, 280.
fearful, 239.
her, a child, 134.
of love, dallies with the, 28.
Innocent as gay, 155.
Innocent sleep, 55.
Innumerable as the stars, 111.
bees, murmuring of, 299.
Inordinate cup is unbless'd, 75.
Insane root, 52.
Insatiate archer, 154.
Inscription upon my tomb, 257.
Insects of the hour, 206.
Inseparable, one and, 268.
Inside, hurt of the, 127.
of a church, 34.
Insides, carrying three, 230.
Insolence, flown with, 103.
of office, 65.
Insolent foe, taken by the, 73.
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn, 224.
Instant, rose both at an, 35.
Instil a wanton sweetness, 182.
Instinct, coward on, 34.
with music, 233.
Instincts, few strong, 239.
unawares, 288.
Instructions, bloody, 53.
Instruments, mortal, 50.
of darkness, 52.
to plague us, 72.
to scourge us, 72.
Insubstantial pageant, 11.
Insult to injury, 332.
Insults unavenged, 245.
Insurrection, nature of an, 50.
Intellect, march of, 248.
Intellectual, ladies, 280.
power, 245.
Intelligible forms, 253.
Intent, sides of my, 54.
working out a pure, 240.
Intents wicked or charitable, 62.
Intercourse of daily life, 236.
speed the soft, 172.
Interfused, more deeply, 235.
Intimates eternity to man, 148.
Intolerable deal of sack, 34.
not to be endured, 27.
Intuition, passionate, 246.
Inurn'd, quietly, 62.
Invention, heaven of, 37.
necessity the mother of, 152.
of the enemy, 147.
torture his, 145.
Inventions, sought out many, 319.
Inventor, plague the, 53.
Inverted year, ruler of the, 211.
Inviolate sea, 297.
Invisible soap, 292.

Invisible spirit of wine, 75.
to thee, 288.
Invok'd, though oft, 114.
Inward and spiritual grace, 328.
self-disparagement, 245.
Inwardly digest, 328.
Iona, ruins of, 188.
Iris, livelier, 298.
Iron bars a cage, 96.
did on the anvil cool, 31.
entered into his soul, 329.
hold out my, 37.
is hot, strike while the, 348.
meddles with cold, 127.
scourge, 192.
sharpeneth iron, 318.
sleet of arrowy shower, 194.
tears down Pluto's cheek, 121.
tongue of midnight, 20.
with a rod of, 328.
Iron-bound bucket, 262.
Irrepressible conflict, 297.
Island, tight little, 249.
Isle, frights the, 74.
of Beauty, fare thee well, 289.
this sceptred, 31.
Isles of Greece, 281.
sailed for sunny, 293.
Israel, mother in, 310.
of the Lord, 261.
Issues good or bad, 243.
It is this, it is this, 262.
might have been, 302.
must be so, 148.
were all one, 27.
Itch of disputing, 84.
Itching palm, 51.
Iteration, damnable, 32.
Ithuriel with his spear, 110.
Ivy green, 309.

Jack, banish plump, 34.
shall pipe, 90.
life of poor, 220.
Jade, let the galled, wince, 67.
Jail, patron and the, 186.
Janus, two-headed, 21.
Javan or Gadire, 116.
Jaws of darkness, 19.
ponderous and marble, 62.
Jealous in honour, 25.
not easily, 77.
Jealousy, beware of, 75.
full of artless, 69.
injustice, 153.
Jealousy is cruel as the grave, 320.
the injur'd lover's hell, 111.
Jehu, like the driving of, 311.
Jericho, tarry at, 311.
Jerusalem, if I forget thee, 315.
Jessamine, pale, 119.
Jesses were my dear heart-strings, 75.
Jest and riddle of the world, 160.
and youthful jollity, 120.
be laughable, 21.
bitter is a scornful, 186.
fellow of infinite, 69.
good, for ever, 33.
life is a, 178.
whole wit in a, 88.
Jest's prosperity lies in the ear, 19.
Jests, indebted to his memory for his, 223.
Jew, else, an Ebrew, 34.
hath not a, eyes, 22.
I thank thee, 22.
that Shakespeare drew, 176.
Jewel, experience be a, 13.
in an Ethiop's ear, 46.
in his head, 23.
my heav'nly, 9.
of the just, 126.
of their souls, 75.
rich in having such a, 12.
Jewels five-words long, 299.
in the carcanet, 79.
into a garret, 81.
unvalued, 41.
Jews might kiss, 167.
Jingling of the guinea, 298.
Jocund day stands tiptoe, 47.
John, print it, some said, 137.
Joint-labourer with the day, 59.
time is out of, 63.
Joke, Dulness ever loves a, 171.
many a, had he, 202.
to cure the dumps, 145.
Jolly miller, there was a, 208.
place in times of old, 235.
whistle, 2.
Jonson's learned sock, 120.
Jot of heart or hope, 123.
Journeymen, Nature's, 66.
Journeys end in lovers' meeting, 28.
Jove for his power to thunder, 44.
laughs at lovers' perjuries, 46, 133.
like a painted, 133.
some christen'd, 171.
the front of, 68.

Jove, young Phidias brought, 303.
Jove's dread clamours, 76.
Joy, ambition finds such, 108.
and bliss that poets feign, 40.
and sorrow learn, 307.
asks if this be, 202.
be unconfined, 272.
brightens his crest, 113.
current of domestic, 187.
eternal, 139.
for ever dwells, 102.
heartfelt, 161.
how pure the, 229.
is the sweet voice, 252.
of the whole earth, 314.
of youth, 223.
rises in me, 252.
shouted for, 312.
smiles of, 265.
snatch a fearful, 192.
so seldom weaves a chain, 263.
the luminous cloud, 252.
the oil of, for mourning, 321.
the perfectest herald of, 16.
the world can give, 279.
thing of beauty is a, 286.
turns at the touch of, 216.
wear a face of, 242.
which warriors feel, 259.
who ne'er knew, 174.
would win, 281.
Joy's delicious springs, 270.
Joyful school-days, 249.
Joyous prime, 7.
the birds, 112.
Joys, Africa and golden, 37.
departed, 180.
faded like the morning dew, 255.
from our own selves must flow, 184.
imaginary, 197.
that came down shower-like, 252.
we dote upon, 141.
Judge, amongst fools a, 213.
not according to appearance, 325.
Judge's robe, 14.
Judges all ranged, 177.
fool with, 213.
hungry, 167.
Judgment, a Daniel come to, 22.
falls upon a man, 90.
fled to brutish beasts, 51.
green in, 77.
hoodwink'd, surrender, 212.
Judgment is weak the prejudice is strong, 178.
reserve thy, 61.
shallow spirit of, 39.
Judgments as our watches, 164.
Judicious drank, 172.
grieve, make the, 66.
Juggling fiends, 59.
Julia, lips of, 94.
Julius, ere the mightiest, fell, 59.
Jump the life to come, 53.
June, leafy month of, 249.
seek ice in, 269.
what so rare as a day in, 309.
Juno's eyes, lids of, 29.
unrelenting hate, 135.
Jupiter on Juno smiles, 109.
Jurisprudence, light of, 5.
Jury, passing on the prisoner's life, 14.
Jurymen may dine, 167.
Just, actions of the, 95.
and mightie death, 8.
are the ways of God, 115.
as the twig is bent, 162.
God forgive, 238.
jewel of the, 126.
less than sage, 262.
memory of the, 316.
men made perfect, 327.
path of the, 316.
remembrance of the, 329.
Justice be thy plea, 22.
course of, 22.
even-handed, 53.
in fair round belly, 25.
mercy seasons, 22.
of my quarrel, 39.
poetic, 171.
to all men, 219.
unwhipped of, 71.
with mercy, 114.
Justifiable to men, 115.
Justified of her children, 323.
Justify the ways of God, 102.

Katerfelto with hair on end, 211.
Keep o' the windy side, 29.
should, who can, 238.
step to the music of the Union, 293.
the word of promise, 59.
your powder dry, 336.
Keeper, am I my brother's, 310.
Kendal green, knaves in, 34.

Kepen wel thy tongue, 3.
Kept the faith, 327.
Key that opes the palace of eternity, 116.
Keys, clutch the golden, 301.
of all the creeds, 301.
Keystane o' night's black arch, 224.
Kibe, galls his, 69.
Kick against the pricks, 325.
in that place, 129.
me down stairs, 227.
that scarce would move a horse, 213.
their owners over, 221.
Kicked until they can feel, 128.
Kickshaws, little tiny, 37.
Kid, lie down with the, 320.
Kidney, man of my, 13.
Kill a sound divine, 213.
the bloom, 233.
Kin, little more than, 60.
prohibited degrees of, 129.
whole world, 44.
Kind as kings, 133.
cruel only to be, 68.
deeds with coldness, 242.
enjoy her while she 's, 135.
hearts are more than coronets, 298.
less than, 60.
to her virtues, 142.
to my remains, 134.
wondrous, 198.
Kindle soft desire, 131.
Kindled by the master's spell, 231.
Kindles false fires, 243.
in clothes, 95.
Kindlier hand, 301.
Kindly fruits of the earth, 328.
Kindness, greetings where no, is, 236.
milk of human, 53.
save in the way of, 232.
Kindred points of heaven, 236.
King, an anointed, 31.
Cambyses' vein, 34.
conscience of the, 65.
contrary to the, 39.
Cophetua loved, 46.
doth hedge a, 69.
every inch a, 72.
God save the, 143.
here lies our sovereign lord the, 138.
himself has followed her, 204.
King, mockery, of snow, 32.
of day, powerful, 181.
of England cannot enter, 189.
of France with forty thousand men, 89.
of good fellows, 38, 213.
of shreds and patches, 68.
of terrors, 312.
state without a, 293.
Stephen was a worthy peer, 74.
under which, 37.
King's creation, 226.
crown, nor the, 14.
English, abusing the, 12.
every subject's duty is the, 38.
name is a tower of strength, 43.
Kingdom for a horse, 42.
for a little grave, 32.
like to a little, 50.
my mind to me a, is, 340.
Kingly line in Europe, 261.
Kings are like stars, 284.
come bow to it, 30.
it makes gods, 41.
may be blest, 224.
right divine of, 171.
royal throne of, 31.
stories of the death of, 32.
upon their coronation, 133.
will be tyrants from policy, 206.
Kiss but in the cup, 85.
immortal with a, 9.
long long, 281.
me and be quiet, 178.
of youth and love, 281.
one kind, 183.
snatched hasty, 182.
to every sedge, 12.
traitorous, 285.
with one long, 297.
Kisses bring again, 15.
from a female mouth, 279.
remembered, 299.
tears and smiles, 234.
thinking their own, sin, 47.
Kitchen bred, 278.
Kithe nor kin, 340.
Kitten, I had rather be a, 34.
Knave, how absolute the, is, 69.
more, than fool, 10.
Knaves in Kendal green, 34.
such honest, 72.
to flatter, 145.
untaught, 33.
Kneaded clod, 14.

Knee, pregnant hinges of the, 66.
Knees, bow stubborn, 68.
down on your, 26.
saint upon his, 214.
Knell is rung, by fairy hands, 198.
of parting day, 194.
overpowering, 282.
sound of a, 215.
that summons thee, 55.
the shroud, 155.
Knells call, heaven invites, 154.
us back, each matin bell, 250.
Knew by the smoke, 266.
himself to sing, 119.
thee but to love, 304.
what 's what, 126.
Knife is driven, 157.
war even to the, 271.
Knight, can make a belted, 226.
parfit gentil, 1.
pricking on the plain, 6.
Knightly counsel, 229.
Knights, accomplishing the, 38.
Knights' bones are dust, 251.
Knock and it shall be opened, 323.
as you please, 174, 214.
the breast, nothing to, 116.
when you please, 214.
Knock-down argument, 136.
Knocker, tie up the, 167.
Knolling a departed friend, 36.
Knotted and combined locks, 63.
Know a subject ourselves, 188.
all words are faint, 220.
her was to love her, 231.
him no more, 312.
how frail I am, 313.
mine end, 313.
not, I ask not, 264.
not what 's resisted, 224.
or dream, or fear, 303.
that I love thee, 264.
thee not, 220.
their own good, 135.
then thyself, 160.
to, to esteem, 251.
we loved in vain, 269.
what we are, 69.
where'er I go, 244.
where we can find information, 188.
ye the land, 276.
Knowledge, book of, 107.
diffused, 229.
he that hath, 317.
Knowledge, he that increaseth, 318.
is of two kinds, 188.
is ourselves to know, 162.
is power, 81.
man of, 81.
manners adorn, 180.
not according to, 325.
sheweth, 313.
sweetly uttered, 8.
under difficulties, 290.
we must snatch, 162.
words without, 312.
Known, to be for ever, 99.
too late, 46.
Knows, and knows no more, 213.
Kosciusko fell, 254.
Kubla Khan, 252.

Labour and difficulty, 107.
and intent study, 123.
and to wait, 305.
bears a lovely face, 99.
ease and alternate, 181.
for my travail, 44.
in his vocation, 32.
many still must, 277.
of love, 327.
we delight in, 55.
what to speak, 81.
work under our, 113.
youth of, 201.
Labour's bath, sore, 55.
Labour'd nothings, 165.
Labourer is worthy of his hire, 324.
Labourers are few, 323.
Labouring man, sleep of a, 319.
Lace, hedgehogs dressed in, 308.
Lack of argument, 37.
of wit, plentiful, 64.
Lack'd and lost, 17.
Lack-lustre eye, 24.
Lad of mettle, a good boy, 33.
Ladder, young ambition's, 49.
Ladies, a lion among, 20.
be but young, 24.
intellectual, 280.
making cages, 146.
whose bright eyes, 120.
Lady doth protest, 67.
is in the case, 178.
married to the Moor, 242.
of the Mere, 233.
protests too much, 67.
so richly clad, 250.
who lent his, 282.

Ladyship, humorous, 30.
Lady-smocks all silver white, 19.
Lags the veteran, superfluous, 186.
Laid on with a trowel, 23.
Lake or moorish fen, 117.
where drooped the willow, 295.
Lamb, dwell with the, 320.
one dead, is there, 306.
skin of an innocent, 39.
the frolic and the gentle, 244.
to the slaughter, 321.
Una with her milk-white, 242.
wind to the shorn, 191.
Lame and impotent conclusion, 74.
feet was I to the, 312.
Lamely and unfashionable, 40.
Lamp, smell of the, 330.
so cheering, 264.
that lighted the traveller, 264.
unto my feet, 315.
Lamps in sepulchral urns, 214.
shone o'er fair woman, 272.
Land, bowels of the, 41.
done for this delicious, 270.
fight for such a, 259.
flowing with milk, 310.
ill fares the, 201.
leans against the, 200.
madden round the, 167.
my own, my native, 258.
of bondage, 261.
of brown heath, 258.
of darkness, 312.
of drowsyhed, 182.
of lost gods, 271.
of scholars, 199.
of the mountain, 258.
they love their, 304.
this delightful, 110.
turrets of the, 307.
where sorrow is unknown, 215.
where the cypress and myrtle, 276.
Landing on some silent shore, 144.
Landlady and Tam, 224.
Landlord's laugh, 224.
Landmark, ancient, 317.
Land-rats and water-rats, 21.
Lands, less happier, 31.
though not of, 83.
Landscape, darkened, 105.
tire the view, 183.
Language, nature's end of, 157.
O that those lips had, 213.
quaint and olden, 305.
Language, under the tropic is our, 100.
Languages, especially the dead, 280.
feast of, 19.
Lank and brown, 247.
Lap it in Elysium, 117.
me in delight, 302.
me in soft Lydian airs, 120.
my mother's, 114.
of earth, 196.
of May, 200.
of Thetis, 128.
Lapland night, lovely as a, 236.
Lards the lean earth, 33.
Large streams from little fountains flow, 228.
was his bounty, 196.
Lark at heaven's gate sings, 78.
none but the, 78.
rise with the, 228.
Lash the rascals naked, 77.
Last at his cross, 285.
brightening to the, 201.
link is broken, 285.
love thyself, 43.
not least in love, 50.
of all the Romans, 52.
reader reads no more, 307.
rose of summer, 264.
scene of all, 25.
still loveliest, 273.
syllable of recorded time, 58.
to lay the old aside, 165.
words of Marmion, 259.
Late, better, than never, 4.
known too, 46.
into the night, 279.
Lated traveller, 56.
Later star of dawn, 233.
Latin, small, and less Greek, 86.
soft bastard, 279.
was no more difficile, 126.
Laud than guilt, 44.
Laugh a siege to scorn, 58.
at any mortal thing, 282.
make the unskilful, 66.
that I may not weep, 282.
that spoke the vacant mind, 201.
that win, they, 76.
thee to scorn, 322.
was ready chorus, 224.
where we must, 158.
who but must, 168.
world's dread, 181.
Laughed consumedly, 152.
full well they, 202.

Laughed his word to scorn, 213.
Laughing devil in his sneer, 277.
quaffing, 134.
soil, paint the, 267.
you hear that boy, 308.
Laughs at lovers' perjury, 133.
fair, the morn, 194.
Laughter for a month, 33.
holding both his sides, 120.
of a fool, 319.
Laura, grave where, lay, 8.
Lavinia, she is, 45.
Law and to the testimony, 320.
ends where tyranny begins, 189.
fulfilling of the, 326.
good opinion of the, 221.
higher than the Constitution, 297.
is a sort of hocus-pocus science, 178.
is good, 327.
is open, 325.
is perfection of reason, 138.
life of the, 138.
murder by the, 157.
of the Medes and Persians, 322.
old father antic the, 32.
order is heaven's first, 161.
quillets of the, 39.
rich men rule the, 200.
seat of, is the bosom of God, 10.
seven hours to, 221.
sovereign, sits empress, 221.
truly kept the, 124.
we have a measure for, 90.
what plea so tainted in, 22.
which moulds a tear, 231.
windy side of the, 29.
Law's grave study, 221.
delay, 65.
Lawful for me to do what I will with mine own, 323.
Lawn, saint in, 162.
Laws, curse on all, 172.
grind the poor, 200.
of a nation, 140.
of nature and of Nature's God, 219.
of servitude, 135.
or kings can cause, 187.
Lawyers are met, 177.
Lay, go forth my simple, 220.
her in the earth, 70.
his weary bones, 43.
on Macduff, 59.
Lay the old aside, 165.
Le premier qui fut roi, 261.
Lea, slowly o'er the, 194.
Leads to bewilder, 209.
Leaf, all do fade as a, 321.
also shall not wither, 313.
days are in the yellow, 280.
falls with the, 87.
not a, is lost, 273.
of pity writ, 48.
perished in the, 301.
sear and yellow, 58.
turn over a new, 349.
upon the stream, 260.
was darkish, 118.
Leafy month of June, 249.
Lean and hungry look, 49.
and slipper'd Pantaloon, 25.
body and visage, 131.
fellow beats all conquerors, 99.
Leaned to virtue's side, 201.
Leap into this angry flood, 49.
it were an easy, 33.
look before you, 5, 128, 346.
Leaps the live thunder, 273.
Leapt to life a god, 287.
Learn of the little nautilus, 160.
to labour and to wait, 305.
to read slow, 179.
Learn'd and fair, 86.
and wise, 240.
Chaucer, 125.
doctor's spite, 302.
length, words of, 202.
lumber, 166.
reflect on what before they knew, 166.
roast an egg, 170.
smile, 165.
Learning hath gained most by books, 125.
is an adjunct to ourself, 18.
little, dangerous, 165.
love he bore to, 202.
progeny of, 222.
scraps of, 156.
study of, 124.
whence is thy, 177.
wiser for his, 90.
Least of two evils, 347.
Leather, faithless, 157.
or prunello, 161.
trod upon neat's, 48.
Leave all meaner things, 158.
her to heaven, 63.

Leave no stone unturned, 330.
not a rack behind, 11.
often took, 143.
thee native soil, 114.
Leaven, little, leaveneth, 326.
Leaves, do cover with, 97.
ending on the rustling, 203.
have their time to fall, 286.
of destiny, 97.
of hope, 43.
of memory, 307.
on trees, like, 175.
shatter your, 119.
spread his sweet, 45.
thick as autumnal, 102.
words are like, 165.
Leaving no tract behind, 48.
Led by my hand, 172.
the way to heaven, 176.
Leer, assent with civil, 168.
Lees, the mere, 55.
Left blooming alone, 264.
undone those things, 328.
Leg, can honour set a, 36.
Legion, my name is, 324.
Legs of Time, 308.
under his huge, 349.
Leisure, repent at, 151.
retired, 121.
Lemonade, black eyes and, 266.
Lend, lend your wings, 173.
Lender nor borrower be, 62.
servant to the, 317.
Lendeth unto the Lord, 317.
Lengthening chain, 199.
Leopard change his spots, 321.
lie down with the kid, 320.
Lerne, gladly wolde he, 1.
Less, beautifully, 143.
beloved head, 274.
happier lands, 31.
of earth, 260.
of two evils, 3, 347.
pleasing when possest, 192.
rather than be, 104.
than archangel, 103.
than kind, 60.
Let, dearly, or let alone, 92.
dogs delight, 150.
fall the curtains, 211.
him now speak, 328.
in the foe, 115.
Newton be, 171.
not the heavens hear, 41.
others hail the rising sun, 198.
Let the toast pass, 222.
these describe, 273.
those love now, 152.
's be merry, 90.
us do evil, 325.
us do or die, 226, 345.
us eat and drink, 321.
's talk of graves, 32.
us worship God, 227.
Lethe wharf, 63.
Letter, not the, but the spirit, 326.
killeth, 326.
Letters Cadmus gave, 281.
Heaven first taught, 172.
Letting I dare not, 54.
Level, so sways she, 28.
Lever han at his beddes hed, 1.
Leviathan, draw out, 313.
Lewd fellows, 325.
Lexicography, lost in, 188.
Lexicon of youth, 291.
Liar, doubt truth to be a, 64.
of the first magnitude, 151.
Liberal education, to love her was a, 147.
Libertas et natale solum, 145.
Libertie, delight with, 7.
Libertine, reckless, 61.
the air a chartered, 37.
Liberty and union, 268.
crust of bread and, 169.
gave us, at the same time, 218.
hour of virtuous, 148.
how many crimes, 228.
I must have withal, 24.
is in every blow, 226.
or death, give me, 218.
spirit of, 205.
tree of, 228.
when they cry, 122.
Liberty's unclouded blaze, 302.
war, first touch of, 266.
Library was dukedom, 10.
License they mean, 122.
Lick absurd pomp, 66.
the dust, 314.
Licks the dust, 168.
the hand just raised, 158.
Lids of Juno's eyes, 29.
Lie at the proud foot, 31.
bid Beaumont, a little further, 86.
circumstantial, 26.
close about his feet, 288.
direct, 86.

Lie down in green pastures, 313.
in cold obstruction, 14.
nothing can need a, 92.
oft in ourselves do, 27.
still and slumber, 150.
to credit his own, 10.
what is a, after all, 283.
Lief not be as live to be, 48.
Liege of all loiterers, 18.
we are men, my, 55.
Lies in daily life before us, 187.
like truth, 112.
to hide it, 150.
Life a galling load, 225.
at a pin's fee, 62.
before us, lies in daily, 111.
best portion of a good man's, 235.
beyond life, 124.
blandishments of, 176.
calamity of so long, 65.
care 's an enemy to, 28.
charmed, I bear, 59.
crowded hour of glorious, 261.
crown of, 327.
daily beauty in his, 77.
death in the midst of, 329.
dost thou love, 185.
dregs of, 136.
half so sweet in, 264.
harp of, love took up the, 298.
has passed roughly, 213.
hath quicksands, 305.
hath snares, 305.
his, has flowed, 288.
his, I'm sure was right, 99.
how pleasant in thy morning, 225.
in every limb, 232.
in short measures, 85.
intercourse of daily, 236.
is a jest, 178.
's a short summer, 186.
is all a cheat, 136.
is but a means, 297.
is but a span, 341.
is but a walking shadow, 58.
is but an empty dream, 304.
is in decrease, 156.
is in the right, 161.
is one demd horrid grind, 309.
is thorny, 250.
like a dome, 285.
like following, 162.
loathed worldly, 15.
love of, 220.
Life many-colour'd, 186.
May of, 58.
nor love thy, 114.
nothing in his, 53.
of care, 285.
of his dull, 88.
of man brutish and short, 90.
of mortal breath, 306.
of poor Jack, 220.
of the building, 55.
of the law, 138.
protracted, 186.
rounded with a sleep, 11.
set upon a cast, 42.
slits the thin-spun, 119.
so dear or peace so sweet, 218.
spent worthily, 297.
staff of, 146.
story of my, 73.
sunset of, 255.
sweat under a weary, 65.
tedious as a twice-told tale, 30.
that dares send, 97.
that, is long, 156.
the idea of her, 17.
tree of, 108.
variety 's the spice of, 211.
victorious, o'er all the ills o', 224.
voyage of their, 51.
walk of virtuous, 155.
was gentle, 52.
was in the right, 99.
wave of, 291.
way of, 58.
we 've been long together, 220.
web of our, 27.
wheels of weary, 136.
while there 's, there 's hope, 177.
who gave us, 218.
whole of, to live, 254.
wine of, 55.
ye bear a sacred burden, 301.
Life's common way, 239.
dark road, 303.
dull round, 191.
enchanted cup, 272.
fitful fever, 56.
great end, 156.
morning watch, 256.
poor play is o'er, 160.
tale, makes up, 251.
vast ocean, 160.
worst ills, 296.
young day, 291.
Life-blood of our enterprise, 35.

Lift from earth, 276.
her with care, 291.
it, bear it solemnly, 301.
it up fatherly, 309.
Lifts its awful form, 201.
Light a cause, 262.
a foot, 47.
all was, 171.
and sweetness, 145.
as air, 76.
burning and a shining, 325.
children of, 324.
dear as the, 193.
dim religious, 121.
ere it come to, 216.
excess of, 193.
fantastic toe, 120.
feared the, 93.
for after times, 248.
form of life and, 276.
from heaven, 225, 276.
gates of, 111.
grave to, 134, 162.
is sweet, truly the, 319.
leads up to, 105.
long-levell'd rule of streaming, 117.
men of inward, 124.
of a dark eye, 273.
of Hope, 256.
of jurisprudence, 5.
of light beguile, 17.
of love, 277.
of other days, 265.
of setting suns, 235.
of the Mæonian star, 166.
of the morning gild it, 268.
of the world, 322.
of things, into the, 241.
of truth, 243.
peerless, unveil'd her, 109.
presence full of, 48.
put out the, 77.
quivering aspen, 259.
radiant, by her own, 117.
remnant of uneasy, 239.
seeking light, 17.
swift-winged arrows of, 215.
that led astray, 225.
that lies in woman's eyes, 264.
that never was on sea, 244.
that visits these sad eyes, 193.
through chinks, 100.
to counterfeit a gloom, 120.
to guide, 243.
Light unto my path, 315.
walk while ye have the, 325.
which Heaven sheds, 264.
windows that exclude the, 196.
within his own breast, 117.
Lightly draws its breath, 232.
from fair to fair, 259.
Lightning and the gale, 307.
does the will of God, 284.
in the collied night, 19.
or in rain, 52.
quick as, 129.
Lights are fled, 265.
as vain, 261.
let your, be burning, 324.
heaven's, 17.
of mild philosophy, 147.
that mislead the morn, 15.
without a name, 94.
Like angels' visits, 141, 255.
but oh how different, 236.
following life, 162.
little mice, 93.
not look upon his, 60.
orient pearls, 220.
seasoned timber, 92.
some tall palm, 266.
the best wine, 320.
the dyer's hand, 80.
the old age, 28.
to a double cherry, 20.
Likelihood, fellow of no, 34.
Likewise, go and do thou, 324.
Lilies, braids of, 118.
of the field, consider the, 323.
Lily, to paint the, 30.
Limb, life in every, 232.
Limbs, her gentle, 250.
on those recreant, 30.
whose trembling, 217.
Lime-twigs of his spells, 118.
Limit of becoming mirth, 18.
Limits of a vulgar fate, 193.
Line, creep in one dull, 165.
full resounding, 170.
he could wish to blot, 189.
in the very first, 203.
stretch out, 57.
too labours, 166.
upon line, 321.
we carved not a, 287.
Lineaments of gospel-books, 7.
Linen you 're wearing out, 292.
Lines fallen unto me in pleasant place, 313.

Lines, own the happy, 166.
where beauty lingers, 275.
Lingering dew-drop, 243.
Link, last, is broken, 285.
Linked sweetness, 120.
with one virtue, 277.
Linnets, pipe but as the, 300.
Lion among ladies, 20.
beard the, in his den, 259.
better than a dead, 319.
breakfast on the lip of a, 38.
give a grievous roar, 183.
heart and eagle eye, 199.
in the lobby roar, 183.
in the way, 318.
is in the streets, 318.
mated by the hind, 27.
not so fierce as painted, 124, 348.
pawing to get free, 112.
to rouse a, 33.
Lion's hide, thou wear a, 30.
mane, dew-drop from a, 44.
Lip, anger of his, 28.
coral, admires, 89.
nectar on a, 222.
of a lion, 38.
vermeil-tinctured, 118.
Lips are now forbid to speak, 289.
chalice to our own, 53.
crimson in thy, 48.
had language, 213.
heart on her, 279.
in poverty to the very, 76.
of Julia, 94.
of those that are asleep, 320.
smile on her, 259.
soul through my, 297.
steeped to the, in misery, 306.
suck forth my soul, 9.
that are for others, 299.
that he has prest, 307.
that were forsworn, 15.
to part her, 94.
tremble, see my, 172.
truth from his, 201.
were four red roses, 41.
were red, 93.
when I ope my, 21.
whispering with white, 272.
Liquid dew of youth, 61.
fire, glass of, 229.
lapse of murmuring streams, 112.
notes that close the eye of day, 122.
Liquor for boys, 188.
Liquors, hot and rebellious, 24.
Lisp'd in numbers, 168.
Listen with credulity, 187.
Listened to a lute, 293.
Listening mood, 259.
Listens like a three years' child, 247.
Litel gold in cofre, 1.
Litigious terms, 123.
Little boats should keep near shore, 185.
dogs and all, 71.
fire kindleth, 327.
for the bottle, 220.
foxes that spoil the vines, 320.
hands were never made, 150.
here a, and there a little, 321.
learning dangerous, 165.
leaven leaveneth, 326.
lower than the angels, 313.
man wants but, 155, 203.
month, 60.
more than a little, 34.
more than kin, 60.
one become a thousand, 321.
one's chair, 309.
one's cradle, 309.
round, fat, oily man, 182.
said is soonest mended, 90.
senate laws, 174.
thing to give a cup of water, 288
to perceive, 233.
Live alway, I would not, 312.
bear to, 161.
by bread alone, 322.
by one man's will, 10.
cleanly, leave sack and, 35.
in deeds not years, 297.
in hearts, 256.
in peace—adieu, 173.
in pleasure, 185.
is Christ, 326.
laborious days, 119.
not in myself, 298.
one day asunder, 138.
past years again, 136.
so may'st thou, 114.
taught us how to, 176.
teach him how to, 207.
thus let me, 173.
till to-morrow, 215.
to please, please to live, 186.
unblemish'd let me, 173.
unseen, unknown, 173.
well, what thou liv'st, 114.
while you live, 185.

Live with thee and be thy love, 8.
with them less sweet, 264.
Lived in Settle's numbers, 171.
on the river Dee, 208.
she at its close, 295.
Livelier iris, 298.
Lively sense of future favours, 149.
to severe, 162.
Livers in content, 42.
Livery of heaven, 289.
sober, 109.
Lives a prayer, making their, 302.
along the line, 159.
as he ought to do, 87.
in a state of war, 145.
like a drunken sailor, 41.
more faith, 301.
most, who thinks most, 297.
of great men, 304.
pleasant in their, 311.
Liveth not in fierce desire, 258.
Living a rover, 289.
dead man, 15.
dog better than dead lion, 319.
lyre, 195.
throne, 193.
Llewellyn's lay, 193.
Lo, the poor Indian, 158.
Load a falling man, 44.
galling, 225.
of sorrow, 17.
Loaf, of a cut, 45.
Loan oft loses itself, 61.
Loathed worldly life, 15.
Loaves, half-penny, 39.
Lobby, hear a lion in the, 183.
Lobster boiled, 128.
Local habitation, 20.
Lock such rascal counters, 51.
Locked up from mortal eye, 97.
up in steel, 39.
Locks, his golden, 82.
hyacinthine, 109.
in the golden story, 45.
invincible, 124.
knotted, and combined, 63.
never shake thy gory, 56.
open, whoever knocks, 57.
pluck up by the, 33.
Locusts, luscious as, 74.
Lodge a friend, 145.
in some vast wilderness, 210.
thee by Chaucer, 86.
Lodgest, where thou, I will, 311.
Lodging-place of wayfaring men, 321.
Lodgings in a head, 126.
Loftiness of thought, 134.
Lofty and sour, 44.
Logic and rhetoric make men able to contend, 80.
Loins be girded about, 324.
Loiterers and malcontents, 18.
Loke who that is most virtuous, 2.
London an habitation of bitterns, 294.
monster, 100.
London's column, 164.
lasting shame, 194.
Lonely want retired to die, 187.
Lonesome road, 249.
Long after it was heard, 238.
as twenty days, 232.
choosing, 113.
descent, claims of, 297.
dull and old, 227.
experience, 177.
has it waved on high, 307.
in populous city, 113.
is the way and hard, 105.
live the king, 214.
long ago, 289.
majestic march, 170.
time ago, 295.
Long-drawn aisle, 195.
Longest kingly line, 261.
Longing after immortality, 148.
and yet afraid to die, 306.
lingering look, 195.
more wavering, 28.
Long-levelled rule, 117.
Look a gift horse in the mouth, 346.
before you ere you leap, 128.
drew audience, 105.
ere thou leap, 5, 346.
give me a, 85.
how the floor of heaven, 23.
into the seeds of time, 52.
lean and hungry, 49.
men met with erected, 133.
not thou upon the wine, 317.
on her face, 167.
on it, lift it, 301.
round the habitable world, 135.
that Nature wears, 305.
upon his like again, 60.
upon this picture, 68.
Looked, no sooner, but loved, 26.
unutterable things, 181.
Looker-on here in Vienna, 15.
Looking at the steeple, 281.
before and after, 69.

Looking ill prevail, 93.
Looks a Queen, 175.
commercing, 121.
despatchful, 111.
in the clouds, 49.
puts on his pretty, 30.
sadly upon him, 42.
the cottage might adorn, 202.
through nature, 161.
with despatchful, 111.
Looming bastion, 300.
Loop nor hinge, 76.
Loop'd and window'd raggedness, 71.
Loop-holes of retreat, 211.
Loose his beard, 193.
the bands of Orion, 313.
type of things, 233.
Lord among wits, 214.
Fanny spins a thousand such, 169.
gave and the Lord hath taken away, 311.
help 'em, 248.
knows who, 142.
loveth he chasteneth, 327.
my bosom's, 48.
name of the, 42.
of all things, 160.
of folded arms, 18.
of himself, 83, 277.
of the lion heart, 199.
of the works of nature, 7.
of thy presence, 29.
once own the happy lines, 166.
Lordly dish, butter in a, 311.
pleasure-house, 297.
Lord's anointed, rail on the, 41.
anointed temple, 55.
Lords of hell, 300.
of humankind, 200.
women who love their, 199.
Lords' stories, great, 227.
Lore, skilled in gestic, 200.
Lose his own soul, 323.
it that do buy it, 21.
Losing rendered sager, 287.
Loss, choice of, 77.
of dirt, 83.
of the sun, 180.
of wealth, 83.
promise to his, 329.
Losses, fellow that hath had, 17.
Lost, all is, save honour, 335.
him half the kind, 133.
Lost, I've, a day, 154.
in lexicography, 188.
in the sweets, 177.
not, but gone before, 231.
praising what is, 27.
the immortal part, 75.
what though the field be, 102.
Lot, how hard their, 209.
Loth to depart, 143.
Lothario, gay, 151.
Loud, curses not, 58.
huzzas, 161.
laugh, 201.
storms annoy, 187.
Louder but as empty quite, 160.
Love, a bright, particular star, 27.
all for, 220.
all hearts in, 16.
and be thy, 8.
and dignity, in every gesture, 112.
and light, 252.
and that they sing, 101.
are of, the food, 113.
beggary in, 77.
begins to sicken and decay, 51.
Briton even in, 233.
bud of, 46.
but her for ever, 226.
but one day, 144.
can hope, 190.
cherish and to obey, 329.
common as light, 284.
could teach a monarch, 196.
course of true, 19.
crossed in, 222.
deep as first, 299.
delight in, 151.
ecstasy of, 64.
endures no tie, 133.
everlasting, and eternal joy, 139.
familiar beast to man, and signifies, 12.
fasting for a good man's, 26.
free as air, 172.
freedom in my, 96.
hail wedded, 110.
harvest-time of, 247.
he bore to learning, 202.
he spake of, 236.
her, see her is to, 226.
him at his call, 234.
if thou art all, 286.
in such a wilderness; 256.
in the beginning, 12.
indeed is light, 276.

Love, innocence of, 28.
is a boy by poets styl'd, 128.
is doomed to mourn, 286.
is flower-like, 252.
is heaven, 258.
is indestructible, 247.
is loveliest, 260.
is not love, 80.
is strong as death, 320.
is sweet given or returned, 284.
is the fulfilling of the law, 326.
labour of, 327.
last not least in, 50.
light of, 277.
live with me and be my, 9.
looks not with the eyes, 19.
lost between us, 347.
many waters cannot quench, 320.
me little love me long, 10, 95, 346.
ministers of, 251.
music be the food of, 28.
must needs be blind, 253.
never told her, 28.
no fear in, 328.
not man the less, 274.
now who never loved, 152.
of life increased with years, 220.
of life's young day, 290.
of money, root of all evil, 327.
of Nature holds communion, 295.
of praise, 157.
of the turtle, 276.
of women, 281, 311.
office and affairs of, 16.
on till they die, 262.
on through all ills, 262.
one another, 325.
pains of, 136.
pangs of despised, 65.
perfect, casteth out fear, 328.
pity 's akin to, 141.
pleasure of, 285.
prove variable, 46.
purple light of, 193.
rules the court, 257.
seals of, 15.
seem worthy of your, 242.
seldom haunts, 174.
sidelong looks of, 200.
soft eyes looked, 272.
sought is good, 29.
spring of, 12, 249.
stony limits cannot hold, 46.
such, as spirits feel, 236.
Love, that took an early root, 293.
the more, 152.
the offender, 172.
they conquer, that run away, 89.
thyself last, 43.
tide of, 155.
to hatred turned, 151.
to me was wonderful, 312.
too divine to, 287.
took up the harp of life, 298.
tunes the shepherd's reed, 258.
unrelenting foe to, 183.
whole course of, 73.
Love's devoted flame, 264.
proper hue, 113.
young dream, 264.
Loved and lost, 300.
and still loves, 231.
at first sight, 9.
at home, 227.
but one, 270.
Cæsar less, 50.
I not honour more, 96.
in vain, 269.
me for the dangers, 74.
my country and I hated him, 279.
needs only to be seen, 133.
no sooner, but sighed, 26.
none without hope e'er, 190.
not, the world, 273.
not wisely but too well, 77.
Rome more, 50.
sae blindly, 226.
sae kindly, 226.
the great sea, 290.
the lost too many, 273.
who never, before, 152.
Love-darting eyes, 118.
Lovelier face, 259.
things have mercy, 276.
Loveliest, last still, 273.
of lovely things, 296.
Loveliness, lay down in her, 250.
majesty of, 276.
needs not ornament, 181.
Lovely and a fearful thing, 281.
as a Lapland night, 236.
in death, 155.
in her husband's eye, 232.
in your strength, 273.
Thais sits beside thee, 131.
things, loveliest of, 296.
Lover all as frantic, 20.
and the poet, 20.

Lover, banish'd, 172.
familiar to the, 147.
happy as a, 243.
in the husband, 190.
sighing like furnace, 25.
to listening maid, 296.
woman loves her, 281.
Lovers love the western star, 257.
make two, happy, 171.
of virtue, 91.
Lovers' meeting, end in, 28.
perjuries, 46.
perjury, 133.
tongues by night, 46.
vows seem sweet, 278.
Loves on to the close, 263.
Loving to my mother, 60.
Low degree, curs of, 203.
in Glory's lap, 254.
laid in my grave, 30.
Lower, can fall no, 128.
Lowering element, 105.
Lowest deep a lower, 107.
of your throng, 110.
Lowing herd, 194.
Lowliness is young ambition's ladder, 49.
Lowly born, better to be, 42.
taught and highly fed, 27.
Lucent sirups, 287.
Lucid interval, 346.
Lucifer, falls like, 43.
son of the morning, 321.
Luck about the house, 217.
would have it, 13.
Lucky chance, 181.
Lulls to sleep, 203.
Lumber, learned, 166.
Lunatic lover and poet, 20.
Lunes, in his old, 13.
Lungs began to crow, 24.
Lurks in every flower, 267.
Luscious as locusts, 74.
Lust in man, 137.
of gold, 301.
Lustre, ne'er could any, see, 223.
shine with such, 216.
Lute, listened to a, 293.
Luve's like a red, red rose, 226.
's like the melodie, 226.
Luxurious by restraint, 113.
Luxury curst by Heaven, 202.
in self-dispraise, 245.
of disrespect, 243.
of doing good, 200.
Luxury of woe, 266.
thinks it, 147.
to be, 251.
Lydian airs, 120.
measures, 131.
Lyfe so short, 3.
Lying, easy as, 67.
with Houris, 197.
world given to, 35.
Lyre, mood of the, 266.

Macassar, incomparable oil, 280.
Mad 't is true he 's, 63.
pleasure in being, 136.
Madden round the land, 167.
to crime, 276.
Maddest, merriest day, 299.
Made glorious summer, 40.
lowly wise, 243.
manifest, 326.
out of the carver's brain, 250.
Madness and despondency, 235.
for that fine, 84.
in the brain, 250.
laughing wild, 192.
lies that way, 71.
method in, 64.
midsummer, 29.
moon-struck, 114.
near allied, 131.
of many, 175.
to defer, 154.
would gambol from, 68.
Madrigals, birds sing, 9.
Mæonian star, 166.
Magic number, 151.
could not copied be, 135.
of a name, 255.
of the Mind, 277.
potent over sun, 277.
Magnificent and awful cause, 210.
Magnificently-stern array, 272.
Magnitude, liar of the first, 151.
Mahometans, pleasures of the, 197.
Maid dancing in the chequer'd shade, 120.
garland to the sweetest, 176.
none to praise, 233.
of Athens, ere we part, 270.
some captive, 172.
sphere-descended, 198.
the chariest, 61.
who modestly conceals, 190.
Maiden meditation, 20.
of bashful fifteen, 222.

Maiden presence, scanter of your, 62.
shame, blush of, 296.
showers, like those, 95.
true betrayed, 258.
with white fire laden, 285.
young heart of a, 264.
Maidens like moths, 270.
withering on the stalk, 242.
Maids of thirteen, 30.
who love the moon, 263.
Main chance, 128, 346.
Majestic head, less, 274.
silence, 266.
though in ruin, 105.
world, start of the, 49.
Majesty, clouded, 109.
next in, 134.
of loveliness, 276.
rayless, 153.
Make a note of, 309.
a Star-chamber matter, 12.
languor smile, 169.
no long orations, 221.
the angels weep, 14.
the worse appear, 104.
two lovers happy, 171.
Makes drudgery divine, 92.
man a slave, 175.
night hideous, 171.
one wondrous kind, 198.
slaves of men, 284.
up life's tale, 251.
Making beautiful old rhyme, 80.
earth a hell, 270.
night hideous, 62.
the green one red, 55.
Malice, domestic, 56.
set down aught in, 77.
to conceal, 108.
Mammon, cannot serve God and, 323.
least erected spirit, 103.
wins his way, 270.
Man, a debtor to his profession, 81.
a flower he dies, 186.
a living dead, 15.
a merrier, 18.
a proper, as one shall see, 20.
a slave, whatever day makes, 175.
a two-legged animal, 330.
after his desert, 64.
after his own heart, 311.
all that a, hath, 311.
and a brother, 336.
Man, apparel oft proclaims the, 61.
architect of his own fortune, 330.
arrayed for mutual slaughter, 240.
as good kill a, as a book, 124.
as just a, 66.
assurance of a, 68.
at arms, 82.
at his best state, 314.
at thirty, 154.
be vertuous withal, 2.
bear his own burden, 326.
before your mother, 216.
being in honour, 314.
best good, 138.
better spared a better, 35.
blind old, of Scio, 277.
bold bad, 6, 42.
born of woman, 312.
breathes there the, 258.
breed a habit in a, 12.
broken with the storms, 43.
child is father of the, 232.
childhood shows the, 115.
Christian faithful, 41.
conference maketh a ready, 80.
crime of being a young, 189.
crossed with adversity, 12.
delights not me, 64.
despised old, 71.
do all that may become a, 54.
do but die, 292.
do what has been done by, 156.
doth not live by bread only, 310.
drest in a little brief authority, 14.
dull ear of a drowsy, 30.
extremes in, 164.
false, smiling, 140.
false to any, 61.
familiar beast to, 12.
foremost, of all this world, 51.
forget not, 197.
free as nature first made, 135.
fury of a patient, 133.
goeth forth unto his work, 315.
goeth to his long home, 319.
good great, 252.
good, never dies, 253.
good old, 16, 24.
goodliest of men, 109.
had fixed his face, 237.
hanging the worst use of, 83.
happy, is without a shirt, 83.

Man, happy the, 134.
he felt as a, 209.
her wit was more than, 134.
highest style of, 155.
honest and perfect, 87.
honest, the noblest work 161.
how poor a thing is, 84.
I love not, the less, 274.
impious in a good, 155.
in ignorance sedate, 186.
in the bush, 303.
in the right place, 302.
in wit a, 174.
inconsistant, 154.
is accommodated, 36.
is born unto trouble, 312.
is his own star, 87.
is one world, 92.
's the gowd for a' that, 226.
is the nobler growth, 219.
is thy most awful instrument, 240.
is true as steel, 47.
is vile only, 267.
judgment falls upon a, 90.
lay down his life, 325.
let him pass for a, 21.
life of, solitary, 90.
like to a little kingdom, 50.
load a falling, 44.
low sitting on the ground, 6.
lust in, no charm can tame, 137.
made her such a, 73.
made the town, 210.
made thee to temper, 139.
made upright, 319.
made us citizens, 310.
makes a death, 155.
makes his own stature, 156.
mark the perfect, 313.
marks the earth, 275.
may fish with the worm, 69.
meets his fate, 155.
mildest manner'd, 281.
mind the standard of the, 150.
misery acquaints a, 11.
more sinned against, 71.
my foe, one worthy, 168.
never is but always to be blest, 158.
no such, be trusted, 23.
no wiser for his learning, 90.
not made for the Sabbath, 324.
not passion's slave, 67.
of a cheese-paring, 37.
Man of cheerful yesterdays, 246.
of knowledge, 81.
of letters, 213.
of mettle, 153.
of morals, 99.
of my kidney, 13.
of nasty ideas, 146.
of peace and war, 129.
of pleasure, a man of pains, 156.
of Ross, 163.
of such feeble temper, 48.
of the world, 213.
of unbounded stomach, 43.
of unclean lips, 320.
of wisdom is the man of years, 156.
of woe, not always a, 257.
oft the wisest, 233.
old, eloquent, 122.
only growth that dwindles, 200.
o'er all this scene of, 158.
perils doe enfold the righteous, 6.
pity the sorrows of a poor old, 217.
plays many parts, 25.
pleasant in, 203.
'prentice han' she tried on, 266.
press not a falling, 43.
prey was, 173.
profited, for what is a, 323.
proper, as one shall see, 20.
proposes, God disposes, 3.
reading maketh a full, 80.
recovered of the bite, 203.
remote from, 152.
round, fat, oily, 182.
ruins of the noblest, 50.
sadder and a wiser, 250.
save the spirit of, 276.
scan your brother, 224.
scattered at the feet of, 246.
see me more, no, 42.
seven women hold of one, 320.
shall cast his idols, 320.
shall not live by bread alone, 322.
she knows her, 134, 167.
should be alone, 310.
smiling destructive, 140.
so besy as he, 1.
so faint, so spiritless, 36.
so much one, can do, 130.
so various, 132.
sour-complexioned, 91.
soweth that he reaps, 326.

Man speak truly, 32.
stagger like a drunken, 315.
struggling in the storms of fate, 174.
study of mankind is, 159.
take him for all in all, 60.
teach you more of, 242.
thankless, inconsistent, 154.
that blushes, 156.
that hails you Tom, 215.
that hangs on princes' favours, 43.
that hath a tongue, 11.
that hath been in prosperitie, 3.
that hath friends, 317.
that hath no music, 23.
that lays his hand, 232.
that may become a, 54.
that meddles with cold iron, 127.
the hermit sighed, 255.
this is the state of, 43.
this was a, 52.
thou art the, 311.
thou pendulum, 274.
thoughtless, 154, 246.
time whereof the memory of, 207.
to all the country dear, 200.
to dying men, 137.
to mend God's work, 133.
too fond to rule, 168.
under his fig-tree, 322.
virtuous and vicious, every, 160.
wants but little, 155, 203.
weigh the, not his title, 226.
well-bred, 213.
well-favoured, 16.
what a piece of work is, 64.
what has been done by, 156.
where he dies for, 290.
where lives the, that has not tried, 261.
who calleth, let the, 144.
who could make a pun, 141.
who turnips cries, 188.
whole duty of, 320.
whose blood is warm within, 21.
wise, is strong, 80.
wished heaven had made her such a, 73.
with him was God or Devil, 132.
with large gray eyes, 232.
with soul so dead, 258.
within this learned, 10.
without a tear, 256.
Man, worth makes the, 161.
writing maketh an exact, 80.
written out of reputation, 142.
Man's best things, 288.
blood, whoso sheddeth, 310.
first disobedience, 101.
hand against him, 310.
heart deviseth, 317.
house his castle, 5.
illusion given, 265.
imperial race, 167.
ingratitude, not so unkind as, 25.
inhumanity to man, 226.
love is of man's life a thing apart, 280.
most dark extremity, 261.
true touchstone, 89.
unconquerable mind, 240.
Mandragora, not poppy nor, 76.
Mane, hand upon thy, 275.
Manichean god, 212.
Manifest, shall be made, 325.
Mankind, cause of, 263.
deserve better of, 145.
from China to Peru, 186.
meanest of, 162.
misfortunes of, 208.
proper study of, 160.
think their little set, 220.
Mankind's concern is charity, 162.
epitome, 132.
Manliness of grief, 202.
Manly foe, 230.
sentiment, 206.
Manna, tongue dropped, 104.
Manner born, to the, 62.
Manners, catch the, 158.
evil communications corrupt good, 326.
must adorn knowledge, 180.
of gentle, 174.
with fortunes, 163.
Mansions, many, 325.
Mantle like a standing pond, 21.
of the standing pool, 71.
silver, 109.
Many a feeling heart, 251.
a time and oft, 21.
are called, 323.
must labour for the one, 277.
waters cannot quench love, 320.
yet how few, 273.
Many-colour'd life, 186.
Many-headed monster, 87, 170.
Many-twinkling feet, 193.

Map me no maps, 350.
Mar what's well, 71.
Marathon, gray, 271.
looks on the sea, 281.
plain of, 188.
Marble, in dull cold, 43.
leapt to life, 287.
to retain, 5, 280.
to write it in, 43.
with his name, 164.
yielding, 101.
Marbles, mossy, rest, 307.
Marcellus exiled feels, 161.
March, beware the Ides of, 48.
drought of, 1.
is o'er the mountain waves, 256.
life's morning, 256.
long majestic, 170.
of intellect, 248.
stormy, has come, 296.
through Coventry, 35.
winds of, with beauty, 29.
Marched on without impediment, 41.
Marches to delightful measures, 40.
to the grave, 304.
Marcia towers above her sex, 147.
Mare, gray, the better horse, 345.
Margin, meadow of, 222.
Mariners of England, 255.
Mark, fellow of no, 34.
now how a plain tale, 34.
shining, 156.
the archer little meant, 261.
the marble with his name, 164.
the perfect man, 313.
what ills, 186.
Marlborough's eyes, 186.
Marle, burning, 102.
Marmion, last words of, 259.
Marred the lofty line, 258.
Marriage an open question, 97.
dirge in, 60.
of true minds, 80.
tables, 60.
Marriage-bell, merry as a, 272.
Marriages, why so few are happy, 146.
Married in haste, 151.
live till I were, 16.
to immortal verse, 120, 246.
Marry ancient people, 125.
proper time to, 214.
Mars, eye like, 68.
seat of, 31.
Marshal's truncheon, 14.
Marshallest the way, 54.
Martial airs of England, 268.
cloak around him, 287.
outside, 23.
Martyrdom of fame, 278.
of John Rogers, 341.
Martyrs, army of, 328.
blood of the, 330.
Mary-buds, winking, 78.
Masquerade, truth in, 283.
Mass of things to come, 44.
Mast, nail to the, 307.
of some great ammiral, 102.
sailor on a, 41.
Master a grief, 16.
Brook, think of that, 13.
such, such man, 4.
Masterly inactivity, 229.
Master-passion in the breast, 160.
Master-piece, made his, 55.
nature's chief, 139.
Masters of assemblies, 320.
of their fates, 49.
spread yourselves, 19.
Master-spirit embalmed, 124.
Master-spirits of this age, 50.
Mastery, strive for, 107.
Mastiff, greyhound, 72.
Mated by the lion, 27.
Mathematics makes men subtile, 80.
Matin to be near, 63.
Matter, german to the, 70.
no, Berkeley said, 283.
root of the, 312.
such vile, 47.
will re-word, 68.
with less art, 64.
wrecks of, 148.
Mattock and the grave, 155.
Maturest counsels dash, 104.
Maudlin poetess, 167.
Maxim in the schools, 145.
Maxims, hoard of, 298.
May, chills the lap of, 200.
flowers, clouds that shed, 109.
I be there to see, 214.
merry month of, 79, 84.
no rude hand deface it, 238.
of life, in my, 58.
wol have no slogardie, 2.
Mayde, meke as is a, 1.
Maze, in fancy's, 168.
mirthful, 200.
Mazes, in wand'ring, lost, 105.
Meadow of margin, 222.
Meadows brown and sear, 296.

Meadows, paint with delight, 19.
trim with daisies, 120.
Meads in May, 90.
Meaner beauties of the night, 83.
Meanest flower that blows. 245.
floweret of the vale, 136.
of mankind, 162.
Means and appliances, 36.
end justify the, 143.
not, but ends, 252.
of evil out of good, 102.
to be of note, 78.
to do ill deeds, 31.
unto an end, 297.
whereby I live, 23.
Measure for law, 90.
of my days, 313.
sighed to, 234.
to tread a, 19.
wind by, 93.
Measured by my soul, 150.
many a mile, 19.
phrase, 235.
Measureless content, 54.
Measures, delightful, 40.
in short, 85.
Lydian, 131.
not men, 204.
Meat for the hungry, 5.
God sends, 344.
I cannot eat but little, 6.
it feeds on, 75.
upon what, 49.
Meats, funeral baked, 60.
Mecca saddens, 181.
Meccas of the mind, 303.
Mechanic slaves, 78.
Mechanized automaton, 284.
Meddles with cold iron, 127.
Meddling, every fool will be, 317.
Mede, floures in the, 3.
Medes and Persians, 322.
Med'cinable gum, 77.
Medicine, miserable have no other, but only hope, 14.
thee to that sweet sleep, 76.
Medicines to make me love, 33.
Meditate the thankless muse, 119.
Meditation, maiden, 20
Meditative spleen, 245.
Medium, no cold, 175.
Meed of some melodious tear, 119.
unworthy, 229.
Meek and gentle, 50.
and quiet spirit, 328.
Meek nature's evening comment, 239.
patient spirit, 99.
Walton's heavenly memory, 241.
Meek-eyed Morn, 181.
Meet again, if we do, 52.
in her aspect, 278.
like a pleasant thought, 233.
mortality, 114.
nurse for a poetic child, 253.
the sun upon the upland lawn, 196.
the sun in his coming, 268.
thee at thy coming, 320.
with champagne, 178.
Meeting, broke the good, 56.
of gentle lights, 94.
Meets the ear, 121.
Meke as is a mayde, 1.
Melancholy, but only, 88.
chord in, 292.
days are come, 296.
green and yellow, 28.
main, amid the, 182.
marked him, 196.
moping, 114.
most musical, most, 121.
of mine own, 26.
slow, 199.
soothe her, 203.
sweetest, 88.
train, 200.
waste, 295.
Mellow, goes to bed, 87.
Mellowed to that tender light, 278.
Mellowing of occasion, 18.
year, before the, 119.
Melodie, foules maken, 1.
Melodies, heard, are sweet, 287.
the echoes, 252.
thousand, unheard, 231.
Melodious tear, 119.
Melody, blundering kind of, 132.
crack the voice of, 308.
of every grace, 96.
Melrose, fair, 257.
Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, 255.
at others' woe, 176.
into his heart, 237.
into sorrow, 276.
too solid flesh would, 60.
Melted into air, 11.
Melting mood, unused to the, 77.
Melts like kisses, 287.

Melts the mind to love, 131.
Memories, set off his, 89.
Memory, bitter, 108.
dear son of, 122.
for his jests, 223.
holds a seat, 63.
how sweet their, 214.
leaves of, 307.
Morning-star of, 276.
name and, 82.
of all he stole, 171.
of man, 207.
of the just, 316.
pluck from the, 58.
silent shore of, 246.
sinner of his, 10.
table of my, 63.
throng into my, 116.
ventricle of, 18.
vibrates in the, 285.
Walton's heavenly, 241.
warder of the brain, 54.
Washington's awful, 248.
watches o'er the sad review, 255.
Men about me that are fat, 49.
affairs of, 51.
all honourable, 50.
and women players, 25.
are April when they woo, 26.
are but children, 135.
are created equal, 219.
are we, 239.
are you good, and true, 16.
bad, combine, 305.
below and saints above, 257.
beneath the rule of, 290.
best of, 99.
busy hum of, 120.
by losing rendered sager, 279.
callen daisies, 3.
cause that wit is in other, 36.
cheerful ways of, 107.
companies of, 130.
cradled into poetry, 285.
crowd of common, 95.
crueltie and ambition of, 8.
daily do not knowing what, 16.
dare do what men may do, 16.
December when they wed, 26.
deeds are, 188.
do a-land, 79.
draw, as they ought to be, 202.
draw near their eternal home, 100.
drink, reasons why, 139.
Men, evil that, do, 50.
favour the deceit, 136.
forty thousand, went up a hill, 89.
from the chimney-corner, 8.
godlike, 272.
happy breed of, 31.
have died not for love, 26.
have lost their reason, 51.
have their price, 149.
histories make, wise, 80.
honourable, in their generations, 322.
impious, bear sway, 148.
in the catalogue, 55.
let but thy wicked, 100.
lives of great, 305.
living to be brave, 124.
masters of their fates, 49.
mathematics makes, subtile, 80.
may live fools, 155.
may read strange matters, 53.
measures not, 204.
met each other, 133.
moral philosophy makes, grave, 80.
moulded out of faults, 15.
must be taught, 166.
my brothers, 298.
natural philosophy makes, deep, 80.
nature made us, 310.
nothing of its greatest, 296.
of inward light, 129.
of letters, 214.
of renowned virtue, 124.
of sense approve, 166.
of wit will condescend, 145.
only disagree, 105.
quit yourselves like, 311.
reach of ordinary, 235.
rich, rule the law, 200.
roll of common, 34.
schemes of mice and, 224.
science that, lere, 3.
shame to, 105.
shiver when thou art named, 180.
shock of, 271.
sleek-headed, 49.
smile no more, 177.
some to business take, 163.
some to pleasure take, 163.
such, are dangerous, 49.
talk to conceal the mind, 157.
tall, had empty heads, 81.
tastes of, 197.

Men, tell them they are, 192.
that fishes gnawed upon, 40.
the most infamous, 208.
the workers, 298.
think all men mortal, 154.
this blunder, in, 220.
tide in the affairs of, 51.
twelve good, 290.
two strong, 175.
unburied, 97.
ways of God to, 102.
we petty, walk under, 49.
were deceivers ever, 16.
which never were, 26.
who can hear the Decalogue, 244.
who their duties know, 221.
whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, 73.
wiser by weakness, 100.
wisest of, 115.
would be angels, 159.
wrong these holy, 270.
you and other, think, 48.
Men's business and bosoms, 80.
charitable speeches, 82.
evil manners, 43.
office to speak patience, 17.
souls, times that try, 218.
Mended, little said is soonest, 90.
Menial, pampered, 217.
Mention her, we never, 289.
Mentions hell to ears polite, 164.
Merchants are princes, 321.
do congregate, 21.
Mercie unto others show, 7.
Mercies of the wicked, 316.
Mercury can rise, 174.
like feathered, 35.
like the herald, 67.
Mercy and truth are met, 314.
ever hope to have, 7.
God all, 155.
I to others show, 173.
is nobility's true badge, 45.
is not strained, 22.
lovelier things have, 276.
render the deeds of, 22.
seasons justice, 22.
shut the gates of, 195.
sighed farewell, 277.
temper justice with, 114.
we do pray for, 22.
Mere, lady of the, 233.
Meridian of my glory, 42.
Merit, candle to thy, 184.
Merit, envy will pursue, 166.
her, lessened yours, 190.
raised to that bad eminence, 104
spurns that patient, 65.
wins the soul, 167.
Merits, careless their, 201.
dumb on their own, 227.
to disclose, 196.
Mermaid, things done at the, 88.
Meroe, Nilotic isle, 115.
Merriment, flashes of, 69.
Merry and wise, 227.
as a marriage-bell, 272.
as the day is long, 16.
dancing, drinking, 134.
drink and be, 319.
eat, drink, and be, 324.
fool to make me, 26.
I am not, 74.
in hall, 5.
meetings, changed to, 40.
when I hear sweet music, 23.
Message of despair, 255.
Messes, country, 120.
Met 't was in a crowd, 289.
no sooner, 26.
Metal l'injure se grave en, 43.
more attractive, 67.
sonorous, 103.
Metaphysic wit, high as, 126.
Meteor flag of England, 256.
harmless flaming, 193.
shone like a, 103.
streamed like a, 193.
streaming to the wind, 103.
Meteor-ray, misled by fancy's, 225.
Methinks it were an easy leap, 33.
Method in madness, 64.
in man's wickedness, 88.
of making a fortune, 197.
Methought I heard a voice, 55.
Metre ballad-mongers, 34.
of an antique song, 79.
Mettle, a lad of, 33.
man of, 153.
Mew, be a kitten and cry, 34.
Mewing her mighty youth, 124.
Mewling and puking, 25.
Mice and such small deer, 71.
appear like, 72.
best-laid schemes of, 224.
feet like little, 93.
Miching mallecho, 67.
Midas me no Midas, 350.
Middle age on his bold visage, 260.

Middle of the night, 60.
Midnight brought on, 111.
chimes at, 37.
crew, 194.
dances, 174.
dead of, 219.
flower like the, 263.
iron tongue of, 20.
murder, 194.
oil consumed, 177, 346.
revels, 104.
shout and revelry, 116.
stars of, 234.
Midst of life, 329.
of the battle, 311.
Midsummer madness, 29.
Midwife, fairies', 45.
Mien, frightful, 160.
Might say her body thought, 85.
stop a hole, 70.
would not when he, 340.
Mightier far than strength of nerve, 236.
than the sword, 290.
Mightiest in the mightiest, 22.
Julius fell, 59.
Mighty above all things, 290.
ale a large quart, 2.
dead, converse with the, 182.
fallen, how are the, 311.
heart is lying still, 238.
hunter, 173.
maze, 158.
minds of old, 248.
orb of song, 245.
poets in their misery, 235.
shrine of the, 275.
state's decrees, 301.
workings, hum of, 287.
Mildest manner'd man, 281.
Mile, measured many a, 19.
Miles asunder, villain and he are many, 47.
twelve stout, 232.
Milk, adversity's sweet, 47.
and honey, 310.
and water, 280.
of human kindness, 53.
of Paradise, 252.
Milky way i' the sky, 94.
way, solar walk or, 158.
Mill, more water glideth by the, than wots the miller, 45.
Milliner, perfumed like a, 33.
Million, pleased not the, 64.
Millions of spiritual creatures, 110.
of surprises, 92.
ready saddled, 138.
think, perhaps makes, 282.
yet to be, thanks of, 304.
Mills of God grind slowly, 307.
Mill-stone about his neck, 324.
nether, 313.
Milton, mute inglorious, 195.
path of, 238.
sightless, 240.
Milton's golden lyre, 197.
Mind, all of one, 328.
bettering of my, 10.
bliss which centres in the, 200.
body or estate, 328.
but to my, 62.
by owing owes not, 108.
dagger of the, 54.
desert of the, 276.
desires of the, 81.
diseased, minister to a, 58.
education forms the common, 162.
eyes are in his, 253.
farewell the tranquil, 76.
fire from the, 272.
frugal, she had a, 214.
gives to her, what he steals from her youth, 190.
glance of the, 215.
grateful, owes not, 108.
haunts the guilty, 40.
infirmity of noble, 119.
is its own place, 102.
's the standard of the man, 150.
large and fruitful, 81.
love looks with the, 19.
magic of the, 277.
Meccas of the, 304.
musing in his sullein, 6.
nobler in the, to suffer, 65.
noblest, the best contentment has, 6.
not to be changed, 102.
of desultory man, 209.
out of sight, out of, 3, 9.
outbreak of a fiery, 64.
o'erthrown, noble, 66.
persuaded in his own, 326.
philosophic, that bring the, 245.
pity melts the, 131.
quite vacant, 213.
raise and erect the, 81.
sad thoughts to the, 242.

Mind, spoke the vacant, 201.
talk to conceal their, 157.
that builds for aye, 237.
to me a kingdom is, 340.
to me an empire is, 340.
to mind, 258.
torture of the, 56.
unconquerable, 193, 239.
untutored, 158.
visage in his, 74.
were weight, 240.
Mind's construction, 53.
eye, Horatio, 60.
Minds, admiration of weak, 114.
are not ever craving, 223.
balm of hurt, 55.
innocent and quiet, 96.
led captive, 114.
marriage of true, 80.
of old, 248.
that have nothing to confer, 233.
Mine be a cot, 231.
be the breezy hill, 209.
eye seeth thee, 313.
fairy of the, 117.
host of the Garter, 12.
own, do what I will with, 323.
own familiar friend, 329.
own ill-favoured thing, 26.
what is yours is, 15.
Mingle, mingle, mingle, 57.
Minions of the moon, 32.
Minister, one fair spirit for my, 274.
the patient must, 58.
to a mind diseased, 58.
Ministering angel, 259.
Ministers of grace, 62.
of love, 251.
Minnows, Triton of the, 44.
Minor pants for twenty-one, 170.
Mint and anise, 324.
Minute, Cynthia of this, 163.
Minutes, damned, 75.
Miracle, accept a, 157.
Mirror, in that just, 155.
to a gaping age, 302.
truest, of an honest wife, 232.
up to nature, 66.
Mirth and fun grew fast, 224.
and innocence, 280.
can into folly glide, 261.
displaced the, 56.
in funeral, 60.
limit of becoming, 18.
of its December, 293.
Mirth, string, attuned to, 292.
wisdom with, 202.
Mischief, it means, 67.
Miserable comforters are ye all, 312.
no other medicine, 14.
sinners, mercy upon us, 328.
to be weak is, 102.
Miseries, in shallows and in, 51.
Miser's pensioner, 243.
treasure, 117.
Misery acquaints a man, 11.
child of, 217.
had worn him, 48.
he gave to, all he had, 196.
poets in their, 235.
steeped to the lips in, 306.
Misery's darkest cavern, 187.
Misfortune made the throne, 152, 157.
Misfortune's book, 48.
Misfortunes, bear another's, 175.
of mankind, 208.
Misled by fancy's meteor-ray, 225.
Miss the mark, 221.
Mist is dispelled, 177.
of years, 271.
Mistress of herself, 163.
such, such Nan, 4.
Misty mountain-tops, 47.
Mixed reason with pleasure, 202.
Mixture of earth's mould, 117.
Mixtures of more happy days, 280.
Moan of doves, 299.
Moat defensive to a house, 31.
Mob of gentlemen, 169.
Mock a broken charm, 250.
at sin, fools make a, 316.
the air with idle state, 193.
the meat it feeds on, 75.
Mocked himself, as if he, 48.
Mockery king of snow, 32.
of woe, 174.
unreal, hence, 56.
Mocking the air, 31.
Mocks me with the view, 200.
Model of the barren earth, 32.
Moderate haste, one with, 61.
Moderation is the silken string, 86.
Modes of faith, 161.
Modest front of this small floor, 98.
innocence away, 186.
men are dumb, 227.
pride and coy submission, 109.
Modesty, bounds of, 48.
's a candle to thy merit, 184.

Modesty of nature, 66.
pure and vestal, 48.
Moles and to the bats, 321.
Moment, give to God each, 185.
some awful, 243.
Momentary bliss, 192.
Moments make the year, 157.
Monarch, love could teach a, 196.
of all I survey, 215.
of mountains, 279.
of the vine, 78.
scandalous and poor, 139.
the throned, 22.
Monarchies, mightiest, 105.
Monarchs, change perplexes, 103.
seldom sigh in vain, 258.
Monarchy, trappings of a, 188.
Monastic brotherhood, 245.
Money in thy purse, 74.
much, as 't will bring, 128.
of fools, 90.
still get, 145.
the love of, the root of all evil, 327.
Mongrel puppy whelp, 203.
Monie a blunder free us, 224.
Monk, the devil would be, 4.
Monster, faultless, 139.
green-eyed, 75.
London, 100.
many-headed, 87, 170, 260.
vice is a, 160.
Mont Blanc is the monarch, 279.
Month, laughter for a, 33.
little, 61.
Months that have not an R, 334.
Monument, patience on a, 28.
Monumental pomp of age, 240.
Monuments, hung up for, 40.
shall last, 156.
Mood, blessed, 406.
listening, 259.
melting, 77.
of the lyre, 266.
that sweet, 242.
Moody madness, 192.
Moon, auld, in her arms, 340.
bay the, 51.
by yonder blessed, 46
close by the, 107.
glimpses of the, 62.
had filled her horn, 154.
inconstant, 47.
is an arrant thief, 48.
looks on many brooks, 264.
Moon made of green cheese, 346.
minions of the, 32.
mortals call the, 245.
one revolving, 132.
pale-faced, 33.
rolls through the dark-blue depths, 247.
shine at full, or no, 129.
silent as the, 115.
sits arbitress, 104.
swear not by the, 46.
takes up the wondrous tale, 149.
that monthly changes, 46.
this fair, 110.
wandering, 121.
Moon's unclouded grandeur, 284.
Moonbeams play, 267.
Moonlight shade, 174.
sleeps upon this bank, 23.
Moons wasted, nine, 73.
Moon-struck madness, 114.
Moor, lady married to the, 242.
Moping melancholy, 114.
Moral evil and of good, 242.
philosophy makes men grave, 80.
sufficiency to be so, 17.
to point a, 186.
Morality expires, 172.
is perplexed, 206.
Moralized his song, 168.
Morals which Milton held, 239.
Mordre wol out, 3.
More blessed to give, 325.
in sorrow than in anger, 61.
is meant than meets the ear, 121.
knave than fool, 10.
matter with less art, 64.
safe I sing, 111.
sinn'd against, 71.
sum of, 24.
sure than day, 252.
than a crime, 229.
than kin, 60.
than painting can express, 151.
than soldier, 262.
than the Pope of Rome, 127.
the merrier, 346.
things in heaven, 63.
Morn and liquid dew, 61.
blushing like the, 112.
breath of, 109.
dawning of, 257.
eyelids of the, 119.

Morn, her rosy steps, 110.
in russet mantle, 60.
incense-breathing, 194.
laughs the, 194.
meek-eyed, 181.
of toil, 260.
on the Indian steep, 116.
risen on mid-noon, 111, 247.
to noon he fell, 103.
tresses like the, 118.
with rosy hand, 111.
Morning dew, like the, 255.
fair came forth, 115.
light of the, 268.
like the spirit of a youth, 78.
lowers, 147.
of the times, 299.
pleasant in thy, 225.
shows the day, 115.
sow thy seed, in the, 319.
star of memory, 276.
star, stay the, 251.
stars sang together, 312.
wings of the, 315.
womb of, 7.
wore to evening, 300.
Morning-drum beat, 268.
Morrow, good night till it be, 46.
rainy, 79.
thought for the, 322.
Mortal coil, shuffled off this, 65.
frame, 173, 251.
he raised a, 131.
hopes defeated, 236.
instruments, 50.
men think all men, 154.
resting-place, 274.
through a crown's disguise, 197.
voices bid, 236.
Mortality 's too weak to bear, 141.
my sentence, 114.
thoughts of, 125.
watch o'er man's, 245.
Mortals call the moon, 285.
given, some feelings to, 260.
to command success, 148.
Moss, rolling stone gathers no, 4.
Moss-covered bucket, 262.
Mossy marbles rest, 307.
Most musical, 121.
unkindest cut, 86.
Motes that people the sunbeams, 121.
Moth, desire of the, 285.
Mother Earth, 237.
Mother, happy with such a, 300.
in Israel, 310.
is a mother still, 251.
loving to my, 60.
man before your, 216.
meets on high, 247.
of all living, 310.
of arts and eloquence, 115.
of devotion, 135.
of dews, 181.
of invention, 152.
of safety, 206.
the holiest thing alive, 251.
who'd give her booby, 177.
Mother-wit, 346.
Moths, maidens like, 271.
Motion and a spirit, 236.
in our proper, 104.
like an angel, 23.
of a hidden fire, 254.
of a muscle, 232.
sensible warm, 14.
Motionless as ice, 238.
torrents, 251.
Motions of his spirit, 23.
Motley 's the only wear, 24.
Mould, ethereal, 104.
mixture of earth's, 117.
of form, 66.
Moulded out of faults, 15.
Moulder piecemeal, 276.
Mouldering urn, 209.
Moulding Sheridan, 278.
Moulds a tear, 231.
Mount Abora, singing of, 252.
Mount Casius, old, 105.
Mountain in its azure hue, 254.
piny, 253.
small sands the, 157.
tops misty, 47.
waves, march is o'er the, 256.
Mountains, bind him to his native, 200.
Greenland's icy, 267.
high, are a feeling, 272.
interpos'd, 210.
look on Marathon, 281.
Mounted in delight, 234.
Mounting in hot haste, 272.
Mourn, lacks time to, 296.
who thinks must, 142.
Mourned by man, 236.
the loved and, 273.
Mournful midnight hours, 309.
numbers, 304.

Mournful rustling in the dark, 307.
truth, this, 186.
Mourning, house of, 319.
oil of joy for, 321.
Mournings for the dead, 306.
Mourns the dead, he, 154.
her worshipper, mute Nature, 257.
that, eternity, 296.
Mouse with one poor hole, 174.
Mousing owl hawked at, 55.
Mouth and the meat, 4.
and thou 'It, 70.
gaping, and stupid eyes, 132.
gift horse in the, 346.
ginger-hot in the, 28.
out of thine own, 324.
swallowing a tailor's news, with open, 31.
which hath the deeper, 39.
Mouth-filling oath, 34.
Mouth-honour breath, 58.
Mouths a sentence, 207.
enemy in their, 75.
familiar in their, 38.
of babes and sucklings, 313.
of wisest censure, 74.
without hands, 133.
Moving, push on, keep, 229.
Mown grass, rain upon the, 314.
Much goods laid up, 324.
something too, of this, 67.
too much, 34.
Mud, sun reflecting upon the, 82.
Muddy ill-seeming, 27.
Muffled drums are beating, 304.
Multiplied visions, 322.
Multiplieth words, 312.
Multitude call the afternoon, 19.
is always wrong, 137.
many-headed, 170.
of counsellors, 316.
of sins, 328.
swinish, 206.
Multitudes in the valley, 322.
Multitudinous seas, 55.
Murder, midnight, 194.
one, made a villain, 207.
one to destroy is, 157.
sacrilegious, 55.
though it have no tongue, will speak, 65.
thousands, takes a specious name, 157.
Murders, twenty mortal, 56.
Murmuring, fled, 110.
sound, born of, 234.
Murmurings heard within, 246.
Murmurs, hollow, died away, 198.
near the running brooks, 242.
Muscle, motion of a, 232.
Muse, creates a, 101.
of fire, 37.
on nature, 255.
meditate the thankless, 119.
worst-natured, 139.
Music be the food of love, 28.
breathing from her face, 277.
ceasing of exquisite, 306.
discourse most eloquent, 67.
dwells lingering, 241.
hath charms, 151.
heavenly maid, 198.
his very foot has, 217.
in my heart, 238.
in the beauty, 96.
in the nightingale, 12.
instinct with, 233.
man that hath no, 23.
merry when I hear sweet, 23.
night shall be filled with, 306.
of her face, 96.
of humanity, 235.
of the union, 293.
of those village bells, 212.
slumbers in the shell, 231.
some to church repair for, 165.
sphere-descended maid, 198.
sweeter than their own, 242.
that would charm, 238.
the sea-maid's, 20.
to attending ears, softest, 46.
vocal spark, 233.
waste their, 195.
when soft voices die, 295.
with its voluptuous swell, 272.
with th' enamel'd stones, 12.
Music's golden tongue, 286.
Musical as is Apollo's lute, 18, 118.
most melancholy, 121.
Musing in his sullen mind, 6.
on companions, 258.
the fire burned, while, 313.
Muskets so contrive it, 221.
Must helpless man, 186.
I thus leave thee, 114.
Mute inglorious Milton, 195.
Nature mourns, 257.
Mutter and mock, 250.
and peep, 320.

Mutton, joint of, 37.
Muttons, to return to our, 4.
My better half, 9.
ever new delight, 110.
Father made them all, 212.
father's brother, 60.
native land, good night, 270.
Myriad-minded Shakespeare, 253.
Myriads of daisies, 241.
of rivulets, 299.
Myself, such a thing as I, 48.
Mysterious cement of the soul, 180.
union with its native sea, 246.
way, God moves in a, 215.
Mystery, burden of the, 235.
heart of my, 67.
of mysteries, 261.
Mystic fabric sprung, 266.
Mystical lore, 255.

Nae luck about the house, 217.
Naiad of the strand, 259.
or a grace, 259.
Nail, care adds a, 217.
fasten him as a, 321.
to the mast, 307.
Nailed by the ears, 129.
Nails fastened by the masters, 320.
in your face, 39.
Naked came I out of, 311.
every day he clad, the, 203.
human heart, 155.
in December snow, 31.
new-born babe, 54.
new-born child, 221.
to mine enemies, 43.
villany, clothe my, 41.
woods and meadows, 296.
Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est, 80.
Name and memory, 82.
at which the world grew pale, 186.
better than precious ointment, 319.
deed without a, 57.
every friendless, 186.
filches from me my good, 75.
his former, 111.
in man and woman, 75.
in print, 269.
is great in mouths, 74.
is Legion, 324.
is MacGregor, 261.
is never heard, 289.
is Norval, 199.
lights without a, 94.
Name, local habitation and a, 20.
magic of a, 225.
mark the marble with his, 164.
no one can speak, 248.
of action, 66.
of Crispian, 38.
of the Lord, 42.
of the slough, 137.
Phœbus, what a, 270.
rose by any other, 46.
to every fixed star, 17.
unmusical, 44.
waft thy, 269.
well spelt, 283.
what 's in a, 46.
whistling of a, 162.
Named thee but to praise, 304.
Nameless unremembered acts, 235.
Names, few immortal, 304.
forget men's, 29.
he loved to hear, 307.
of all the gods, 49.
twenty more such, 26.
which never were, 26.
Naps, old John, of Greece, 26.
Narcissa's last words, 163.
Narrow human wit, 164.
isthmus, 262.
Nathan said to David, 311.
Nation, ballads of a, 140.
corner-stone of a, 306.
exalted by righteousness, 316.
laws of a, 140.
noble and puissant, 124.
of gallant men, 206.
of shop-keepers, 337.
small one a strong, 321.
Nation's eyes, history in a, 195.
Nations, but two, 130.
cheap defence of, 206.
drop of a bucket, 321.
fierce contending, 148.
make enemies of, 210.
Niobe of, 274.
Native and to the manner born, 62.
heath, my foot is on my, 261.
hue of resolution, 65.
land, good night, 270.
shore, adieu my, 270.
to the heart, 60.
wood-notes wild, 120.
Nativity, chance, or death, 13.
Natural in him to please, 131.
on the stage, 203.
philosophy makes men deep, 80.

Natural sorrow, loss, or pain, 238.
Naturalists observe a flea, 145.
Nature, accuse not, 113.
affrighted, recoils, 206.
ancestors of, 107.
and nature's laws, 171.
appalled, 180.
be your teacher, 241.
book of, 292.
broke the die, 278.
cannot miss, 133.
clever man by, 229.
commonplace of, 233.
compunctious visitings of, 53.
could no further go, 134.
debt to, 92.
diseased, 34.
done in my days of, 62.
extremes in, 164.
fast in fate, 173.
first made man, 135.
fool of, stood, 132.
fools of, 62.
force of, 134.
formed but one such, 278.
framed strange fellows, 21.
from her seat, 113.
his, is too noble, 44.
hold the mirror up to, 66.
holds communion, 295.
in hir corages, 1.
in spite of, 127.
in the eye of, 243.
is but art unknown, 159.
is the art of God, 156.
it is their, too, 150.
lost in art, 198.
lost the perfect mould, 279.
love of, holds, 295.
made a pause, 154.
made thee to temper man, 139.
made us men, 310.
might stand up, 52.
modesty of, 66.
mourns her worshipper, 257.
muse on, 255.
never did betray, 236.
never lends her excellence, 13.
never made, death which, 155.
never put her jewels, 81.
ne'er would thrive, 143.
no such thing in, 139.
of an insurrection, 50.
one touch of, 44.
paint like, 181.
Nature, prodigality of, 40.
sink in years, 148.
solid ground of, 237.
spoils of, 195.
state of war by, 145.
subdu'd to what it works in, 80.
sullenness against, 123.
swears the lovely dears, 226.
the vicar of the almightie Lord, 3.
to advantage dressed, 165.
to write and read comes by, 16.
under tribute, 229.
unjust to, 154.
up to nature's God, 162.
voice of, cries, 196.
war was the state of, 205.
was an apprentice, 226.
wears one universal grin, 184.
who can paint like, 181.
whose body, is, 159.
womb of, 107.
workes of, 7.
yet do I fear thy, 53.
Nature's bastards, 118.
chief masterpiece, 139.
cockloft is empty, 125.
copy is not eterne, 56.
daily food, 234.
end of language, 157.
evening comment, 240.
heart beats strong, 288.
heart in tune, 291.
journeymen, 66.
kindly law, 160.
laws lay hid in night, 171.
own creating, 183.
own sweet cunning hand, 28.
second course, 55.
soft nurse, 36.
sweet restorer, 153.
teachings, list to, 295.
walks, eye, 158.
Natures, common, same with, 153
Naught but grief and pain, 224.
falling into, 148.
in this life sweet, 88.
nay doth stand for, 79.
Naughty night, 71.
Nautilus, learn of the little, 160.
Navies are stranded, 260.
Nay doth stand for naught, 79.
shall have, 340.
Nazareth, good thing out of, 324.
Neæra's hair, tangles of, 119.
Near a thousand tables, 232.

Near the lake, 295.
Nearer, my God, to thee, 308.
Neat, still to be, 85.
Neat-handed Phillis, 120.
Necessite maken vertue of, 2.
Necessity the argument of tyrants, 189.
the mother of invention, 152.
the tyrant's plea, 109.
to glorious gain, 242.
virtue of, 348.
Necks, trust our, 221.
Nectar on a lip, 222.
Nectarean juice, 288.
Nectared sweets, 118.
Need, deserted at his utmost, 130.
of a remoter charm, 235.
of blessing, 55.
in times of, 133.
Needful, one thing is, 324.
Needle, eye of a, 323.
true as the, 157.
true, like the, 216.
Needless Alexandrine, 165.
Needs go that the Devil drives, 27.
Needy, hollow-ey'd, 15.
Neglect, salutary, 205.
such sweet, 85.
Neglecting worldly ends, 10.
Neighbour's corn, 232.
shame, 137.
Neighe as ever he can, 2.
Neither here nor there, 77.
kith nor kin, 340.
rich nor rare, 168.
shape of anger, 243.
Nelly, none so fine as, 144.
Nemean lion's nerve, 62.
Nemo repente venit turpissimus, 88.
Neptune, would not flatter, 44.
Nerve, the visual, 114.
Nerves and finer fibres, 182.
shall never tremble, 56.
Nest, last year's, 305.
Nest-eggs to make clients lay, 130.
Nestor swear, though, 21.
Nests, birds of the air have, 323.
in order ranged, 116.
Net, all is fish cometh to, 4.
Nether millstone, 313.
Nets, in making, 146.
Nettle danger, out of this, 33.
stroke a, 153.
Neutrality, cold, 206.
Never, believe me, 251.
Never can forget, 291.
comes to pass, 227.
ending, still beginning, 131.
felt a calm so deep, 238.
less alone, 231.
loved sae kindly, 226.
mention her, 289.
met or never parted, 226.
morning wore, 300.
never, never, 189.
stand to doubt, 95.
to hope again, 43.
would lay down my arms, 188.
Never-ending flight of days, 104.
Never-failing friends, 248.
vice of fools, 165.
Nevermore be officer of mine, 75.
quoth the raven, 302.
New, look amaist as weel 's the, 227.
world into existence, 231.
Zealand, traveller from, 293.
New-born babe, 68.
New-fledged offspring, 201.
New-made honour, 29.
New-spangled ore, 119.
News, bringer of unwelcome, 36.
evil, rides post, 117.
from a far country, 317.
good, baits, 117.
Newt, eye of, 57.
Next doth ride, 214.
Nicanor lay dead, 322.
Nice for a statesman, 202.
of no vile hold, 30.
sharp quillets of the law, 39.
Nicely sanded floor, 202.
Nick Machiavel, 129.
old, 129.
Night, an atheist half believes a God by, 155.
and storm, 273.
another such a, 41.
attention still as, 105.
bed by, 202.
black it stood as, 106.
chaos and old, 103.
cheek of, 45.
danger's troubled, 256.
darkens the streets, 103.
day brought back my, 123.
descending, 171.
deserts the, 115.
eldest, and chaos, 107.
empty-vaulted, 117.
endless, 193.

Night, fair good, to all, 259.
filled with music, 306.
follows the day, 61.
for the morrow, 285.
give not a windy, 79.
hideous, making, 62, 172.
how beautiful is, 247.
in Russia, 14.
in the collied, 19.
joint labourer, 59.
meaner beauties of the, 83.
naughty, to swim in, 71.
of cloudless climes, 278.
of sorrow, 97.
of the grave, 209.
of waking, 260.
peaceful, 196.
pilot ! 't is a fearful, 289.
sable goddess, 153.
shades of, 110.
silver lining on the, 117.
so full of fearful dreams, 41.
Sylvia in the, 12.
that first we met, 289.
that fordoes me, 77.
that slepen alle, 1.
that walks by, 117.
train of, 111.
unto night, 313.
vast and middle of the, 60.
wings of, 306.
witching time of, 67.
womb of uncreated, 104.
world in love with, 47.
Night's black arch, 224.
candles are burnt out, 47.
dull ear, piercing the, 38.
Night-flower sees but one moon, 263.
Nightingale, all but the wakeful, 109.
an 't were any, 19.
no music in the, 12.
was mute, 293.
Nightingale's high note, 278.
song in the grove, 209.
Nightly pitch my moving tent, 254.
to the listening earth, 149.
Nights are longest, 14.
are wholesome, 59.
profit of their shining, 17.
short as are the, 88.
such as sleep o', 49.
to wast long, 7.
Nile, all the worms of, 78.
Nimshi, son of, 311.
Nine days' wonder, 346.
Nine moons wasted, 73.
Ninety-eight, who fears to speak of, 294.
Ninny, Handel 's but a, 179.
Ninth part of a hair, 34.
Niobe all tears, 60.
of nations, 274.
Nipping and eager air, 62.
No better than you should be, 347.
creature smarts so little, 168.
hammers fell, 266.
love lost between us, 347.
matter what Berkeley said, 283.
more like my father, 60.
more of that, 77.
more of that, Hal, 34.
new thing under the sun, 318.
pent-up Utica, 257.
radiant pearl, 216.
reckoning made, 63.
sooner looked, but they loved, 26.
sooner met, but they looked, 26.
sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason, 26.
workman steel, 267.
Noah's ark, rolls of, 132.
Nobility, wind and his, 33.
Nobility's true badge, 45.
Noble and approv'd good masters, 73.
army of martyrs, 328.
by heritage, 144.
in a death so, 116.
in reason, 64.
mind o'erthrown, 66.
of nature's own creating, 183.
origin, gift of, 239.
to be good, 298, 340.
Nobler in the mind, 65.
loves and cares, 243.
Nobles and heralds, 143.
Noblest, feels the, 297.
mind contentment has, 6.
Roman of them all, 52.
work of God, 161.
Nobody, I care for, 208.
Nod, gives the, 175.
ready with every, 41.
Nodded at the helm, 172.
Nodding horror, 116.
violet grows, 20.
Nodosities of the oak, 207.
Nods and becks, 120.
Noise like of a hidden brook, 249.
of conflict, 111.

Noise of endless wars, 107.
of folly, shunn'st the, 121.
of water in mine ears, 41.
Noiseless fabric sprung, 267.
foot of time, 27.
tenor of their way, 195.
wing, sail is as a, 272.
None are so desolate, 271.
but the brave, 130.
knew thee but to love thee, 304.
like pretty Sally, 144.
on earth above her, 231.
speak daggers to her but use, 67.
think the great unhappy, 157.
who bless us, 271.
whom we can bless, 271.
without hope e'er loved, 190.
Nonsense and sense, 132.
Nook, seat in poetic, 283.
Nooks to lie in, 283.
Noon, blaze of, 115.
of thought, 219.
to dewy eve, 103.
North, beauties of the, 147.
Northern main, 173.
North-wind's breath, 286.
Norval, my name is, 199.
Nose, anon he gave his, 33.
down his innocent, 23.
entuned in hire, 1.
jolly red nose, 334.
sharp as a pen, 37.
spectacle on, 25.
wipe a bloody, 178.
Noses, over men's, 45.
Nostril that ever offended, 13.
upturn'd his, 114.
Nostrils, breath is in his, 320.
Not in the vein, 41.
to know me, 110.
what we wish, 199.
with me is against me, 324.
Note, deed of dreadful, 56.
deserving, 95.
means to be of, 78.
of praise, 195.
of preparation, 38.
of time, we take no, 154.
of, when found, make a, 309.
that swells the gale, 196.
which Cupid strikes, 96.
Notes by distance made more sweet, 198.
chiel 's amang ye, takin', 224.
Notes, thick-warbled, 115.
thy liquid, 122.
thy once lov'd poet sung, 174.
with many a winding bout, 130.
Nothing before, nothing behind, 251.
but well and fair, 116.
can cover his high fame, 89.
can need a lie, 92.
can touch him further, 56.
can we call our own, 32.
earthly could surpass, 280.
either good or bad, 64.
extenuate, 77.
half so sweet, 264.
having, yet hath all, 83.
he, common did, 130.
if not critical, 74.
ill can dwell, 11.
in his life became him, 55.
infinite deal of, 21.
is but what is not, 53.
is here for tears, 116.
is there to come, 100.
long, by starts, and, 132.
of him that doth fade, 11.
the world knows, 296.
to him falls early, 87.
true but heaven, 265.
Nothingness, day of, 275.
pass into, 286.
Nothings, laboured, 165.
Noticeable man, 232.
Nought shall make us rue, 31.
so vile that on the earth, 47.
Nourisher in life's feast, 55.
Nourishment called supper, 17.
Novelty, pleased with, 209.
Now and for ever, 268.
came still evening on, 109.
eternal, 100.
fitted the halter, 143.
I lay me down to sleep, 341.
's the day and now 's the hour, 226.
Nowher so besy a man, 1.
Noyance, or unrest, 182.
Nullum quod tetigit, 187.
Number our days, teach us to, 315.
stand more for, 14.
Numbers, add to golden, 99.
divinity in odd, 13.
harmonious, 108.
lisp'd in, 168.
magic, 151.
Nun, the time is quiet as a, 237.

Nuptial bower, I led her to the, 112.
Nurse a flame, 256.
nature's soft, 36.
of arms, 200.
of manly sentiment, 206.
of young desire, 208.
Nursed a dear gazelle, 262.
Nursing her wrath, 223.
Nutmeg-graters, rough as, 153.
Nutrition, to draw, 160.
Nymph, a Naiad, 259.
in thy orisons, 66.
Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit, 97.
Nympholepsy of fond despair, 274.
Nymphs, but tell me, 252.

O love, O fire, 297.
O me no O's, 350.
Oak, bend a knotted, 151.
hardest-timber'd 40.
hollow, our palace, 266.
Oaks from little acorns, 228.
Oar, spread the thin, 160.
Oars, with falling, 130.
Oath he never made, break an, 128.
good mouth-filling, 34.
he that imposes an, 128.
Oaths, full of strange, 25.
Obdured breast, 105.
Objects of all thought, 236.
Obligation to posterity, 221.
Obliged by hunger, 168.
Obliging, so, ne'er obliged, 168.
Oblivion, razure of, 15.
take their daily birth, 240.
Oblivious antidote, 58.
Obscene wings, 251.
Obscure grave, 32.
palpable, 105.
Obscures the show of evil, 22.
Observance, breach than the, 62.
special, 66.
Observation, crammed with, 24.
penny of, 18.
smack of, 29.
with extensive view, 186.
Observations which ourselves we make, 162.
Observed of all observers, 66.
Observer, waited six thousand years for an, 96.
Observers, observed of all, 66.
Obstinate questionings, 244.
Obstruction, to lie in cold, 14.
Occasion, mellowing of, 18.
courage mounteth with, 29.
Occasions and causes, 38.
Occupation 's gone, 76.
Ocean, deep and dark blue, 275.
deep bosom of the, 40.
I have loved thee, 275.
leans against the land, 200.
like the round, 247.
of truth, 140.
on life's vast, 160.
to the river, 278.
upon a painted, 249.
Ocean's main, 288.
melancholy waste, 295.
Ocular proof, 76.
Odd numbers, divinity in, 13.
Odds, facing fearful, 294.
Odious, comparisons are, 85, 93.
in woollen, 163.
Odorous, comparisons are, 16.
Odour, stealing and giving, 28.
sweet and wholesome, 146.
Odours crushed are sweeter, 231.
from the spicy shrub, 112.
when violets sicken, 285.
Off with his head, 41, 146.
Offence, detest the, 172.
forgave the, 132.
from amorous causes, 167.
is rank, 68.
what dire, 167.
Offender, hugged the, 132.
love the, 172.
Offending, front of my, 73.
Offends, at some unlucky time, 169.
Office and affairs of love, 16.
clear in his great, 54.
hath but a losing, 36.
insolence of, 65.
to speak patience, 17.
Officer of mine, nevermore be, 75.
Offices of prayer and praise, 245.
Officious, innocent, sincere, 186.
Offspring of heaven, 108.
source of human, 110.
Oft, in the stilly night, 265.
invited me, 73.
invok'd, 114.
the wisest man, 233.
Oh! no! we never mention her, 289.
Oil of joy for mourning, 321.
unprofitably burns, 214.
Oily man of God, 183.
Ointment of the apothecary, 319.

Old age comes on apace, 208.
age is beautiful, 242.
age of cards, 163.
age serene and bright, 236.
arm-chair, 309.
authors to read, 334.
Belerium, 173.
familiar faces, 249.
father antic the law, 32.
fieldes, out of the, 3.
friends are best, 90.
friends to trust, 334.
Grimes is dead, 302.
iron rang, 127.
love for new, 83.
man, despised, 71.
man do but die, what can an, 292.
man eloquent, 122.
men fools, young men think, 342.
men shall dream dreams, 322.
men's dream, 132.
Nick, 129.
oaken bucket, 262.
odd ends, 41.
pippins toothsomest, 334.
soldiers, surest, 334.
song of Percy, 8.
tale and often told, 258.
Time is still a-flying, 94.
times of, 235.
wine to drink, 334.
wine wholesomest, 334.
wood to burn, 334.
Old-fashioned poetry, 91.
Old-gentlemanly vice, 281.
Oliver, Rowland for an, 335.
On, Stanley, on, 259.
with the dance, 272.
ye brave, 256.
Once in doubt, 75.
lov'd poet, 174.
more unto the breach, 37.
more upon the waters, 271.
to be resolved, 75.
One and inseparable, 268.
beloved face, 278.
dropping eye, 60.
fair Spirit, 274.
fell swoop, 57.
genius fit, 164.
kind kiss, 183.
led astray, 121.
man's will, 10.
man's wit, 342.
One more unfortunate, 291.
morn a Peri, 262.
morn I miss'd him, 196.
native charm, 202.
pair of English legs, 38.
science only, 164.
that feared God, 311.
that hath, unto every, 324.
thought of thee, 172.
touch of nature, 44.
verse for sense, 128.
was beautiful, 278.
Onward, steer right, 123.
upward, 301.
Ope, murder hath broke, 55.
the purple testament, 32.
the sacred source, 193.
Open as day, 37.
locks, whoever knocks, 57.
rebuke is better, 318.
Opening paradise, 196.
Opes the palace of eternity, 116.
Ophiucus huge, 106.
Opinion, error of, 219.
no way approve his, 29.
of Pythagoras, 29.
of his own, still, 130.
pay, for his false, 130.
scope of mine, 59.
Opinions, back their own, 279.
between two, 311.
golden, I have bought, 54.
stiff in, 132.
Opportunity, servile, 239.
Oppression, rumour of, 210.
Oppressor's wrong, 65.
Optics sharp it needs, 221.
turn their, in upon't, 129.
Oracle, I am Sir, 21.
of God, 102.
pronounced wisest, 115.
Oracles are dumb, 122.
Orations, make no long, 221.
Orator, I am no, 51.
Orators repair, the famous, 115.
very good, 26.
Orb in orb, 112.
of one particular tear, 80.
of song, mighty, 245.
there 's not the smallest, 23.
Orbed maiden, 285.
Orchard, sleeping within mine, 63.
Ordained of God, 325.
the Sabbath, 308.
Order, decently and in, 326.

Order gave each thing view, 42.
in variety, 172.
is Heaven's first law, 161.
of your going, 56.
this matter better in France, 191.
Ore, new-spangled, 119.
Organ, most miraculous, 65.
Orient beams, 110.
pearl, sowed the earth with, 110.
Original, and end, 187.
Orion, bands of, 313.
Orisons, nymph, in thy, 66.
Ormus and of Ind, 104.
Ornament, foreign aid of, 181.
of a meek and quiet spirit, 328.
of beauty, 79.
to his profession, 81.
Ornate and gay, 116.
Orpheus, harp of, 123.
soul of, 121.
Orthodox, prove their doctrine, 127.
Orthodoxy is my doxy, 338.
Othello's occupation 's gone, 76.
visage in his mind, 74.
Others apart sat on a hill, 105.
should build for him, 334.
we know not of, 65.
Ounce of civet, 72.
Our acts our angels are, 87.
Oursels, to see, 224.
Ourselves, are at war, 87.
Out, brief candle, 58.
damned spot, 57.
from the land of bondage, 261.
of house and home, 36.
of old bookes, 3.
of old fieldes, 3.
of sight, out of mind, 3, 9.
Outbreak of a fiery mind, 64.
Out-herods Herod, 66.
Outlives in fame, 146.
Out-paramoured the Turk, 71.
Outrun the constable, 128.
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, 104.
Outside, swashing, 23.
what a goodly, 21.
Outvenoms, whose tongue, 78.
Out-vociferize even sound, 144.
Outward and visible sign, 328.
form and feature, 253.
Over the hills and far away, 177.
Overcome but half his foe, 103.
evil with good, 325.
Overcomes by force, 103.
Overpowering knell, 282.
Overthrow, purpos'd, 79.
Over-violent or over-civil, 132.
Owe no man anything, 325.
Owed, dearest thing he, 53.
Owl, hawk'd at by a mousing, 55.
that shrieked, 55.
Owlet Atheism, 251.
Own, do what I will with mine, 323
soul is his, 38.
Ox goeth to the slaughter, 316.
knoweth his owner, 320.
Oxen, drives fat, 182.
Oxenforde, Clerk ther was of, 1.
Oyster crossed in love, 222.
't was a fat, 173.
the world 's mine, 13.
unwholesome to eat an, 334.

Pace, this petty, 58.
Pacing through the forest, 26.
Pack, as a huntsman his, 203.
Pagan horn, 171.
suckled in a creed, 237.
Page, destined, 229.
Pageant, insubstantial, 11.
Paid dear for his whistle, 185.
well, that is well satisfied, 233.
Pain, akin to, 306.
and anguish wring the brow, 259.
die of a rose in aromatic, 159.
fiery throbbing, 186.
heart that never feels a, 190.
in company with, 243.
it was to drown, 41.
labour we delight in physics, 55.
one is lessened by another's anguish, 45.
sigh yet feel no, 265.
smile in, 156.
stranger yet to, 192.
sweet is pleasure after, 130.
tender for another's, 192.
though full of, 104.
throbs of fiery, 187.
to the bear, 294.
Painful vigils keep, 171.
Pains, gave me for my, 73.
grow sharp, when, 220.
man of pleasure is a man of, 156.
of love be sweeter far, 136.
pleasure in poetic, 210.
Paint an inch thick, 69.

Paint like Nature, 181.
the laughing soil, 267.
the lily, 30.
them, he best can, 172.
Painted Jove, 133.
ocean, upon a, 249.
ship, idle as a, 249.
trifles, seeks, 197.
Painter dips his pencil, 284.
flattering, 202.
Nature's sternest, 270.
Painting, than, can express, 151.
Palace and a prison, 273.
in such a gorgeous, 47.
of eternity, 116.
of the soul, 271.
Palaces, gorgeous, 11.
mid pleasures and, 288.
Pale cast of thought, 66.
his uneffectual fire, 63.
jessamine, 119.
passion loves, 88.
prithee why so, 93.
unripened beauties, 147.
Pale-faced moon, 33.
Palinurus nodded, even, 172.
Pall Mall, shady side of, 221.
sceptered, 121.
Palls upon the sense, 147.
Palm, bear the, 49.
itching, 51.
like some tall, 266.
Palmer's weed, 116.
Palmy state of Rome, 59.
Palpable and familiar, 253.
hit, 70.
obscure, 105.
Palsied eld, 14.
Palter in a double sense, 59.
Pampered menial, 217.
Pan to Moses, 171.
Pang as great as when a giant dies, 14.
imbues with a new colour, 273.
that rends the heart, 204.
Pangs and fears, 43.
image of the, 246.
of despised love, 65.
of guilty power, 187.
the wretched find, 276.
Pansies for thoughts, 69.
Pansy freak'd with jet, 119.
Pantaloon, slipper'd, 205.
Panteth, the hart, after the water-brooks, 314.
Panting time, 186.
Pants for glory, 170, 201.
for twenty-one, 169.
Paper, portion of uncertain, 281.
Paper-bullets of the brain, 16.
Paper-credit, blest, 163.
Paper-mill, built a, 39.
Papers in each hand, 167.
Paradisaical pleasures, 196.
Paradise beyond compare, 254.
destroy their, 192.
heavenly, is that place, 82.
how grows in, 289.
milk of, 252.
of fools, 108, 347.
opening, to him are, 196.
to what we fear, 15.
walked in, 295.
Parallel, admits no, 179.
none but himself can be his, 179.
Parchment undo a man, 39.
Pard, bearded like the, 25.
Pard-like spirit, 285.
Pardon, they ne'er, 135.
Pardoned all except her face, 282.
Parent from the sky, 169.
of good, 111.
Parents passed into the skies, 213.
were the Lord knows who, 142.
Parfit gentil knight, 1.
Paris, for French of, 1.
Parish church, way to, 24.
me no parishes, 349.
wide was his, 2.
Parlour, party in a, 237.
Parmaceti for an inward bruise, 33.
Parson bemus'd in beer, 167.
power, oh for a forty, 283.
there goes the, 213.
Part, kind kiss before we, 183.
of all that I have met, 293.
of being, 273.
of sight, became a, 276.
so he plays his, 25.
Partake the gale, 162.
Parted, when we two, 269.
Parthenon, wears the, 303.
Partial, we grow more, 162.
Participation of divineness, 81.
of office, 219.
Parting day dies, 273.
day linger, 268.
guest, speed the, 175.
is such sweet sorrow, 46.
was well made, 52.

Partitions, thin, 131, 159.
Partly may compute, 224.
Parts, all his gracious, 30.
allure the, 162.
of one stupendous whole, 159.
Party, gave up to, 202.
in a parlour, 237.
is the madness of many, 175.
Pass by me as the idle wind, 51.
into her face, 234.
into nothingness, 286.
my imperfections, 228.
Passages that lead to nothing, 196.
Passed in music out of sight, 298.
Passeth show, that which, 59.
Passing fair, is she not, 12.
from the earth, 244.
rich with forty pounds, 201.
strange, 't was, 73.
sweet is solitude, 214.
the love of women, 311.
thought, like a, 225.
tribute of a sigh, 195.
Passion dies, till our, 99.
govern my, 141.
haunted me like a, 235.
is the gale, 160.
pale, loves, 88.
ruling, 163, 164.
to tatters, 66.
towering, 70.
Passion's slave, 67.
Passionate intuition, 246.
Passions fly with life, 247.
Passiveness, wise, 240.
Past all surgery, 75.
bury its dead, 305.
our dancing days, 46.
unsighed for, 236.
Paste and cover to our bones, 32.
Pastime and our happiness, 242.
Pastors, as some ungracious, 61.
Pastures and fresh woods, 119.
lie down in green, 313.
Patch grief with proverbs, 18.
Patches, shreds and, 68.
Pate, beat your, 174, 214.
Path, motive, guide, 187.
of dalliance treads, 61.
of Milton, 238.
of sorrow, 215.
of the just, 316.
to heaven, 117.
Pathless groves, 88.
woods, pleasure in the, 274.
Paths are peace, all her, 316.
lead to woman's love, 89.
of glory, 194.
of joy and woe, 185.
Patience, all men's office to speak, 17.
and sorrow strove, 72.
flour of wifly, 2.
on a monument, 28.
preacheth, 92.
stubborn, 105.
Patient humble spirit, 99.
merit of the unworthy takes, 65.
must minister to himself, 58.
search and vigil long, 280.
Patines of bright gold, 23.
Patriot truth, 267.
Patriot's boast, 200.
Patriotism would not gain force, whose, 188.
Patriots, worthy, dear to God, 124.
Patron and the jail, 186.
Pattern to posterity, 341.
Paul, by the apostle, 42.
robbing Peter he paid, 4.
Pause, an awful, 154.
for a reply, 50.
nature made a, 154.
Pavement, heaven's, 103.
Pawing to get free, 112.
Pay, double debt to, 202.
if I can't, 83.
Pays, base is the slave that, 37.
Peace, a charge, in, 133.
all her paths are, 310.
and competence, 161.
and health, 196.
and quiet, 121.
and rest can never dwell, 102.
be within thy walls, 315.
carry gentle, 43.
first in, 228.
for ever hold his, 328.
hath her victories, 122.
inglorious arts of, 129.
its ten thousands slays, 207.
no good war or bad, 185.
nor ease the heart can know, 216.
nothing so becomes a man in, 37.
on earth, good will, 324.
only a breathing time, 204.
piping time of, 40.
slept in, 43.
so sweet, 218.

Peace, soft phrase of, 73.
solitude, and calls it, 277.
star of, 256.
to be found in the world, 266.
unto the wicked, 321.
was slain, thrice my, 154.
we to gain our, 56.
weak piping time of, 40.
when there is no, 321.
Peaceably if we can, 230.
Peaceful hours, 214.
Peacemaker, If is the only, 26.
Peak in Darien, 287.
to peak, far along, from, 273.
Pealing anthem, 195.
Pearl and gold, barbaric, 104.
chain of all virtues, 86.
for carnal swine, 128.
heaps of, 41.
if all their sand were, 12.
of great price, 323.
orient, 82, 110.
quarelets of, 94.
radiant, 216.
threw away a, 77.
Pearls at random strung, 221.
before swine, 323.
did grow, how, 94.
that were his eyes, 11.
who search for, 135.
Peasant, belated, 104.
toe of the, 70.
Peasantry, country's pride, 201.
Pebbles, children gathering, 115.
Pebbly spring, 253.
Peep and botanize, 242.
at such a world, 211.
into glory, 126.
of day, 95.
wizards that, 320.
Peeps beneath the thorn, 202.
Peer, rhyming, 167.
Peerless light, 109.
Pegasus, a fiery, 35.
Pellucid streams, 236.
Pelop's line, 121.
Pelting of this pitiless storm, 71.
Pen, bring the, 291.
glorious by my, 101.
is mightier than the sword, 290.
nose sharp as a, 37.
of a ready writer, 314.
product of a scoffer's, 245.
Penalties of idleness, 172.
Penance, calls us to, 104.
Pendent world, 15, 106.
Pendulum, man, thou, 274.
Penetrable stuff, 68.
Penned it down, so I, 137.
Penny in the urn of poverty, 289.
of observation, 18.
Pens a stanza, 167.
blazoning, 74.
Pension, lose his, 145.
Pensioner of an hour, 154.
Pensive beauty, 255.
discontent, 7.
poets painful vigils keep, 171.
Pent, here in the body, 254.
long in populous city, 112.
Pentameter, in the, 251.
Penthouse, hang upon his, 52.
Pent-up Utica, 257.
Penury and imprisonment, 15.
People in the gristle, 205.
marry ancient, 125.
of the skies, 82.
plurisy of, 89.
the sunbeams, 121.
thy people shall be my, 311.
unpleasant, at leaving, 281.
People's prayer, 132.
right maintain, 267.
Peopled, the world must be, 16.
Peor and Baälim, 122.
Peppercorn, I am a, 34.
Pepper'd the highest, 203.
Perchance the dead, 273.
to dream, 65.
Perched and sat, 302.
Perdition catch my soul, 75.
Perfect day, unto the, 316.
love casteth out fear, 328.
woman, nobly planned, 234.
Perfection of reason, 138.
pink of, 204.
Perfume on the violet, 30.
Perfumed like a milliner, 33.
Perfumes of Arabia, 58.
Peri at the gate of Eden, 262.
Peril in thine eye, 46.
Perilous edge of battle, 102.
shot of an elder gun, 38.
stuff which weighs upon the heart, 58.
Perils do environ, what, 127.
Periods of time, frozen round in, 106.
Perish, all of genius which can, 278.

Perish that thought, 147.
Perished in the green, 301.
Babylon hath, utterly, 240.
Perjuria ridet, 47.
Perjuries, lovers', 47, 133.
Perk'd up in a glist'ring grief, 42.
Permit to heaven, 114.
Perpetual benediction, 244.
Perplex and dash, 104.
Perplex'd in the extreme, 77.
Persian's heaven, 266.
Personage, genteel in, 144.
this goodly, 240.
Persons, no respect of, 325.
Persuaded in his own mind, 326.
Persuasion and belief, 246.
Persuasive sound, 151.
Perverts the prophets, 270.
Pestilence and war, 106.
that walketh, 315.
Petar, hoist with his own, 68.
Peter deny'd his Lord, 341.
feared full twenty times, 237.
I 'll call him, 29.
Peter's dome, that rounded, 303.
keys some christened Jove adorn, 171.
Petition me no petitions, 184, 350.
Petrifies the feeling, 225.
Petticoat, feet beneath her, 93.
tempestuous, 95.
Petty pace, creeps in this, 58.
Phalanx, in perfect, 103.
Phantasma, like a, 49.
Phantom of delight, 234.
Phantoms of hope, 187.
Phidias, young, 303.
Philip and Mary on a shilling, 129.
Philistines be upon thee, 311.
Phillis, neat-handed, 120.
Philosopher and friend, 162.
that could endure the toothache, 17.
Philosophers have judged, 129.
sayings of, 127.
Philosophic mind, 245.
Philosophie, Aristotle and his, 1.
Philosophre, he was a, 1.
Philosophy, adversity's sweet milk, 47.
depth in, 80.
divine, 118, 300.
dreamt of in your, 63.
false, and vain wisdom, 105.
hast any, in thee, 25.
Philosophy, I ask not proud, 256.
inclineth to atheism, 80.
is a good horse, 125.
light of mild, 147.
no, can lift, 237.
search of deep, 99.
teaching by examples, 152.
triumphs easily, 125.
will clip an angel's wings, 286.
Phisike, gold in, 1.
Phœbus 'gins arise, 78.
what a name, 270.
Phrase, fico for the, 12.
grandsire, 45.
measured, 235.
of peace, 73.
would be more german, 70.
Physic pomp, take, 71.
throw, to the dogs, 58.
Physician, heal thyself, 324.
Physics pain, labour we delight in, 55.
Pia mater, womb of, 18.
Pick a pocket, 141.
Picked up his crumbs, 347.
Picking and stealing, 328.
Picks yer pocket, 178.
Pickwickian sense, 309.
Picture, look here upon this, 68.
placed the busts between, 153.
Pictured urn, 193.
Pictures, eyes make, 253.
of silver, 317.
savage, in Afric maps, 145.
Piece, faultless, to see, 165.
Piecemeal on the rock, 276.
Piercing the night's dull ear, 38.
Pierian spring, 165.
Piety would not grow warmer, 188.
Pigs squeak, naturally as, 126.
Pike-staff, plain as a, 347.
Pilfers wretched plans, 222.
Pilgrim gray, honour comes, a, 198
steps in amice gray, 115.
Pilgrimage, in his, 12.
Pilgrimages, folk to gon on, 1.
Pilgrim-shrines, 304.
Pillar of fire by night, 310.
of state, 105.
Pillared firmament, 118.
shade, 114.
Pillory, window like a, 129.
Pillow hard, finds the down, 78.
Pilot, 't is a fearful night, 289.
of the Galilean lake, 119.

Pilot that weathered the storm, 231.
Pin's fee, life at a, 62.
Pincers tear, where the, 157.
Pinch, one, a lean-fac'd villain, 15.
Pinches, where the shoe, 331.
Pindarus, house of, 122.
Pine immovable, infix'd, 106.
to equal which the tallest, 102.
with fear, 8.
Pined and wanted food, 232.
Pines, silent sea of, 251.
thunder-harp of, 304.
Pink and the pansy, 119.
of courtesy, 47.
of perfection, 204.
Pinks that grow, 15.
Pinto, Ferdinand Mendez, 157.
Piny mountain, 253.
Pious action we do sugar o'er, 65.
Pipe but as the linnets, 300.
for Fortune's finger, 67.
glorious in a, 280.
to the spirit ditties, 287.
Pipes and whistles, 25.
Piping time of peace, 40.
Pit, they 'll fill a, 35.
whoso diggeth a, 318.
Pitch, he that toucheth, 322.
my moving tent, 254.
which flies the higher, 39.
Pitcher be broken, 320.
Pith and moment, 66.
seven years', 73.
Pitiful, 'twas wondrous, 73.
Pitiless storm, pelting of this, 71.
Pity, challenge double, 8.
gave ere charity began, 201.
is akin to love, 141.
is the straightest path, 89.
't is 't is true, 64.
leaf of, writ, 48.
like a new-born babe, 54.
melts the mind to love, 131.
of it, Iago, the pity of it, 76.
swells the tide of love, 155.
tear for, he hath a, 37.
that it was great, 33.
the sorrows of a poor old man, 217.
then embrace, 160.
upon the poor, 317.
Place and wealth, get, 169.
did then adhere, 54.
dignified by the doer's deed, 27.
everywhere his, 99.
Place, jolly, in times of old, 235.
know it no more, 315.
like home, 288.
many a secret, 234.
many a solitary, 237.
mind is its own, 102.
of rest, where to choose, 114.
right man in the right, 302.
stands upon a slippery, 30.
that has known him, 312.
towering in her pride of, 55.
where honour 's lodged, 129.
where man can die, 290.
where the tree falleth, 319.
Places, lines are fallen unto me in pleasant, 313.
the eye of heaven visits, 31.
which pale passion loves, 88.
Plagiarè among authors, 124.
Plague of all cowards, 33.
of both your houses, 47.
of sighing and grief, 34.
the inventor, 53.
upon such backing, 33.
Plagues, but of all, 230.
Plain as a pike-staff, 347.
as way to parish church, 24.
in dress, 178.
knight pricking on the, 6.
living and high thinking, 239.
of Marathon, 188.
rules, few, 239.
tale shall put you down, 34.
Plan, not without a, 158.
the simple, sufficeth them, 238.
Planet, under a rhyming, 17.
Planets in their course, 231.
Plant, fame is no, 119.
fix'd like a, 160.
of slow growth, 189.
rare old, is the Ivy green, 309.
Plants suck in the earth, 99.
his footsteps in the sea, 215.
Plato, thou reasonest well, 148.
Plato's retirement, 115.
Play false, wouldst not, 53.
good as a, 336.
in the plighted clouds, 117.
's the thing, 65.
life's poor, is o'er, 160.
me no plays, 350.
the Devil, 41.
the fools with the time, 36.
the woman, 57.
to you, is death to us, 138.

Play with similes, 233.
Played at bo-peep, 94.
familiar with his hoary locks, 288.
Player, life 's a poor, 58.
Players, men and women merely, 25.
Playmates, I have had, 249.
Plays round the head, 161.
such fantastic tricks, 14.
Plaything, some livelier, 160.
Plea so tainted, 22.
Plead lament and sue, 259.
like angels, 54.
Pleasant hast thou been, 311.
in their lives, 311.
in thy morning, 225.
sure to see one's name in print, 269.
thought, we meet thee like a, 233.
to severe, 134.
to think on, 94.
vices, 72.
Pleasantness, ways of, 316.
Please, certainty to, 231.
surest to, 203.
to live, 186.
Pleased, I would do what I, 5.
not the million, 64.
to the last, 158.
with a rattle, 160.
with novelty, 209.
with this bauble, 160.
Pleasing anxious being, 195.
dreadful thought, 148.
dreams and slumbers, 259.
memory of all he stole, 171.
shade, 192.
Pleasure after pain, sweet is, 120
all hope, 136.
at the helm, 194.
ease, content, 161.
frown at, 156.
howe'er disguised, 186.
in poetic pains, 210.
in the pathless woods, 274.
little, in the house, 217.
man of, is a man of pains, 156.
mixed reason with, 202.
never to blend our, 235.
no, where no profit grows, 26.
of being cheated, 129.
of love is in loving, 285.
of the game, 143.
praise all his, 152.
Pleasure, reason's whole, 161.
she was bent, on, 214.
shock of, 288.
sure in being mad, 136.
take, some to, 163.
to be drunk, 184.
to the spectators, 294.
treads upon the heels of, 151.
Pleasure-dome, stately, 252.
Pleasures and palaces, 288.
are like poppies, 224.
doubling his, 231.
in the vale of pain, 261.
of the present day, 185.
pretty, might me move, 8.
prove, all the, 9.
Pledge our sacred honours, 219.
Pledged to religion, 267.
Pleiades, sweet influences of, 313.
Plentiful lack of wit, 64.
Plenty as blackberries, 34.
o'er a smiling land, 195.
Plighted clouds, 117.
Plodders, continual, 17.
Plot me no plots, 350.
this blessed, this earth, 31.
Plough deep, 185.
following his, 235.
Ploughman homeward plods, 194.
Ploughshare o'er creation, 156.
stern Ruin's, 224.
Ploughshares, swords into, 320.
Pluck bright honour, 33.
from the memory, 58.
out the heart, 67.
up drowned honour, 33.
your berries, 119.
Plucked his gown, 201.
Plume, of amber snuff-box, 167.
Plummet, deeper than a, 11.
Plump Jack, banish, 34.
Plunged in, accoutred as I was, 49.
Plurisy of people, 89.
Pocket, pick a, 141.
Poem, himself to be a true, 123.
round and perfect, 304.
Poet, and the lover, 20.
naturalist, and historian, 187.
once lov'd, 174.
soaring in the high reason of his fancies, 123.
they had no, 176.
Poet's brain, 84.
darling, 233.
eye in frenzy rolling, 20.

Poet's lines, where go the, 308.
pen turns them to shapes, 20.
Poetess, maudlin, 167.
Poetic child, meet nurse for a, 258.
fields encompass me, 149.
Justice, with lifted scale, 171.
nook, seat in some, 283.
pains, pleasure in, 210.
Poetical, gods had made thee, 26.
Poetry, cradle into, 285.
of earth, 287.
of speech, 273.
old-fashioned, 91.
somewhat like angling, 91.
Poets are all who love, 297.
are sultans, 99.
are the hierophants, 256.
feign of bliss, 40.
forms of ancient, 253.
in our youth, 235.
in their misery, 235.
in three distant ages, 133.
lose half the praise, 101.
pensive, painful vigils keep, 171.
who made us heirs, 243.
youthful, 120, 151.
Point a moral, 186.
his slow unmoving finger, 76.
of all my greatness, 42.
put too fine a, 5.
thus I bore my, 34.
Pointing at the skies, 164.
Points, armed at all, 60.
out an hereafter, 148.
the meeting, 167.
to yonder glade, 174.
true to the kindred, 236.
Poison for the age's tooth, 29.
one man's, 89.
Poke, dial from his, 24.
Pole, from Indus to the, 172.
to pole, truth from, 149.
true as the needle to the, 158.
were I so tall to reach the, 150.
Policy, honesty is the best, 345.
kings are tyrants from, 206.
turn him to any cause of, 37.
Polished idleness, 229.
Politician, coffee makes the, wise, 167.
Politics, than conscience with, 223.
Pollutions, sun which passeth through, 82.
Pomp, and circumstance, 76.
and glory of this world, 43.
Pomp, lick absurd, 76.
of age, monumental, 240.
of power, 194.
sepulchred in such, 122.
to flight, puts all the, 172.
Pomps and vanity, 328.
Ponderous and marble jaws, 62.
axes rung, 267.
woe, though a, 141.
Pool, standing, 71.
Poor always ye have with you, 325.
and content, 75.
annals of the, 194.
but honest, 27.
considereth the, 314.
exchequer of the, 31.
for a bribe, too, 197.
grind the faces of the, 320.
have cried, Cæsar hath wept, 51.
in thanks, 64.
infirm, weak, and despised, 71.
laws grind the, 200.
makes me, indeed, 75.
naked wretches, 71.
pity upon the, 317.
rich gifts wax, 66.
sorrows of a, old man, 217.
the offering be, though, 227.
thou found'st me, 202.
to do him reverence, 51.
Poorest man in his cottage, 189.
Pope of Rome, more than the, 127.
Popish Liturgy, 189.
Poplar pale, edged with, 122.
Poppies, pleasures are like, 224.
Poppy, nor mandragora, 76.
Populous city pent, 113.
Porcelain clay of human kind, 136.
of human clay, 282.
Porcupine, upon the fretful, 63.
Port as meke as is a mayde, 1.
for men, 200.
pride in their, 188.
to imperial Tokay, 197.
Portal we call death, 306.
Portance in my travel's history, 73.
Portion of that around me, 298.
of uncertain paper, 281.
Portius, thy steady temper, 147.
Ports and happy havens, 31.
Posies, thousand fragrant, 9.
Possess a poet's brain, 84.
and to feel, 271.
Possessed, I have, 276.
with inward light, 253.

Possessing all things, 250.
Possession would not show, 17.
Possest, less pleasing when, 192.
Post of honour is a private station, 148.
Posteriors of this day, 19.
Posterity, contemporaneous, 342.
done for us, what has, 221.
Posy of a ring, 67.
Pot, boil like a, 313.
death in the, 311.
thorns under a, 319.
three-hooped, 39.
Potations, banish strong, 221.
pottle deep, 74.
Potent, grave, and reverend, 73.
Pots of ale, size of, 126.
Pouch, tester in, 12.
Poucet-box 'twixt his finger, 33.
Poverty come, so shall thy, 316.
depress'd, worth by, 186.
distrest by, 187.
I pay thy, 48.
nor riches, neither, 318.
not my will consents, 48.
steeped me in, 76.
urn of, 289.
Powder, food for, 35.
keep your, dry, 336.
Power, and pelf, 253.
behind the throne, 189.
dissevering, 118.
forty parson, 283.
gray flits the shade of, 271.
in fortune's, not now in, 127.
intellectual, 245.
is passing from the earth, 244.
knowledge is, 81.
like a pestilence, 284.
of grace, 255.
of thought, 277.
o'er true virginity, 117.
should take who have the, 238.
taught by that, 203.
that hath made us, 283.
the giftie gie us, 224.
to charm, 59.
to thunder, Jove for his, 44.
which could evade, 280.
which has dotted over the globe, 268.
Powers that be, 325.
that there are, 241.
that will work for thee, 239.
Practise to deceive, 259.
Practised falsehood, 108.
Prague's proud arch, 254.
Praise, blame, love, 234.
blessings and eternal, 243.
damn with faint, 168.
enough to fill the ambition of a private man, 210.
if there be any, 327.
love of, 156.
named thee but to, 304.
poets lose half the, 101.
pudding against empty, 171.
the Frenchman, 213.
to be dispraised were no small, 115.
undeserved, 170.
Praising, the rose that all are, 289.
what is lost, 27.
Prattle to be tedious, 32.
Pray, goody, please to moderate, 178.
remained to, 201.
Prayer all his business, 152.
ardent opens heaven, 156.
doth teach us all, 22.
erects a house of, 349.
for others' weal, 209.
homes of silent, 300.
imperfect offices of, 245.
is the soul's sincere desire, 254.
making their lives a, 302.
people's, 132.
Prayers, feed on, 82.
Prayeth best who loveth best, 250.
well who loveth well, 250.
Preached as never to preach again, 137.
Preacheth patience, 92.
Preaching down a daughter's heart, 298.
Precept upon precept, 321.
Precincts of the cheerful day, 195.
Precious bane, deserve the, 103.
in the sight of, 315.
jewel in his head, 23.
life-blood, 124.
ointment, 319.
seeing to the eye, 18.
stone, a gift is as a, 317.
Precise in promise-keeping, 13.
Predecessor, illustrious, 205.
Pregnant hinges, 66.
Prejudice is strong, 178.
'Prentice han', 226.
Preparation, dreadful note of, 38.
Prepare to shed them now, 51.
Presage of his future years, 217.

Presbyterian true blue, 126.
Presence, full of light, 48.
lord of thy, 29.
Present fears, 52.
in spirit, 326.
Presentment, counterfeit, 68.
Press, here shall the, the people's right maintain, 267.
not a falling man, 42.
Pressed its signet sage, 268.
Presume not God to scan, 160.
Pretender, no harm in blessing the, 179.
who, is, or who is king, 179.
Pretty Fanny's way, 152.
in amber, 168.
to walk with, 94.
Prevailed with double sway, 201.
Prevaricate, thou dost, 127.
Prey at fortune, 75.
fleas that on him, 145.
was man, his, 174.
Priam's curtain, 36.
Price, all men have their, 149.
for knowledge, 176.
of chains and slavery, 218.
of wisdom, 312.
pearl of great, 323.
Prick the sides of my intent, 54.
Pricking of my thumbs, 57.
on the plaine, 6.
Prickles on it, leaf had, 118.
Pricks, kick against the, 325.
Pride and haughtiness of soul, 147.
blend our pleasure or, 235.
fell with my fortunes, 23.
goeth before destruction, 317.
in their port, 200.
modest, coy submission, 109.
of former days, 263.
of kings, 158.
of place, towering in her, 55.
pomp, and circumstance, 76.
rank pride, 147.
reasoning pride, 159.
spite of, 159.
that apes humility, 248, 251.
that licks the dust, 168.
that perished in his, 234.
the vice of fools, 165.
Priest, pale-eyed, 122.
Priests, tapers, temples, 172.
Primal duties shine aloft, 246.
eldest curse, 68.
Prime, April of her, 79.
Primeval, forest, 306.
Primrose, bring the rathe, 119.
by a river's brim, 237.
first-born child of Ver, 89.
path of dalliance, 61.
sweet as the, 202.
Prince can make a belted knight, 226.
of darkness, 71, 94.
Princedoms, virtues, powers, 111.
Princeps copy, 229.
Princes and lords may flourish, 201.
find few real friends, 189.
like to heavenly bodies, 80.
merchants are, 321.
privileged to kill, 207.
put not your trust in, 315.
sweet aspect of, 43.
the death of, 50.
Princes' favours, hangs on, 43.
Principle, rebels from, 206.
Principles, oftener changed, 157.
with times, 163.
Print, to see one's name in, 269.
it, some said, John, 137.
Printing, caused, to be used, 39.
Prior, here lies Matthew, 143.
Priscian a little scratch'd, 19.
Prison, palace and a, 273.
stone walls do not a, make, 96.
Prisoner, takes the reason, 52.
Prison house, secrets of my, 62.
Prithee why so pale, 93.
Private credit is wealth, 341.
Prive and apert, 2.
Privileged beyond the common walk, 155.
Prize, judge the, 120.
me no prizes, 350.
what we have, 17.
Proceed ad infinitum, 145.
Process of the suns, 298.
such was the, 73.
Proclaim him good and great, 148.
Procrastination is the thief of time, 154.
Proctors, prudes for, 299.
Procuress to the Lords of Hell, 300.
Prodigal, chariest maid is, 61.
excess, to our own, 243.
within the compass of a guinea, 269.
Prodigal's Favourite, 243.
Prodigality of nature, 40.

Product of a scoffer's pen, 245.
Profaned the God-given strength, 258.
Profanely, not to speak it, 66.
Profession, debtor to his, 81.
Professor of our art, 135.
Profit of their shining nights, 17.
no, where is no pleasure, 26.
Progeny of learning, 222.
Progressive virtue, 181.
Prohibited degrees of kin, 129.
Project cross'd, 209.
Prologue, is this a, 67.
in her face excuse came, 113.
Prologues, happy, 52.
Promethean fire, 18.
Promise, hope, believe, 277.
keep the word of, 59.
of celestial worth, 157.
of your early day, 266.
to his loss, 329.
who broke no, 164.
Promised on a time, 7.
Promise-keeping, precise in, 13.
Promises of youth, 187.
where most it, 27.
Promotion cometh neither from the east, 314.
sweat for, 24.
Prompt the eternal sigh, 161.
Proof, give me ocular, 76.
sweetness yieldeth, 241.
Proofs of holy writ, 76.
Prop that doth sustain, 23.
Propagate and rot, 160.
Propensity of nature, 123.
Proper man as one shall see, 20.
study of mankind, 160.
time to marry, 214.
Prophet not without honour, 323.
Prophet's word, 304.
Prophetic of her end, 154.
ray, tints with, 277.
soul, O my, 63.
strain, something like, 121.
Prophets of the future, 283.
perverts the, 270.
Saul also among the, 311.
Proportion, curtail'd of fair, 40.
in small, 85.
Propose, why don't the men, 289.
Proposes, man, but God disposes, 3.
Propriety, frights the isle from her, 74.
Prose or rhyme, 102.
Prose run mad, 168.
verse will seem, 139.
what others say in, 170.
Prospect of belief, within the, 52.
of his soul, 17.
pleases, though every, 267.
so full of goodly, 123.
Prospects brightening, 201.
Prosper, surer to, 104.
Prosperity, a jest's, 19.
all sorts of, 146.
could have assured us, 104.
in the day of, 319.
that hath been in, 3.
within thy palaces, 315.
Prosperum ac felix scelus, 84.
Prostitute, puff the, 135.
Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies, 227.
Protests too much, the lady, 67.
Proteus rising from the sea, 237.
Protracted life is protracted woe, 186.
Proud for a wit, too, 202.
man's contumely, 65.
me no prouds, 349.
philosophy, 256.
to importune, too, 147.
waves be stayed, 312.
world, good-bye, 303.
Proud-pied April, 80.
Prove all things, 327.
their doctrine orthodox, 127.
Proverb and a by-word, 311.
Proverb'd with a grandsire phrase, 45.
Proverbs, patch grief with, 17.
Providence alone secures, 215.
eternal, assert, 102.
foreknowledge, 105.
frowning, behind a, 215.
in the fall of a sparrow, 70.
their guide, 114.
Provoke a saint, 163.
the silent dust, 195.
Prow, youth on the, 194.
Prudent man looketh, 316.
Prudes for proctors, 299.
Prunello, leather or, 161.
Pruning-hooks, spears into, 320.
Psalms, purloin the, 270.
turn'd to holy, 82.
Public Credit, dead corpse of, 268.
flame nor private, 172.
haunt, exempt from, 23.
honour is security, 341.
on the stage, 228.

Public show, midnight dances and, 174.
stock of harmless pleasure, 188.
Publishing our neighbour's shame, 137.
Pudding against empty praise, 171.
Puff the prostitute away, 135.
Pulpit, drum ecclesiastick, 126.
Pulse of life stood still, 154.
Pun, man who made a, 141.
Punch, some sipping, 237.
Punishment, back to thy, 106.
greater than I can bear, 310.
that women bear, 15.
Pun-provoking thyme, 191.
Pupil of the human eye, 266.
Puppy-dogs, as maids of thirteen talk of, 30.
Pure, all things are, 327.
and eloquent blood, 85.
as snow, 66.
by being shone upon, 262.
in thought as angels are, 231.
real Simon, 147.
religion breathing household laws, 239.
Purge and leave sack, 35.
off the baser fire, 104.
Purged with euphrasy, 114.
Puritans hated bear-baiting, 294.
Purity and truth, 139.
of grace, 277.
Purloins the psalms, 270.
Purple all the ground, 119.
light of love, 193.
testament, 32.
Purpose flighty, never is o'ertook, 57.
infirm of, 55.
one increasing, 298.
shake my fell, 53.
thy, firm, 154.
time to every, 319.
Purposes, airy, 103.
Purpureal gleams, 236.
Purse, put money in thy, 74.
who steals my, 75.
Pursue the triumph, 162.
Pursues imaginary joys, 197.
Pursuit of knowledge, 290.
Push on—keep moving, 229.
us from our stools, 56.
Put money in thy purse, 74.
not your trust in princes, 315.
out the light, 77.
too fine a point, 5.
Put you down, a plain tale, 34.
your trust in God, 336.
Puts on his pretty looks, 30.
Putteth down one, 313.
Puzzles the will, 65.
Pygmies are pygmies still, 156.
Pygmy-body, fretted the, 131.
Pyramid, star-y-pointing, 122.
Pyramids doting with age, 125.
in vales, 156.
outbuilds the, 156.
set off his memories, 89.
Pyrrhic dance, 282.
phalanx, where is the, 282.
Pythagoras, opinion of, 29.

Quaff immortality and joy, 111.
Quality of mercy, 22.
taste of your, 64.
true-fix'd and resting, 30.
Quantum o' the sin, 225.
Quarelets of Pearl, 94.
Quarrel, entrance to a, 61.
hath his, just, 39.
in a straw, 69.
is a very pretty, 222.
justice of my, 39.
sudden and quick in, 25.
Quarrels interpose, 178.
Quarry, sagacious of his, 114.
Quarry-slave at night, 296.
Quart of mighty ale, 2.
Quean, extravagant, 222.
Queen, looks a, 175.
Mab, I see, 45.
o' the May, 298.
shall be as drunk as we, 184.
Question, that is the, 65.
Questionable shape, 62.
Questionings of sense, 243.
Questions, ask me no, 204.
Quick bosoms, quiet to, 272.
Quickly, well it were done, 53.
Quickness, with too much, 162.
Quiddity and entity, 126.
Quiet and peace, 121.
as a Nun, 237.
be, and go angling, 91.
rural, and retirement, 181.
study to be, 327.
to quick bosoms, 272.
Quietus make, 65.
Quill from an angel's wing, 241.
Quillets of the Law, 39.
Quills upon the fretful porcupine, 63.

Quintilian stare and gasp, 122.
Quirps and cranks, 120.
and sentences, 16.
Quirks of blazoning pens, 74.
Quiring to the young-eyed cherubins, 23.
Quit this mortal frame, 173.
your books, 241.
yourselves like men, 311.
Quiver full of them, 315.
Quiver's choice, the Devil hath not, in all his, 283.
Quoth the Raven, 302.

Rabelais' easy chair, 171.
Race, boast a generous, 180.
forget the human, 274.
is not to the swift, 319.
of man like leaves, 175.
of other days, 302.
of politicians, 145.
rear my dusky, 298.
Rachel weeping for her children, 322.
Rack behind, leave not a, 11.
dislimns, 78.
of a too easy chair, 172.
of this tough world, 72.
the value, 16.
Radiance of eternity, 285.
Radiant light, 117.
pearl, no, 216.
Radish, forked, 37.
Rage, die here in a, 146.
for fame, 217.
heaven has no, 151.
of the vulture, 276.
strong without, 98.
swell the soul to, 131.
Raggedness, window'd, 71.
Rags, clothe a man in, 317.
man forget not though in, 197.
virtue though in, 135.
Rail on the Lord's anointed, 41.
Railed on Lady Fortune, 24.
Rain, gentle, from Heaven, 36.
in th' aire, 7.
influence, bright eyes, 120.
is over and gone, 320.
may enter, 323.
sweetest, make not fresh again, 88.
thirsty earth soaks up the, 99.
upon the mown grass, 314.
Rainbow, hue unto the, 30.
colours of the, 117.
Rainbow to the storms of life, 277.
Rainy morrow, 79.
Raise what is low, 102.
Rake among scholars, 213.
woman is at heart, a, 163.
Raleigh, brave, spoke, 170.
Ralph to Cynthia howls, 171.
Ran on embattled armies, 115.
Rancour of your tongue, 178.
Random, shaft at, 261.
word at, spoken, 261.
Range with humble livers, 42.
Rank, how shall we, 262.
is but the guinea's stamp, 226.
the offence is, 68.
Ranks and squadrons, 50.
Rant and swear, 135.
as well as thou, 70.
Raphaels, talked of their, 203.
Rapt soul sitting, 121.
Rapture on the lonely shore, 274.
to the dreary void, 276.
Raptures do infuse, 101.
Rapture-smitten frame, 255.
Rare are solitary woes, 155.
as a day in June, 309.
Beaumont, 125.
old plant, 309.
Rarity of Christian charity, 291.
Rascal counters, 52.
hath given me medicines, 33.
Rascals, lash the, 77.
Rash, splenetive and, 70.
Rashly importunate, 291.
Rat, I smell a, 127, 347.
in a hole, 146.
Rated me in the Rialto, 21.
Rathe primrose, bring the, 119.
Rather than be less, 104.
Rational hind Costard, 18.
Rattle, pleased with a, 160.
Rattling craps, 273.
Ravage all the clime, 208.
Ravell'd sleave of care, 55.
Raven-down of darkness, 117.
Ravens feed, He that doth the, 24.
Ravishment, enchanting, 117.
Raw in fields, 133.
Ray serene, gem of purest, 195.
whose unclouded, 163.
with prophetic, 277.
Rays, hide your diminished, 164.
ten thousand dewy, 236.
Raze out the written troubles, 58.
Razors cried up and down, 217.

Razure of oblivion, 15.
Reach of art, beyond the, 164.
of ordinary men, 235.
Reaches of our souls, 62.
Read and write comes by nature, 16.
aught that ever I could, 19.
Homer once, 139.
in story old, 258.
learn to, slow, 179.
mark, and inwardly digest, 328.
to doubt, or read to scorn, 261.
Reader! had you in your mind, 242.
last, reads no more, 307.
wait a century for a, 96.
Reading as was never read, 171.
curst hard, 223.
maketh a full man, 80.
what they never wrote, 211.
Ready with every nod, 41.
writer, pen of a, 314.
Realm, youth of the, 39.
Reap as you sow, 128.
the whirlwind, 322.
Reap'd, his chin new, 33.
Reaper whose name is Death, 305.
Reaping, ever, something new, 298.
Rear my dusky race, 298.
the tender thought, 181.
Rearward of a conquered woe, 79.
Reason, a woman's, 12.
can render a, 318.
confidence of, 243.
discourse of, 60.
faith of, in the, 253.
feast of, and flow of soul, 169.
firm the temperate will, 234.
for my rhyme, 7.
godlike, 69.
how noble in, 64.
is left free, 219.
is staggered, 206.
is the life of the law, 138.
kills, itself, 124.
men have lost their, 51.
most sovereign, 66.
my pleaded, 112.
nor rhyme, 7, 25, 347.
of his fancies, 123.
of strength, if by, 314.
of the case, 138.
on compulsion, 34.
perfection of, 138.
prisoner, takes the, 52.
ruling passion conquers, 164.
sanctity of, 112.
Reason, smiles from, flow, 113.
stands aghast, 197.
the card, 160.
why I cannot tell, 142.
with pleasure, mix'd, 202.
worse appear the better, 104.
would despair, 190.
Reason's whole pleasure, 161.
Reasons as two grains of wheat, 21.
manifold, 253.
plenty as blackberries, 34.
why men drink, 139.
why we smile, 289.
Rebellion to tyrants, 337.
Rebels from principle, 206.
Reck the rede, 225.
Reckless libertine, 61.
Reckoning made, no, 63.
so comes a, 177.
Recks not his own rede, 61.
Recoil, impetuous, 107.
Recoils on itself, 113.
affrighted Nature, 206.
Record, weep to, 255.
Recorded time, 58.
Recorders, soft, 103.
Recording angel, 191.
Records, trivial fond, 63.
Recover'd of the bite, 203.
Red and white, 28.
black to, 128.
her lips were, 93.
red rose, 226.
right hand, 104.
spirits and gray, 57.
Rede, recks not his own, 61.
ye tent it, 224.
Reed, bruised, 321.
Reel to and fro, 315.
Reform it altogether, 66.
Regardeth the life of his beast, 316.
Regardless of their doom, 192.
Regent of love-rhymes, 18.
Region of smooth and idle dreams, 124.
Regions, force whole, 128.
of thick-ribbed ice, 15.
Regular as infant's breath, 252.
Reherse, as neighe as he can, 2.
Reign, here we may, 102.
in hell, better to, 102.
of Chaos and old Night, 103.
worth ambition, to, 102.
Rejoice, O young man, 319.
Rejoicing in the east, 181.

Related, to whom, 174.
Relic of departed worth, 271.
Relics and crucifixes, 129.
Relief, thanks for this, 59.
Relies, still on hope, 204.
Religion, as rum and true, 281.
blushing, veils, 172.
breathing household laws, 239.
humanities of old, 253.
of which the rewards are distant, 188.
pledged to, 267.
writers against, 204.
Religious light, dim, 120.
Relish of salvation, 68.
of the saltness of time, 36.
Reluctant amorous delay, 109.
Remainder biscuit, 24.
Remained to pray, 201.
Remains, be kind to my, 134.
Remedies in ourselves do lie, 27.
Remedy, found out the, 14.
things without all, 55.
worse than the disease, 347.
Remember an apothecary, I do, 48.
I cannot but, 57.
I remember, 292, 293.
Lot's wife, 324.
Milo's end, 137.
thy Creator, 319.
thy swashing blow, 45.
Remembered in flowing cups, 38.
kisses after death, 299.
knolling, 36.
Remembering happier things, 298.
without ceasing, 327.
Remembers me his gracious parts, 30.
Remembrance dear, 27.
of the just, 95, 329.
of things past, 79.
Remnant of uneasy light, 239.
Remorse, farewell, 108.
Remote from common use, 280.
from man, 152.
unfriended, 199.
Remove, drags at each, 199.
Removes, three, 185.
Render to all their dues, 325.
unto Cæsar, 323.
Rends thy constant heart, 203.
pang that, the heart, 204.
Renounce the devil, 328.
Renowned Spenser, 125.
Rent is sorrow, her, 92.
Rent, see what a, 51.
Repast and calm repose, 196.
Repeateth a matter, 316.
Repeating oft, believe 'em, 143.
Repent at leisure, 151.
Repentance, fierce, rears, 181.
to her lover, 203.
Repenting, after no, 122.
Reply, I pause for a, 50.
Report, evil and good, 326.
me and my cause, 70.
they bore to heaven, 154.
thy words, 116.
Repressing ill, 221.
Reproved each dull delay, 201.
Reputation, bubble, 25.
dies at every word, 167.
lost my, 75.
written out of, 142.
Request of friends, 168.
Researches deep, 223.
Resemblance hold, 98.
Resentment glows, 175.
Reserve thy judgment, 61.
Resign, few die and none, 219.
Resignation gently slopes, 201.
Resist the devil, 327.
Resistless eloquence, 115.
Resolution, armed with, 146.
native hue of, 65.
Resolve itself into a dew, 60.
Resolved, once to be, 75.
to ruin or to rule, 131.
Respect of persons, no, 325.
upon the world, 21.
Rest can never dwell, 102.
dove found no, 310.
gets him to, 38.
her soul, she 's dead, 69.
keep her from her, 58.
perturbed spirit, 63.
so may he, 43.
take all the, 100.
Resty sloth, 78.
Restless ecstasy, 56.
Restraint, luxurious by, 113.
Restreine thy tongue, 3.
Rests and expatiates, 158.
Retired leisure, 121.
Retirement, Plato's, 115.
rural quiet, 181.
short, 113.
Retort courteous, 26.
Retreat, loopholes of, 211.
Return no more to his house, 312.

Return to our muttons, 4.
urges sweet, 113.
Revelry and shout, 116.
sound of, by night, 272.
Revels, midnight, 104.
now are ended, 11.
Revenge, at first though sweet, 113.
couched with, 108.
if not victory, 104.
is virtue, 157.
study of, 102.
sweet is, 281.
Revenges, brings in his, 29.
Revenons à nos moutons, 4.
Revenue, streams of, 268.
Revered abroad, 227.
Reverence, so poor to do him, 51.
Reveries so airy, 211.
Review the scene, 305.
Revolts from true birth, 47.
Reward, sure, 151.
virtue its own, 349.
Rewards, buffets and, 66.
Re-word, matter will, 68.
Rhetoric, gay, 118.
ope his mouth for, 126.
Rhetorician's rules, 126.
Rheum, foolish, 30.
Rhine, winding, 272.
Rhinoceros, armed, 56.
Rhone, arrowy, 272.
Rhyme, beautiful old, 80.
build the lofty, 119.
dock the tail of, 308.
hitches in a, 169.
nor reason, 7, 25, 347.
one for, 128.
reason for my, 7.
the rudder is, 127.
write in, 128.
Rialto, in the, 22.
under the, 279.
Riband bound, what this, 100.
in the cap of youth, 69.
Ribbed sea-sand, 247.
Ribs, knock at my, 52.
of death, under the, 118.
Rich and rare, 263.
and strange, 11.
from very want, 196.
gifts wax poor, 66.
haste to be, 318.
in good works, 327.
in having such a jewel, 12.
man to enter the kingdom, 323.
Rich men rule the law, 200.
nor rare, 168.
not gaudy, 61.
poor and content is, 75.
soils are often to be weeded, 81.
the treasure, 130.
windows, 196.
with forty pounds, 201.
with the spoils of time, 195.
Richard 's himself again, 147.
Richer for poorer, 328.
than all his tribe, 76.
Riches, best, 201.
heapeth up, 3, 14.
in a little room, 10.
make wings, 317.
of heaven's pavement, 103.
poverty nor, 318.
that grow in hell, 103.
Richmonds, there be six, 42.
Riddle of the world, 160.
Ride abroad, 214.
Rider, steed that knows its, 271.
Rides in the whirlwind, 148.
upon the storm, 215.
Ridicule, sacred to, 169.
the test of truth, 339.
Ridiculous, sublime to the, 218.
Rigdom Funnidos, 144.
Rigged with curses dark, 119.
Right by chance, 213.
divine of kings, 171.
hand forget her cunning, 315.
hands of fellowship, 326.
man in the right place, 302.
or wrong, our country, 267.
there is none to dispute, 215.
to dissemble, 227.
whose life is in the, 161.
words, how forcible are, 312.
Righteous are bold as a lion, 318.
forsaken, not seen the, 313.
man regardeth the life of his beast, 3, 16.
overmuch, be not, 319.
Righteousness and peace, 314.
exalteth a nation, 316.
Rights dare maintain, 221.
of man, called the, 205.
Rigour of the game, 249.
Rill, broken in the, 262.
Rills, thousand, 192.
Ring in the Christ, 301.
in the valiant man, 301.
on her wand, 263.

Ring out my mournful rhymes, 301.
out old shapes, 301.
out the darkness, 301.
out wild bells, 301.
posy of a, 67.
the fuller minstrel in, 301.
Rings, all Europe, 122.
Ripe and ripe, 24.
scholar, and good one, 44.
Ripened in our northern sky, 219.
into faith, 246.
Ripest fruit first falls, 31.
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea, 253.
with the lark, 228.
Risen on mid-noon, 111, 247.
Rising all at once, their, 105.
in clouded majesty, 109.
suns that gild, 216.
Rival all but Shakespeare, 254.
in the light of day, 239.
River at my garden's end, 145.
glideth at his own sweet will, 238.
of his thoughts, 278.
Rhine it is well known, 252.
snow-fall in the, 224.
Rivers, by shallow, 9.
cannot quench, 40.
run to seas, 135.
Rivets, hammers closing, 38, 146.
Rivulet of text, 222.
Rivulets dance, 234.
myriads of, 299.
Road, along a rough, a weary, 225.
lonesome, 249.
Roam, they are fools who, 185.
where'er I, 199.
Roar, a lion in the lobby, 183.
table on a, 69.
welcome to the, 271.
you, an 't were any nightingale, 19.
Roast beef of Old England, 184.
Rob me of free Nature's grace, 182.
me the exchequer, 34.
was lord below, 238.
Robbed, he that is, 76.
that smiles, 74.
Robbing Peter he paid Paul, 4.
Robe, dew on his thin, 256.
of clouds, 279.
Robes and furred gowns, 72.
garland and singing, 123.
loosely flowing, 85.
Robes riche, or fidel, 1.
Robin-redbreast, call for the, 97.
Robs the vast sea, 48.
Rock aerial, 245.
fly from its firm base, 260.
of the national resources, 268.
pendant, 78.
piecemeal on the, 276.
the cradle of reposing age, 169.
weed flung from the, 271.
Rock-bound coast, 286.
Rocket, rose like a, 218.
Rocks and hills, 74.
caves, lakes, 106.
pure gold, 12.
throne of, 279.
to soften, 151.
whereon greatest men have wrecked, 114.
Rod and thy staff, thy, 313.
of empire, 195.
of iron, rule with a, 328.
reversed, 118.
spare the, 128.
spareth his, 316.
to check, 243.
Rogue, that is not fool is, 132.
Roll darkling down, 186.
down their golden sand, 267.
of common men, 34.
on dark blue ocean, 275.
Rolled two into one, 228.
Rolling clouds are spread, 201.
stone, 4.
year is full of thee, 182.
Rolls of Noah's ark, 132.
Roman fame, above all, 170.
fashion, after the high, 78.
holiday, to make a, 274.
noblest, of them all, 52.
senate long debate, 148.
than such a, 51.
Romance, shores of old, 233.
Romans, countrymen, 51.
last of all the, 52.
Romantic, folly grow, 163.
Rome falls the world falls, 274.
loved, more, 50.
move the stones of, 51.
palmy state of, 59.
time will doubt of, 282.
when at, do as the Romans do, 332.
Romeo, wherefore art thou, 46.
Ronne, to waite, to ride, to, 8.

Roof fretted with golden fire, 64.
to shrowd his head, 98.
under the shady, 120.
Room and verge enough, 194.
civet in the, 213.
for wit, heads so little, no, 124.
of my absent child, 30.
riches in a little, 10.
who sweeps a, 92.
Root, axe is laid unto the, 324.
insane, 52.
of all evil, 327.
of the matter, 312.
took an early, 293.
Rooted sorrow, 58.
Rosaries and pixes, 129.
Rose, blossom as the, 321.
by any other name, 46.
flung, flung odours, 112.
full-blown, 247.
happy is the, distilled, 19.
in aromatic pain, 159.
is fairest, when 't is budding, 260.
is sweetest washed with morning dew, 260.
of summer, last, 264.
of youth, 78.
should shut, 287.
that all are praising, 289.
that lives its little hour, 296.
without the thorn, 108.
Rosebud set with thorns, 299.
Rosebuds, crown us with, 299.
filled with snow, 82.
gather ye, 94.
Rosemary for remembrance, 69.
Roses and white lilies, 82.
from your cheek, 190.
four red, on a stalk, 41.
in December, 269.
make thee beds of, 9.
scent of the, 264.
she wore a wreath of, 289.
Ross, Man of, 164.
Rosy red, celestial, 113.
Rot and rot, 24.
Rots itself in ease, 63.
Rotten in Denmark, 62.
Rough, a weary road, 225.
as nutmeg-graters, 153.
quarries, rocks and hills, 73.
Rough-hew them how we will, 70.
Round, attains the upmost, 49.
the slight waist, 275.
Round unvarnished tale, 73
Roundabout, this great, 216.
Rounded with a sleep, 11.
Rouse a lion, 33.
Rout, motley, 215.
on rout, 107.
Routed all his foes, 130.
Rover, living a, 289.
Roving, go no more a, 279.
Rowland for an Oliver, 335.
Ruat cœlum fiat voluntas tua, 93.
cœlum fiat justitia, 334.
Rub, there 's the, 65.
Rubies, where the, grew, 94.
wisdom is above, 312.
wisdom is better than, 316.
Rudder is of verses, 127.
Ruddy drops, dear as the, 194.
Rude am I in my speech, 73.
forefathers of the hamlet, 194.
hand deface it, 238.
militia swarms, 133.
multitude, 19.
Rudely, speke he never so, 2.
Rue and euphrasy, 114.
Rueful conflict, 238.
Ruffles, sending them, 204, 344.
Rugged Russian bear, 56.
Ruin, beautious, lay, 155.
final, 156, 224.
majestic, though in, 105.
or to rule the state, 131.
prostrate the beauteous, 227.
seize thee, 193.
upon ruin, 106.
Ruin's ploughshare, 224.
Ruins of Iona, 188.
of the noblest man, 50.
Rule, absolute, 108.
Britannia, 183.
good old, 238.
long-levelled, 117.
of men, beneath the, 290.
the state, to ruin or to, 131.
the varied year, 181.
them with a rod of iron, 328.
Ruler of the inverted year, 211.
Rules, never shows she, 163.
the waves, Britannia, 183.
Ruling passion, 163, 164.
Rum and true religion, 281.
Ruminate, as thou dost, 75.
Rumination, my often, 26.
Rumour of oppression, 210.
Run amuck, 169.

Run away and fly, 127.
before the wind, 199.
I can, or I can fly, 118.
that readeth it, 322.
whose course is, 197.
Runneth not to the contrary, 207.
Running, first sprightly, 136.
Runs the great circuit, 211.
Rural sights alone, 209.
Rush into the skies, 209.
to glory or the grave, 256.
Rushing of the arrowy Rhone, 272.
Russet mantle clad, 60.
Russia, a night in, 13.
Rustic moralist, 195.
Rustling in the dark, 307.
in unpaid-for silk, 78.
Ruthless King, 193.

Sabbath appeared, 215.
was made for man, 324.
who ordained the, 308.
Sabbathless Satan, 249.
Sabean odours, 108.
Sable silvered, 61.
Sabler tints of woe, 196.
Sables, suit of, 67.
Sabrina fair, listen, 118.
Sack, intolerable deal of, 34.
purge and leave, 35.
Sacred burden is this life, 301.
source, ope the, 193.
to ridicule, 169.
Sacrifice to the graces, 179.
turn delight into a, 92.
Sacrilegious murder, 55.
Sad as angels, 255.
because it makes us smile, 283.
by fits, 198.
fancies do we affect, 243.
music of humanity, 235.
presage of his future years, 217.
stories of the death of kings, 32.
vicissitudes of things, 199.
words of tongue, 302.
Saddens at the long delay, 181.
Sadder and a wiser man, 250.
Saddest of all tales, 283.
are these, 302.
Saddled and bridled to be ridden, 138.
Sadness, feeling of, 306.
most humorous, 26.
Safe bind, safe find, 5.
Safety, mother of, 206.
pluck this flower, 33.
to teach thee, 30.
Sagacious of his quarry, 114.
Sage advices, lengthened, 223.
he stood, 105.
he thought as a, 209.
just less than, 262.
Sage's pride, 170.
Sages have seen in thy face, 215.
in all times assert, 83.
than all the, 242.
Sail, bark attendant, 162.
set every threadbare, 307.
Sailed for sunny isles, 293.
Sailing like a stately ship, 116.
on obscene wings, 251.
Sailor, lives like a drunken, 41.
Sailors but men, 21.
Sails filled, 116.
St. George that swinged the dragon, 30.
Saint in crape and lawn, 163.
it would provoke a, 163.
seem a, 41.
sustained it, 174.
upon his knees, 214.
Saintly shew, falsehood under, 108.
Saints above, men below and, 257.
his soul is with the, 251.
who taught, 176.
will aid if men will call, 250.
Saint-seducing gold, 45.
Saintship of an anchorite, 270.
Salad days, 77.
Sally, there's none like pretty, 144.
Salt have lost his savour, 322.
of the earth, 322.
seasoned with, 327.
Saltness of time, 36.
Saltpetre, villanous, 33.
Salutary influence of example, 188.
neglect, 205.
Salvation, no relish of, 68.
should see, 22.
working out, 129.
Samphire, one that gathers, 72.
Sanctified by truth, 240.
Sanction of the god, 175.
Sanctity of reason, 112.
Sand of twenty seas, 12.
Sands, come unto these yellow, 10.
of time, footprints on the, 305.
small, the mountain, 157.
Sang, it may turn out a, 225.

Sange, ful wel she, 1.
Sans taste, sans everything, 25.
teeth, sans eyes, 25.
Sapphire blaze, 193.
Sapphires, living, 109.
Sappho loved and sung, 381.
Sapping a solemn creed, 273.
Sat like a cormorant, 108.
Satan came also, 311.
exalted sat, 104.
finds some mischief, 15c.
get thee behind me, 323.
so call him now, 111.
stood unterrified, 106.
trembles when he sees, 214.
Satanic school, 248.
Satchel, school-boy with his, 25, 180.
Sate, weeping upon his bed has, 307.
Satire be my song, let, 269.
is my weapon, 169.
like a polished razor, 178.
or sense, 168.
pointed, 139.
Satisfied that is well paid, 23.
Satisfy the child, 200.
Saturday and Monday, 144.
Satyr, Hyperion to a, 60.
Saucy doubts, 56.
Saul also among the prophets, 311.
Sauntered Europe round, 172.
Savage, noble, ran, 135.
woman, take some, 298.
Save in his own country, 323.
me from the candid friend, 230.
Saviour's birth is celebrated, 59.
Saw the air too much, 66.
Saws, full of wise, 25.
Say not good-night, 220.
Sayings of philosophers, 127.
Says, never, a foolish thing, 138.
what says he, 215.
Scab of churches, 84.
Scaffold high, on the, 290.
truth for ever on the, 310.
Scale, geometric, 126.
weighing in equal, 60.
Scan your brother man, 224.
Scandal about Queen Elizabeth, 22.
in disguise, 170.
waits on greatest state, 79.
Scandalous and poor, 138.
Scandals, immortal, 137.
Scanter of your maiden presence, 62.
Scarecrows, such, 35.
Scarfs, garters, gold, 160.
Scars, gashed with honourable, 254.
he jests at, 46.
Scatter plenty, 195.
Scene, last, of all, 25.
of man, 158.
Scenes like these, from, 227.
Scent of odorous perfume, 116.
of the roses, 264.
the morning air, 63.
Scented the grim Feature, 114.
Scents the evening gale, 227.
Sceptic could inquire for, 126.
Sceptre, a barren, in my gripe, 55.
leaden, 153.
Sceptred sovereigns, 279.
sway, 22.
Schemes of mice, best laid, 224.
Scholar among rakes, 213.
and a gentleman, 225.
rake, Christian, 198.
ripe and good one, 44.
Scholar's life assail, 186.
soldier's eye, 66.
Scholars, land of, 200.
School, Satanic, 248.
unwillingly to, 25.
School-boy, whining, 25.
with his satchel, 180.
School-boy's tale, 271.
School-boys, like, 225.
School-days, my joyful, 249.
Schoolmaster is abroad, 290.
Schools, maxim in the, 146.
Science, bright-eyed, 194.
eel of, by the tail, 171.
falsely so called, 327.
frowned not, 196.
glare of false, 209.
one, will one genius fit, 164.
Star-eyed, 255.
that men lere, 3.
Sciences, all the abstruse, 280.
Scio's rocky isle, 277.
Scion of chiefs, 274.
Scoff, who came to, 201.
Scoffer's pen, product of a, 245.
Scole of Stratford, 1.
Scope of mine opinion, 59.
Score and tally, 39.
Scorn delights, 119.
for the time of, 76.
in spite of, 103.
laugh a siege to, 58.
laugh thee to, 322.
laughed his word to, 213.

Scorn of eyes, reflecting gems, 41.
what a deal of, 28.
Scornful jest, 186.
Scotch'd the snake, 56.
Scotia's grandeur springs, 227.
Scotland, stands, where it did, 57.
'Scoundrel maxim, 182.
Scourge, inexorable, 104.
Scout, eastern, 116.
Scraps of learning dote, on, 156.
stolen the, 19.
Screw your courage, 54.
Scripture authentic, 156.
elder, 156.
the devil can cite, 21.
Scruple of her excellence, 13.
Sculptured flower, 296.
Scutcheon, honour a mere, 35.
Scuttled ship, 281.
Scylla, your father, 22.
Scyllam, in, incidis, 22.
S'death ! I 'll print it, 168.
Sea, alone on a wide wide, 249.
bark is on the, 279.
bottom of the, 41.
by the deep, 274.
cloud out of the, 311.
down to a sunless, 252.
dark blue, 277.
first gem of the, 264.
fishes live in the, 79.
flat, sunk, 117.
footsteps in the, 215.
heritage the, 266.
I 'm on the, 290.
in the rough rude, 31.
into that silent, 249.
inviolate, 297.
is a thief, 48.
loved the great, 290.
light that never was on, 244.
now flows between, 250.
of pines, 251.
of troubles, 65.
of upturned faces, 261, 268.
one is of the, 239.
Proteus rising from the, 237.
robs the vast, 48.
set in the silver, 31.
ships that have gone down at, 262.
sight of that immortal, 245.
stern god of, 123.
swelling of the voiceful, 253.
the open sea ! 290.,
Sea, union with its native, 246.
was roaring, 176.
wave o' th', 29.
wet sheet and flowing, 266.
what thing of, 116.
whether in, or fire, 59.
Sea-change, suffer a, 11.
Sea-girt citadel, 271.
Seal, seem to set his, 68.
Seals of love, 15.
Sea-maid's music, 20.
Sear, the yellow leaf, 58.
meadows brown and, 296.
Search, not worth the, 21.
of deep philosophy, 99.
out his bottom, 98.
will find it, 95.
Seas incarnadine, 55.
of gore, 283.
rivers run to, 135.
such a jewel as twenty, 12.
two boundless, 262.
Sea-shore, boy playing on the, 140.
Season, ever 'gainst that, 59.
to everything there is a, 318.
your admiration, 60.
Seasoned timber, never gives, 92.
with a gracious voice, 22.
with salt, 327.
Seasons and their change, 109.
Death ! thou hast all, 286.
return with the year, 108.
vernal, of the year, 123.
Seat, hath a pleasant, 53.
in some poetic nook, 283.
Nature from her, 113.
up to our native, 104.
while memory holds a, 63.
Seated heart knock, 52.
Seats beneath the shade, 200.
Second and sober thoughts, 138.
childishness, 25.
Secret of a weed's plain heart, 310.
sympathy, 258.
things belong unto the Lord, 310.
Secrets of my prison-house, 62.
Sect, slave to no, 162.
Security for the future, 189.
Sedge, kiss to every, 12.
Seduces all mankind, 177.
See and be seen, 348.
and eek for to be seye, 2.
her was to love her, 226.
in a summer's day, 20.

See my lips tremble, 172.
oursels as others see us ! 224.
the conquering hero, 140.
the right, and approve it, 332.
thee d—d first, 230.
through a glass darkly, 326.
two dull lines, 157.
what is not to be seen, 221.
Winter comes, 181.
Seed begging bread, 313.
of the church, 330.
sow thy, 319.
Seeds of time, look into the, 52.
Seeing eye, 317.
not satisfied with, 318.
Seek and ye shall find, 323.
Seeking whom he may devour, 328.
Seem a saint, 41.
to me all the uses, 60.
worthy of your love, 242.
Seeming estranged, 291.
evil, still educing good, 182.
otherwise, 74.
Seems, careful of the type she, 300.
madam ! I know not, 60.
wisest, virtuousest, 113.
Seen better days, 48.
needs but to be, 160.
too early, 46.
Sees God in clouds, 158.
Seeth with the heart, 253.
Seigniors, reverend, 73.
Seize the pleasures, 185.
Seldom he smiles, 49.
shall she hear a tale, 191.
Self, true to thine own, 61.
smote the chord of, 298.
Self-disparagement, 245.
Self-dispraise, luxury in, 245.
Self-love not so vile a sin, 37.
Self-neglecting and self-love, 37.
Self-sacrifice, spirit of, 243.
Self-slaughter, canon 'gainst, 60.
Selves, from our own, 185.
Sempronius, we 'll do more, 147.
Senate, his little, laws, 168, 174.
long debate, 148.
Senators, green-robed, 287.
most grave, 74.
Sending them ruffles, 204.
Senior-junior giant-dwarf, 18.
Sensations, felt in the blood, 235.
Sense, all the joys of, 161.
and nonsense, 132.
deviates into, 133.
Sense from thought divide, 159.
if all want, 92.
much fruit of, 165.
of death, 14.
of future favours, 149.
one for, one for rhyme, 128.
palls upon the, 147.
palter with us in a double, 59.
song charms the, 105.
sublime of something, 235.
they have of ills, 192.
want of, 137.
Senses, steep my, 36.
unto our gentle, 53.
Sensible to feeling, 54.
Sentence, he mouths a, 207.
is for open war, 104.
mortality my, 114.
Sentences, quips and, 16.
Sentiment, pluck the eyes of, 308.
Sentinel stars, 256.
Sentinels, fix'd, 38.
Separateth very friends, 317.
Sepulchral urns, 214.
Sepulchred in such pomp, 122.
Sepulchres, whited, 324.
Sequester'd vale, 195, 207.
Seraph, rapt, that adores, 159.
so spake the, 111.
Seraphs might despair, 270.
Serbonian bog, 105.
Serene of heaven, 247.
gem of purest ray, 195.
Sergeant, death, 70.
Sermon, perhaps turn out a, 225.
who flies a, 92.
Sermons in stones, 23.
Serpent, Aaron's, 160.
biteth like a, 317.
more of the, than dove, 10.
sting thee twice, 22.
trail of the, 262.
Serpent's tooth, 71.
Serpents, be ye wise as, 323.
Servant of God, well done, 111.
to the lender, 317.
with this clause, 92.
Serve in heaven, 102.
the devil in, 289.
they, who stand and wait, 122.
Serveth not another's will, 83.
Service devine, she sange, 1.
done the State some, 77.
of the antique world, 24.
small, is true service, 243.

Service sweat for duty, 24.
Servile opportunity to gold, 239.
to skyey influences, 14.
Servitude, laws of, 135.
Seson priketh every gentil herte, 2.
Sessions of sweet silent thought, 79.
Set my ten commandments, 39, 348.
on edge, teeth are, 321.
terms, good, 24.
the wild echoes flying, 299.
thine house in order, 321.
Setteth up another, 314.
Setting, haste now to my, 42.
in his western skies, 132.
Settle's numbers, lived in, 171.
Seven ages, his Acts being, 25.
cities warr'd, 98.
half-penny loaves, 39.
hours to law, 221.
men that can render a reason, 318.
women in that day, 320.
years' pith, 73.
Severe, lively to, 162.
pleasant to, 134, 162.
Severn, Avon to the, 240.
Sewers annoy the air, 113.
Sex, female of, 116.
spirits either, assume, 103.
to the last, 132.
towers above her, 147.
Sex's earliest, latest care, 189.
Shade! ah, pleasing, 192.
chequer'd, 120.
contiguity of, 210.
gentleman of the, 32.
half in, half in sun, 265.
hunter and the deer a, 255.
more welcome, 176.
of aristocracy, 269.
of power, gray flits the, 271.
of that which once was great, 239.
pillar'd, 114.
sitting in a pleasant, 84.
softening into, 182.
that follows wealth, 203.
thought in a green, 130.
unperceiv'd, 182.
Shades, happy walks and, 114.
of death, dens and, 106.
of night, fled the, 110.
Shadow both way falls, 115.
cloak'd from head to foot, 300.
hence, horrible, 56.
Shadow, life 's but a walking, 58.
of a starless night, 284.
of death, darkness and the, 312.
of the British Oak, 206.
of thy wings, under the, 313.
proves the substance true, 166.
seem'd, 106.
Shadows beckoning, dire, 116.
best in this kind are, 20.
come like, so depart, 57.
face o'er which a thousand, 236.
lengthening, 132.
like our, wishes lengthen, 156.
not substantial, 95.
of coming events, 255.
that walk by us, 87.
to-night, have struck more terror, 42.
what, we are, what shadows we pursue, 205.
Shadowy Past, 305.
Shadwell never deviates, 133.
Shady brows, 116.
place, sunshine in the, 6.
side of Pall Mall, 221.
Shaft at random sent, 261.
fledge the, 270.
flew thrice, 154.
that made him die, 101.
that quivered, 270.
Shake hands with a king, 304.
my fell purpose, 53.
our disposition, 62.
the saintship, 270.
the spheres, 130.
thy gory locks, 56.
Shaken, to be well, 228.
Shaker of o'er-rank states, 89.
Shakes pestilence and war, 106.
Shakespeare, Fancy's child, 120.
make room for, 125.
myriad-minded, 253.
sweetest, 120.
wonder of our stage, 86.
Shakespeare's magic, 135.
name, rival, 224.
Shall I, wasting in despair, 90.
not when he wolda, 340.
we shut the door, 183.
Shallow brooks, 120.
in himself, 115.
spirit of judgment, 39.
Shallows, bound in, 51.
Shame, blush of maiden, 296.
erring sister's, 276.

Shame, hide her, from every eye, 203.
honour and, 161.
start at, 208.
the Devil, 34, 348.
the fools, print it and, 168.
to men, 105.
where is thy blush, 68.
whose glory is their, 326.
Shames, thousand innocent, 17.
Shank, his shrunk, 25.
Shape, assume a pleasing, 65.
execrable, 106.
harmony of, 143.
it might be called, 106.
of a camel, 67.
of anger can dismay, 243.
such a questionable, 62.
take any, but that, 56.
the whisper, 301.
Shapes, calling, 116.
of ill may hover, 288.
that come not, 236.
Share the good man's smile, 201.
Shared its shelter, 227.
Sharp as a pen, 37.
misery had worn him, 48.
Sharpe the conquering, 3.
Sharper than a serpent's tooth, 71.
Sharp-looking wretch, 15.
Sharps, unpleasing, 47.
Shatter the vase, 264.
your leaves, 119.
She for God in him, 108.
gave me eyes, 232.
impossible, 97.
is a woman, 45.
lived unknown, 233.
never told her love, 28.
unexpressive, 25.
Shears, Fury with the abhorred, 119.
Shed, prepare to, them now, 51.
their selectest influence, 112.
Sheddeth man's blood, 310.
Shedding seas of gore, 283.
Sheep, close-shorn, 93.
Shell, music slumbers in the, 231.
smooth-lipped, 246.
take ye each a, 173.
Shepherd, gentle, tell me where, 184.
hast any philosophy, 25.
tells his tale, 120.
that bids the, 116.
Shepherd's awe-inspiring god, 245.
tongue, truth in every, 8.
Sheridan, broke the die in moulding, 278.
Shew, under saintly, 108.
Shews of things, 81.
Shield, like an ample, 136.
Shifted his trumpet, 203.
Shifts, holy, 128.
Shikspur? who wrote it, 197.
Shilling, Philip and Mary on a, 129.
Shillings, rather than forty, 12.
Shine with such lustre, 216.
Shining blades, 266.
burning and a, light, 325.
light, 316.
morning face, 25.
Ship, idle as a painted, 249.
like a stately, 116.
of State, sail on, O, 306.
that ever scuttled, 281.
Ships are but boards, 21.
dim-discover'd, 181.
launched a thousand, 9.
like, they steer their courses, 127.
that have gone down, 262.
that sailed for sunny isles, 293.
Shirt and a half, 35.
happy man 's without a, 83.
of fire, 304.
oftener changed their principles than, 157.
on his back, 204.
sending ruffles when wanting a, 204.
Shive, to steal a, 45.
Shoal of time, 53.
Shoals of honour, 43.
Shock of corn, 312.
of men, midst the, 271.
of pleasure, 288.
sink beneath the, 276.
Shocks that flesh is heir to, 65.
Shoe pinches, where the, 331.
Shoe-string, careless, 95.
Shone, his coming, 111.
like a meteor, 103.
Shook a dreadful dart, 106.
the arsenal, 115.
Shoon, clouted, 118.
Shoot folly as it flies, 158.
young idea how to, 181.
Shooting-stars attend thee, 94.
Shop-keepers, nation of, 337.
Shore, boat is on the, 279.
dull tame, 290.
my native, 270.

Shore, never came to, 293.
of memory, 246.
rapture on the lonely, 274.
some silent, 144.
unknown and silent, 249.
wild and willowed, 257.
Shores of old romance, 233.
Short and bright, 141.
and far between, 180.
and simple annals, 194.
as are the nights, 88.
measures, life in, 85.
swallow-flights, 300.
Short-lived pain, 259.
Shot forth peculiar graces, 113.
heard round the world, 303.
my arrow o'er the house, 70.
my being through earth, 250.
out of an elder gun, 38.
Should auld acquaintance, 225.
keep who can, they, 238.
not say it, say it that, 348.
take who have, they, 238.
Shouldered his crutch, 201.
Shoulders, whose heads do grow beneath their, 73.
Shoures, April with his, 1.
Shout and revelry, 116.
that tore hell's concave, 103.
Shouted for joy, 312.
Show and gaze o' the time, 59.
driveller and a, 186.
his eyes, 57.
me the steep and thorny way, 61.
us how divine a thing, 336.
which passeth, 60.
world is all a fleeting, 265.
Showed how fields were won, 201.
Showers, honied, 119.
like those maiden, 95.
sweetest, 88.
Shows, comment on the, 240.
Shreds and patches, 68.
Shrewsbury clock, hour by, 35.
Shriek, solitary, 281.
Shrine of the mighty, 275.
Shrines to no code, 304.
Shrunk shank, 25.
Shuffled off this mortal coil, 65.
Shunn'st the noise of folly, 121.
Shut of evening flowers, 113.
shut the door, 167.
the door, shall we, 183.
the gates of mercy, 195.
the windows of the sky, 182.
Shy of using it, 126.
Sibyl, contortions of the, 207.
Sick, say I 'm, I 'm dead, 165.
that surfeit with too much, 21.
Sickness and in health, 328.
Sickness-broken body, 101.
Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, 66.
Side the sun 's upon, 265.
Sides of my intent, 54.
Sidelong looks of love, 200.
maid, snatch'd hasty from the, 182.
Sidney, warbler of poetic prose, 212.
Sidney's sister, 86.
Siege to scorn, laugh a, 58.
Sieges, fortunes, 73.
Sigh from Indus to the pole, 172.
humorous, 18.
no more, ladies, 16.
passing tribute of a, 195.
that rends thy constant heart, 203.
to those who love me, 279.
yet feel no pain, 265.
Sigh'd and look'd, 131, 181.
at the sound, 215.
for his country, 256.
no sooner, 26.
to many, 270.
to measure, 234.
to think I read a book, 234.
we wept, we, 199.
Sighing, a plague of, 34.
farewell goes out, 44.
like furnace, 25.
that Nature formed but one such man, 278.
through all her works, 113.
Sighs, Bridge of, 273.
to find them in the wood, 296.
world of, for my pains a, 73.
Sight, became a part of, 276.
charms strike the, 167.
faints into dimness, 276.
goodly, to see, 270.
hideous, a naked human heart, 155.
loved not at first, 9.
of human ties, 172.
of means to do ill deeds, 31.
of that immortal sea, 245.
of vernal bloom, 108.
out of, out of mind, 3, 9.
spare my aching, 194.
swim before my, 172.

Sight to dream of, 250.
which you all know by, 248.
Sightless Milton, 240.
Sights of ugly death, 41.
Sign, dies and makes no, 39.
of gratulation, 112.
outward and visible, 328.
Signet sage, 260.
Significant and budge, 213.
Signifying nothing, 58.
Signs of woe, 113.
Silence and slow Time, 287.
and tears, parted in, 269.
deep as death, 256.
envious tongues, 43.
expressive, 182.
float upon the wings of, 117.
in love bewrays, 8.
is gold, speech is silver, 348.
is the perfectest herald, 16.
that dreadful bell, 74.
was pleased, 109.
ye wolves, 171.
Silent as the moon, 115.
cataracts, 251.
dew, fall on me like a, 95.
fingers point to heaven, 246.
manliness of grief, 202.
organ loudest chants, 303.
prayer, homes of, 300.
sea of pines, 251.
shore, landing on some, 144.
that you may hear, 50.
upon a peak, 287.
Silently as a dream, 266.
Silk, unpaid-for, 78.
Silken tie, silver link the, 258.
Siloa's brook, 102.
Siloam's shady rill, 267.
Silver cord be loosed, 320.
fruit-tree tops, 46.
lining on the night, 117.
link, the, 258.
mantle threw, 109.
pictures of, 317.
speech is, 348.
Simile that solitary shines, 170.
Similes, play with 233.
Similitudes, used, 322.
Simon Pure, 147.
Simple Child, 232.
wiles, transient sorrows, 234.
Simples, compounded of, 26.
Simplicity a child, 174.
a grace, 85.
Simplicity of the three per cents, 219.
resigns her charge, 108.
truth miscalled, 79.
Sin and death abound, 254.
and guilt, each thing of, 117.
blossoms of my, 63.
by that, the angels fell, 43.
could blight, ere, 252.
falter not for, 301.
fools make a mock at, 316.
for me to sit and grin, 308.
his favourite, 248.
no, for a man to labour, 32.
of self-love, 37.
of self-neglecting, 37.
quantum o' the, 225.
thinking their own kisses, 47.
they who tell us, 247.
wages of, is death, 325.
Since heaven's eternal year, 134.
the conquest, 138.
Sincerity, wrought in a sad, 303.
Sinews bought and sold, 210.
of the new-born babe, 68.
of war, 321.
stiffen the, 37.
Sing and that they love, 101.
because I must, 300.
for joy, widow's heart to, 312.
he knew himself to, 119.
in a hempen string, 88.
Singeth a quiet tune, 249.
Singing of anthems, 36.
of birds is come, 320.
robes, garland and, 123.
singers, 144.
Single blessedness, 19.
hour of that Dundee, 239.
life, careless of the, 300.
Sings about the sky, 282.
Sink beneath the shock, 276.
Sinking, alacrity in, 13.
in thy last long sleep, 220.
Sinks or swims, 108.
Sinner of his memory, 10.
Sinning, more sinn'd against than, 71.
Sins, compound for, 127.
multitude of, 328.
our compell'd, 14.
remember'd, 66.
Sion hill delight thee more, 102.
Sir Oracle, I am, 21.
Sires, green graves of your, 303.
sons of great, 175.
Sirups, lucent, 287.

Sister Spirit, come away, 173.
Sisters, weird, 57.
Sit upon the ground, let us, 32.
Sitting in a pleasant shade, 84.
Sits on his horse-back, 30.
the wind in that corner, 16.
Six hours in sleep, 221.
hundred pounds a year, 145.
Richmonds in the field, 42.
Sixes and sevens, 343.
Sixpence all too dear, 74.
I give thee, 230.
Size of pots of ale, 126.
Skies, commencing with the, 121.
passed into the, 213.
people of the, 83.
pointing at the, 164.
raised a mortal to the, 131.
rush into the, 159.
setting in his western, 132.
watcher of the, 287.
Skill, barbarous, 100.
Skilled in gestic lore, 200.
Skims along the main, 166.
Skin and Bone, 179.
for skin, 311.
of an innocent lamb, 39.
of my teeth, 312.
Skirmish of wit, 16.
Skirt the eternal frost, 251.
Skirts of happy chance, 301.
Skulls, dead men's, 41.
Sky, admitted to that equal, 158.
banner in the, 307.
beyond the, 269.
blue, bends over all, 250.
canopied by the blue, 279.
forehead of the morning, 119.
girdled with the, 247.
howls along the, 199.
in our northern, 219.
is changed, 273.
milky way i' the, 94.
parent from the, 169.
stars set their watch in the, 256.
tears of the, 180.
under the open, 295.
windows of the, 182.
witchery of the soft blue, 237.
yon rich, 299.
Skyey influences, 14.
Slain, he can never do that 's, 129.
thrice he slew the, 130.
Slander sharper than the sword, 78.
Slanderous tongues, death by, 17.
Slaughter, lamb to the, 321.
ox goeth to the, 316.
to a throne, 195.
Slave, base is the, that pays, 37.
born to be a, 213.
passion's, 67.
to no sect, 162.
to thousands, 75.
to till my ground, 310.
whatever day makes man a, 175.
Slavery, a bitter draught, 191.
or death, 148.
sold to, 73.
Slaves as they are, down to the dust with them, 266.
Britons never shall be, 183.
cannot breathe in England, 210.
howe'er contented, 213.
with greasy aprons, 78.
worst of, 198.
Sleave of care, 55.
Sleek-headed men, 49.
Sleep and a forgetting, 244.
charms that lulls to, 203.
exposition of, 20.
falleth on men, 312.
fan me while I, 210.
first invented, 5.
friendliest to, 111.
giveth his beloved, 315.
in Abraham's bosom, 41.
in dull, cold marble, 43.
is like a cloak, 5.
it is a gentle thing, 249.
lay me down to take my, 341.
life rounded with a, 11.
Macbeth does murder, 55.
Nature's soft nurse, 36.
no more, a voice cry, 55.
no more, to die, to, 65.
O gentle, 36.
of a labouring man, 319.
of death, 65.
sinking in thy last long, 220.
six hours in, 221.
some must, 67.
sweet restorer, balmy, 153.
the friend of woe, 247.
the innocent, 55.
the sleep that knows not, 260.
timely dew of, 109.
to mine eyes, 315.
to that sweet, 76.
undisturbed, 187.
was aery-light, 110.

Sleep. yet a little, 316.
Sleeping when she died, 291.
within mine orchard, 63.
Sleepless themselves, 171.
Sleeps in dust, 95, 329.
on his own heart, 242.
the pride of former days, 263.
till tir'd he, 160.
upon this bank, 23.
Sleet of arrowy shower, 194.
Sleeve, heart upon my, 72.
Sleeves, herald's coat without, 35.
Slepe, out of his, to sterte, 2.
Slepen alle night, 1.
Slept, dying when she, 291.
in peace, 43.
Slew the slain, thrice he, 130.
Slides into verse, 169.
Slight waist, round the, 275.
Slings and arrows, 65.
Slipper'd Pantaloon, 25.
Slips, greyhounds in the, 38.
Slits the thin-spun life, 119.
Slogardie a-night, 2.
Slope through darkness, 300.
Sloping into brooks, 283.
Sloth, resty, 78.
Slough was Despond, 137.
Slovenly unhandsome, 33.
Slow rises worth, 186.
Slowly the Spring comes, 250.
Sluggard, go to the ant, thou, 316.
voice of the, 150.
Sluggards sleep, while, 185.
Slumber, little, 316.
to mine eyelids, 315.
Slumbering ages, 297.
Slumber's chain, 265.
Slumbers in the shell, 231.
light, dreams and, 259.
Smack of age, 36.
of observation, 29.
Smack'd of noyance, 182.
Small choice in rotten apples, 26.
drop of ink, 282.
habits well pursued, 220.
Latin, and less Greek, 86.
one a strong nation, 321.
rare volume, 229.
sands the mountain, 157.
service is true service, 243.
things with great, 343.
vices do appear, 72.
Smallest worm will turn, 40.
Smart for it, 316.
Smart for it, some of us will, 17.
girls that are so, 144.
Smarts so little as a fool, 168.
this dog, 184.
Smell a rat, 127, 347.
ancient and fish-like, 11.
flower of sweetest, 238.
of bread and butter, 279.
of the lamp, 331.
sweet and blossom in the dust, 95.
the blood of British man, 71.
villanous, 13.
Smelleth the battle, 313.
Smells to heaven, 68.
wooingly, heaven's breath, 53.
Smels sweete al around, 6.
Smile, and be a villain, 63.
and sigh, 289.
because it makes us, 283.
calm thou mayst, 220.
could be mov'd to, 49.
from partial beauty, 255.
ghastly, 106.
good man's, 201.
in pain, 156.
on her lips, 259.
that glowed, 113.
to those who hate, 279.
tribute of a, 257.
vast substantial, 309.
we would aspire to, 43.
why, we shall, 52.
Smiled, all around thee, 220.
Smiles at the drawn dagger, 148.
Smiles from reason flow, 113.
his emptiness betray, 168.
in yer face, 178.
of boyhood's years, 265.
of joy, 265.
robb'd that, 74.
seldom he, 49.
the clouds away, 277.
welcome ever, 44.
Smiling at grief, 28.
in her tears, 255.
Smith stand with his hammer thus, 31.
Smiting it, gently, not, 307.
Smoke and stir, 116.
that so gracefully curled, 266.
Smoking flax, 321.
Smooth runs the water, 39.
the bed of death, 169.
Smoother than butter, 314.

Smoothing the raven down, 117.
Smooth-lipped shell, 246.
Smoothness, torrent's, 256.
Smote the chord of Self, 298.
Snail, creeping like, 25.
Snails, feet like, 94.
Snake, scotch'd the, 56.
wounded, 165.
Snapper-up of trifles, 29.
Snatch a fearful joy, 192.
a grace, 164.
Sneer, laughing Devil in his, 277.
solemn, 273.
teach the rest to, 168.
Snore upon the flint, 78.
Snow, December, 31.
fall in the river, 224.
mockery king of, 32.
pure as, 66.
rosebuds fill'd with, 82.
Snow-flakes fall, 284.
Snow-white ram, 246.
Snuff, only took, 203.
Snuff'd out by an article, 283.
Snug, as a bug, 185.
little Island, 249.
So much to do, 301.
Soap, invisible, 292.
Soar, wont to, 201.
Sober certainty, 117.
go to bed, 87.
in your diet, 178.
second thoughts, 138.
Soberness, truth and, 325.
Society became my glittering bride, 245.
one polished horde, 283.
solitude is best, 113.
where none intrudes, 274.
Socrates whom well inspir'd, 115.
Soft answer, 316.
as her clime, 279.
as young, 155.
black eye, with its, 262.
eyes looked love, 272.
impeachment, 222.
is the music, 238.
is the strain, 166.
the zephyr blows, 194.
voices die, 285.
Softening into shade, 182.
Softly bodied forth, 274.
Soil, grows on mortal, 119.
not in this, 118.
thus leave thee, native, 114.
Soil where first they trod, 286.
Soiled with all ignoble use, 301.
Soils, rich, are often to be weeded, 81.
Solar walk or milky way, 158.
Sold him a bargain, 18.
to slavery, 73.
Soldat heureux, 261.
Solder of society, 180.
Soldier among sovereigns, 213.
and afeard, 57.
armed with resolution, 146.
ask the brave, 263.
be abroad, 290.
blasphemy in the, 13.
full of strange oaths, 25.
himself have been a, 32.
more than, 262.
successful, 261.
Soldier's pole is fallen, 10.
virtue, 77.
Soldiers bore dead bodies, 33.
substance of ten thousand, 42.
Sole judge of truth, 160.
of her foot, 310.
Solemn acts of devotion, 218.
creed, sapping a, 273.
fop, 213.
sneer, 273.
temples, 11.
Sole-sitting by the shores, 233.
Solid flesh would melt, 60.
ground of nature, 238.
happiness we prize, 185.
men of Boston, 221.
pudding, 171.
Solitary shriek, 281.
Solitude, bird in the, 278.
bliss of, 234.
he makes a, 277.
how passing sweet is, 213.
is sweet, 213.
least alone in, 273.
sometimes is best society, 113
where are the charms, 215.
Some are born great, 48.
asked me where, 94.
natural tears, 114.
said, John, print it, 137.
say no evil thing, 117.
sipping punch, 237.
three ages since, 18.
Something after death, 65.
better than his dog, 298.
dangerous in me, 70.
in a flying horse, 237.

Something in a huge balloon, 237.
rich and strange, 11.
the heart must have, 307.
too much of this, 67.
wicked this way comes, 57.
Sometimes counsel take, 167.
Son and foe, 106.
every wise man's, 28.
happy for that, 40.
of Adam and Eve, 143.
of his own works, 5.
of parents, 213.
two-legg'd thing, a, 131.
Song, burden of some merry, 169.
charms the sense, 105.
for our banner, 295.
govern thou my, 111.
metre of an antique, 79.
mighty orb of, 245.
moralized his, 168.
no sorrow in thy, 221.
of Percy and Douglass, 8.
one immortal, 131.
satire be my, 269.
swallow-flights of, 300.
truth of a, 143.
wanted many an idle, 168.
Songes make and wel endite, 1.
Songs, had my book of, 12.
turned to holy psalms, 82.
Sonne, up rose the, 2.
Sonorous metal, 103.
Sons and kindred slain, 98.
of Belial, 103.
of night, 263.
of reason, valour, 183.
of the morning, 267.
of their great sires, 175.
Sooner lost and won, 28.
Soothe the savage breast, 151.
Soothed with the sound, 130.
Sophonisba, O, 183.
Soprano, basso, 279.
Sore labour's bath, 55.
Sorrow, bread in, ate, 307.
calls no time that 's gone, 88.
climbing, 71.
earth has no, 265.
fade, sin could blight or, 252.
fail not for, 301.
for all her, 247.
give, words, 57.
hath 'scaped this, 79.
her rent is, 92.
in thy song, 221.
Sorrow 's held intrusive, 296.
is in vain, 88.
is unknown, where, 215.
melt into, 478.
more closely tied, 262.
more in, than in anger, 61.
never comes too late, 192.
of the meanest thing, 235.
parting is such sweet, 46.
path of, 215.
pine with feare and, 8.
returned with the dawning of morn, 256.
rooted, 58.
some natural, 238.
sphere of our, 285.
to the grave, 310.
under the load of, 17.
wear a golden, 42.
Sorrow's crown of sorrow, 298.
keenest wind, 238.
Sorrows and darkness, 267.
come not single spies, 69.
here I and, sit, 30.
of a poor old man, 217.
of death, 313.
transient, 234.
Sort, smiles in such a, 49.
Sorts of prosperity, all, 146.
Sots, what can ennoble, 161.
Sought out many inventions, 319.
Soul, as if his eager, 131.
blind his, 300.
bruised with adversity, 15.
cold waters to a thirsty, 317.
cordial to the, 125.
crowd not on my, 194.
current of the, 195.
eloquence the, 105.
eye was in itself a, 277.
fiery, 131.
flow of, 169.
free in my, 96.
freed his, 187.
fret thy, with crosses, 8.
grapple them to thy, 61.
happy, that all the way, 98.
harrow up thy, 63.
haughtiness of, 147.
hides a dark, 117.
I think nobly of the, 29.
intercourse from, 172.
iron entered into his, 329.
is dead that slumbers, 304.
is form, 7.

Soul is his own, 38.
's in arms, 147.
is wanting there, 275.
is with the saints, 251.
like an ample shield, 136.
like seasoned timber, 92.
lose his own, 323.
meeting, 120.
merit wins the, 167.
of goodness, 38.
of harmony, 121.
of music shed, 263.
of music slumbers, 231.
of Orpheus sing, 121.
of our grandam, 29.
of Richard, 42, 147.
of the age, 86.
of wit, 64.
overflowed the, 246.
palace of the, 271.
perdition catch my, 75.
prophetic, 63.
prospect of his, 17.
rapt, sitting, 121.
secured in her existence, 148.
sincere, 196.
so dead, man with, 258.
soothed his, 131.
suck forth my, 9.
swell the, to rage, 131.
sweet and virtuous, 92.
take the prisoned, 117.
take wing, 278.
that can be honest, 87.
that perished in his pride, 234.
that rises with us, 244.
the body form doth take of, 7.
the body's guest, 339.
thou hast much goods, 324.
through my lips, 297.
to dare, the will to do, 260.
to keep, pray the Lord my, 341.
tocsin of the, 282.
unction to your, 68.
under the ribs of death, 118.
uneasy and confin'd, 158.
unlettered, 18.
unto his captain, Christ, 32.
was like a star, 239.
white as heaven, 88.
whiteness of his, 272.
who would force the, 241.
why shrinks the, 148.
within her eyes, 279.
Soul's calm sunshine, 161.
Soul's dark cottage, 100.
sincere desire, 254.
Soul-animating strains, 238.
Souls are ripened, 219.
as free, 277.
assembled, 100.
corporations have no, 5.
jewel of their, 75.
made of fire, 157.
reaches of our, 62.
such harmony in, 23.
sympathy with sound, in, 212.
that were forfeit once, 14.
to souls can never teach, 302.
whose sudden visitations, 297.
Sound an echo to the sense, 166.
and fury, 58.
dirge-like, 237.
harmonious, 112.
harsh in, 44.
is in my ears, 242.
jarring, 107.
most melodious, 6.
murmuring, 234.
must seem an echo, 166.
of a knell, 215.
of revelry by night, 272.
of thunder, 105.
persuasive, 151.
soothed with the, 130.
sweet is every, 299.
the clarion, 261.
the loud timbrel, 265.
the trumpet, 140.
which makes us linger, 275.
Sounded all the depths, 43.
Sounding brass, 326.
cataract, 235.
Sounds as a sullen bell, 36.
blowing martial, 103.
concord of sweet, 23.
melodious, on every side, 123.
those deep, 253.
Sour, every sweet its, 340.
grapes, have eaten, 321.
lofty and, 44.
misfortune's book, 48.
Source of all my bliss, 202.
of human offspring, 110.
of sympathetic tears, 193.
Sour-complexioned man, 91.
South and south-west side, 126.
like the sweet, 28.
Sovereign among soldiers, 213.
law, 221.

Sovereign of sighs and groans, 18.
o'er transmuted ill, 186.
reason, noble and most, 66.
when I forget my, 216.
Sovereignest thing on earth, 33.
Sovereigns, sceptred, 279.
Sow, as you, you are like to reap, 128.
for him, build for him, 234.
wrong, by the ear, 349.
Soweth, whatsoever a man, 326.
Sown the wind, 322.
Space and time, annihilate but, 171.
Spacious firmament on high, 149.
Spade a spade, 331.
Spades, emblem of untimely graves, 211.
Spain's chivalry, 283.
Spake as a child, 326.
the seraph Abdiel, 111.
Span, life is but a, 341.
Spangled heavens, 149.
Spangling the wave, 261.
Spanish or neat's leather, 129.
Spare Fast, 121.
my aching sight, 194.
that tree, woodman, 295.
the rod, 128, 348.
Spared a better man, 35.
Spareth his rod, 316.
his words, 317.
Spark, human, 172.
illustrious, 213.
of heavenly flame, 173.
of that immortal fire, 276.
vocal, instinct with music, 233.
Sparkled was exhal'd, 156.
Sparkling with a brook, 283.
Sparks fly upward, as the, 312.
of fury, 178.
Sparrow, caters for the, 24.
fall of a, 70.
fall or hero perish, 158.
Speak by the card, 169.
daggers to her, 67.
from your folded papers, 308.
if any, 50.
in public on the stage, 228.
it profanely, not to, 66.
let him now, 328.
of me as I am, 77.
of Ninety-eight, 293.
right on, 51.
too coldly, 265.
Speaker, no other, 44.
Mr., shall we shut the door, 183.
Speaking, thought him still, 112.
things which they ought not, 327.
Spear, Ithuriel with his, 110.
to equal the tallest pine, 102.
Spears into pruning-hooks, 321.
Special providence, 70.
wonder, without our, 56.
Spectacles of books, 136.
on nose, 25.
Spectatum veniunt, 2.
Spectre-doubts, 255.
Speculation in those eyes, 56.
Speech be always with grace, 327.
day unto day uttereth, 313.
is silver, 348.
is truth, 258.
poetry of, 273.
rude am I in my, 73.
thought deeper than, 302.
thought is, 258.
to conceal their thoughts, 337.
wed itself with, 300.
Speeches, men's charitable, 82.
Speed, add wings to thy, 106.
the going guest, 169.
the parting guest, 175.
the soft intercourse, 172.
to-day, 8.
Speke he never so rudely, 2.
Spell, trance or breathed, 122.
Spells, lime-twigs of his, 118.
Spend another such a night, 41.
to, to give to want, 8.
Spenser, a little nearer, 125.
Spent them not in toys, 99.
Sphere of our sorrow, 285.
two stars in one, 35.
Sphere-descended maid, 198.
Spheres, shake the, 130.
stars shot madly from, 20.
start from their, 63.
Spice of life, 211.
Spick and span new, 348.
Spicy nut-brown ale, 120.
Spider, like a subtle, 159.
Spider's touch, 159.
Spiders, lately had two, 146.
Spies, not single, 69.
Spin, toil not neither do they, 323.
Spins, Lord Fanny, 168.
Spires whose silent finger points to heaven, 246.
Spirit, pard-like, 285.
Brutus will start a, 49.
chased, are with more, 22.

Spirit clear, doth raise, 120.
dare stir abroad, 59.
ditties of no tone, 287.
extravagant and erring, 59.
haughty, before a fall, 317.
humble tranquil, 99.
ill, have so fair a house, 11.
indeed is willing, 324.
motions of his, 23.
of a youth, 78.
of health or goblin damned, 62.
of heaviness, 321.
of liberty, 205.
of man is divine, 276.
of my dream, 279.
of self-sacrifice, 243.
of wine, 75.
of youth, 80.
one fair, 274.
or more welcome shade, 176.
present in, 326.
rest, perturbed, 63.
shall return unto God, 320.
that fought in heaven, 104.
the accusing, 191.
the least erected, 103.
thy father's, 62.
thy, Independence, 199.
to bathe in fiery floods, 14.
vexation of, 318.
walks of every day, 154.
wounded, who can bear, 317.
Spiriting, do my, gently, 10.
Spirits are not finely touched, 13.
either sex assume, 103.
from the vasty deep, 34.
of great events, 253.
of just men, 327.
of the wise, 36.
twain have crossed, 288.
Spirit-stirring drum, 76.
Spiritual grace, 328.
Spit, they will, 26.
Spite, in erring reason's, 159.
in learned doctor's, 302.
of my teeth, 345.
of nature, 127.
of pride, 159.
of scorn, 103.
of their stars, 127.
O cursed, 63.
Spleen, meditative, 245.
Splendid sight to see, 270.
Splendour through the sky, 254.
Splenetive and rash, 70.
Split the ears of the groundlings, 66.
Spoil the child, 128, 348.
Spoils and stratagems, 23.
of nature, 195.
of time, 195.
to the victors belong the, 284.
Spoke in her cheeks, 85.
Spoken, word at random, 261.
Sponge, drink no more than a, 4.
Spoon, must have a long, 345.
Spoons, count our, 188.
Sport an hour, 265.
tedious as work, 33.
to have the engineer, 68.
with Amaryllis, 119.
Sports of children, 200.
like these, 200.
Spot is cursed, 235.
of earth, could any, 246.
out, damned, 57.
which men call earth, 116.
Spots of sunny openings, 283.
quadrangular, 211.
Spread his sweet leaves, 45.
the thin oar, 160.
the truth, 149.
yourselves, 19.
Spreading himself, 313.
Spreads his light wings, 172.
Sprightly running, 135.
Spring, come gentle, 180.
comes slowly up, 250.
from haunted, 122.
infants of the, 61.
of love, 12, 249.
or woes, 175.
unlocks the flowers, 267.
visit the mouldering urn, 209.
Springes to catch woodcocks, 82.
Springs of Dove, 233.
Spriting, do my, gently, 10.
Spur, fame is the, 119.
to prick the sides, 54.
Spurned by the young, 293.
Spurs the lated traveller, 56.
Spy, no faults can, 145.
Squadron in the field, 72.
Squat like a toad, 110.
Squeak and gibber, 59.
naturally as pigs, 126.
Squeaking wry-necked fife, 22.
Stabbed with a white wench's black eye, 47.
Staff of life, 146.
of this broken reed, 321.

Staff, thy rod and thy, 222.
Stage, agree on the, 222.
all the world 's a, 25.
found only on the, 282.
frets his hour upon the, 58.
natural on the, 203.
poor degraded, 302.
speak in public on the, 228.
the earth a, 98.
veteran on the, 186.
well-trod, 120.
where man must play a part, 21.
wonder of our, 85.
Stagers, old cunning, 128.
Stagger like a drunken man, 315.
Stagirite, stout, 249.
Stagnate in chains, 266.
Stain, incapable of, 104.
like a wound, 205.
my man's cheeks, 71.
Stained web, like the, 262.
Stairs, kick me down, 227.
Stake, honours at the, 69.
Stakes were thrones, 280.
Stale, flat, and unprofitable, 60.
Stalk, four red roses on a, 41.
withering on the, 242.
Stalked off reluctant, 180.
Stalled ox and hatred, 316.
Stamford fair, bullocks at, 36.
Stamp of fate, 175.
Stand and wait, 122.
before mean men, 317.
not upon the order of your going, 56.
still my steed, 305.
the hazard of the die, 42.
Standard of the man, 150.
Standing on this pleasant lea, 237.
pond, mantle like a, 21.
pool, mantle of the, 71.
upon the vantage-ground, 80.
with reluctant feet, 305.
Stanhope's pencil writ, 157.
Stands Scotland where it did, 57.
the statue that enchants the world, 180.
upon a slippery place, 30.
Stanley, on, 259.
Sir Hubert, 229.
Stanza, who pens a, 167.
Staple of his argument, 19.
Star, bright particular, 27.
constant as the northern, 50.
every fixed, 17.
Star, fair as a, 233.
like a falling, 103.
man is his own, 87.
of dawn, a later, 233.
of empire, 152.
of peace return, 256.
of smallest magnitude, 107.
of the moth for the, 285.
of the unconquered will, 305.
perfect as a, 304.
stay the morning, 251.
that bids the shepherd fold, 116.
that ushers in the even, 80.
thy soul was like a, 239.
twinkling of a, 129.
Star-chamber matter, 12.
Starers, stupid, 161.
Star-eyed science, 255.
Starless night, 284.
Starlight, glittering, 110.
Star-like eyes, 89.
Starry cope of heaven, 111.
Galileo, 273.
girdle of the year, 255.
host, Hesperus that led the, 109
Star-y-pointing pyramid, 122.
Stars, beauty of a thousand, 9.
blesses his, 147.
cut him out in little, 47.
doubt thou the, 64.
fairest of, 111.
fault not in our, 49.
fell like, 254.
glows in the, 159.
hide their diminish'd heads, 108.
innumerable as the, 111.
kings are like, 284.
of midnight, 234.
of morning, 111.
restless fronts bore, 245.
repairing, other, 112.
set their watch, 256.
shall fade, 148.
shooting, attend thee, 94.
shot madly, 20.
start from their spheres, 63.
that round her burn, 149.
two, keep not their motion, 35.
unutterably bright, 284.
were more in fault, 143.
Start of the majestic world, 49.
straining upon the, 38.
Started like a guilty thing, 59.
Startles at destruction, 148.
Starts, everything by, 132.

Starve with nothing, 21.
State, eruption to our, 59.
falling with a falling, 174.
high and palmy, 59.
of life, duty in that, 328.
of war by nature, 145.
pillar of, 105.
rule the, 131.
some service, done the, 77.
thousand years to form a, 71.
waits on greatest, 79.
what constitutes a, 220.
with the storms of, 43.
without a King, 293.
State's collected will, 221.
Stated calls to worship, 188.
Stately pleasure-dome, 252.
States dissevered, discordant, 268.
saved without the sword, 291.
Statesman and buffoon, 132.
too nice for a, 202.
Station, private, 148.
Statue that enchants the world, 181.
Statue-like repose, 295.
Stature undepressed in size, 240.
Stay, oh stay, 263.
the morning star, 251.
to wish her, 112.
Steal a shive, 45.
as gypsies do, 222.
away their brains, 75
away your hearts, 51.
convey, the wise it call, 12.
from the world, 173.
immortal blessing, 47.
my thunder, 141.
us from ourselves away, 170.
Stealing and giving odour, 28.
Steals something from the thief, 74.
who, my purse, 75.
Stealth, do good by, 169.
Steam, unconquered, 216.
Steed, farewell the neighing, 76.
stand still my, 305.
that knows his rider, 271.
threatens steed, 38.
Steeds to water, 78.
Steel, as with triple, 105.
foemen worthy of their, 260.
grapple with hooks of, 61.
grapple with hoops of, 61.
heart as true as, 20.
in complete, 39, 62, 117.
locked up in, 39.
my man is true as, 47.
Steel, strings of, 68.
Steep and thorny way, 61.
marbled, 281.
my senses, 36.
of Delphos, 122.
Steeped me in poverty, 77.
to the lips in misery, 306.
Steeple, looking at the, 281.
Steepy mountains, 9.
Stem, moulded on one, 20.
Stenches, two-and-seventy, 252.
Step above the sublime, 218.
aside is human, 224.
more true, 259.
to the music of the Union, 293.
Stepping o'er the bounds, 48.
Steps, beware of desperate, 215.
brushing with hasty, 196.
grace in all her, 112.
hear not my, 54.
Lord directeth his, 317.
of glory, 278.
with wandering, 114.
Sterile promontory, 64.
Stern and rock-bound coast, 286.
god of sea, 123.
joy which warriors feel, 260.
Ruin's ploughshare, 224.
winter loves, 237.
Sternest good-night, 55.
Sterte, out of his slepe to, 2.
Stick, fell like the, 218.
on conversation's burrs, 308.
Sticking-place, screw your courage to the, 54.
Stiff in opinions, 132.
thwack, with many a, 127.
Stiffen the sinews, 37.
Still achieving, still pursuing, 305.
an angel appear, 152.
as night, 105.
be a woman, 152.
beginning, never ending, 131.
destroying, fighting still, 131.
for ever fare thee well, 278.
govern thou my song, 111.
in thy right hand, 43.
remember me, 263.
small voice, 311.
the wonder grew, 202.
to be neat, 85.
waters, beside the, 313.
Stillness, modest, 37.
Sting, death! where is thy, 173.
thee twice, 22.

Stingeth like an adder, 317.
Stir as life were in 't, 58.
fretful, unprofitable, 235.
of the great Babel, 211.
smoke and, 116.
Stirs this mortal frame, 251.
Stoic of the woods, 256.
Stoicism, the Romans call it, 147.
Stole the livery of Heaven, 289.
Stolen, not wanting what is, 76.
the heart of a maiden, 264.
waters are sweet, 316.
Stomach, my, is not good, 6.
of unbounded, 43.
Stomach's sake, wine for thy, 327.
Stone, firm as a, 313.
fling but a, 178.
leave no, unturned, 330.
rolling, gathers no moss, 4.
set in the silver sea, 31.
tell where I lie, 173.
the builders refused, 315.
to beauty grew, 303.
underneath this, doth lie, 85.
violet by a mossy, 233.
walls do not a prison make, 96.
Stones, inestimable, 41.
of Rome to rise, 51.
of worth, like, 79.
prate of my whereabout, 54.
sermons in, 23.
the enamel'd, 12.
Stood among them, not of them, 273.
beside a cottage, 293.
fix'd to hear, 111.
in Venice, 273.
upon Achilles' tomb, 282.
Stools, push us from our, 56.
Stoops to folly, woman, 203.
Stop, to sound what, 67.
a hole, might, 70.
Stopped his tuneful tongue, 174.
Stopping a bung-hole, 70.
Store, cares were to increase his, 199.
unguarded, 163.
Storied urn, can, 195.
windows richly dight, 121.
Stories long, dull, and old, 227.
of the death of kings, 32.
Storm, directs the, 148.
pelting of this pitiless, 71.
pilot that weathered the, 231.
rides upon the, 215.
that howls along the sky, 199.
Storms of fate, struggling in the, 174.
Storms of life, rainbow to the, 277.
of state, broken with the, 43.
may enter, but the king cannot, 189.
Stormy March has come, 296.
Story being done, my, 73.
I have none to tell, 230.
locks in the golden, 45.
of Cambuscan bold, 121.
of her birth, repeats the, 149.
of my life, questioned me the, 73.
old, ne'er had been read in, 258.
teach him how to tell my, 74.
Stout once a month, 133.
Strain at a gnat, 324.
prophetic, 121.
soft is the, 166.
that, again, 28.
Strained from that fair use, 47.
Straining harsh discords, 47.
Strains that might create a soul, 118.
soul-animating, 238.
Strand, Naiad of the, 259.
Strange all this difference, 179.
but true, 283.
coincidence, 282.
cozenage, 136.
eventful history, 25.
fellows, nature hath framed, 21.
't was passing strange, 73.
something rich and, 11.
Stranger in a strange land, 310.
than fiction, 283.
yet to pain, 192.
Strangers honour'd, by, 174.
mourn'd, 174.
to entertain, 327.
Stratagems and spoils, 23.
Stratford atte bowe, 1.
Straw, quarrel in a, 69.
take a, and throw it up, 91.
tickled with a, 160.
tilts with a, 21.
Strawberries, Dr. Boteler said of, 91.
Straws, errors like, 135.
Stream, haunted, 120.
in smoother numbers flows, 166.
thy, my great example, 98.
which overflowed the soul, 246.
Streamed like a meteor, 193.
Streamers waving and sails filled, 115.
Streaming splendour, 254.
Streams from little fountains, 228.
gratulations flow in, 144.
lapse of murmuring, 112.

Streams more pellucid, 236.
of dotage flow, 186.
of revenue gushed forth, 268.
run dimpling, 168.
Streets, lion is in the, 318.
of Askelon, 311.
Strength, all below is, 134.
be as thy days, 310.
giant's, is excellent, 14.
king's name a tower of, 42.
labour and sorrow, 314.
lovely in your, 273.
of nerve or sinew, 236.
our castle's, 58.
to strength, 314.
wears away, as my, 141.
Strengthens with his strength, 160.
Stretched forefinger, 299.
on the rack, 172.
upon the plain, 270.
Striding the blast, 54.
Strife of tongues, 313.
to heal, 236.
Strike, afraid to, 168.
but hear, 331.
delayed to, 114.
for your altars, 303.
mine eyes not my heart, 85.
the blow, who would be free must, 271.
while the iron is hot, 348.
Striking the electric chain, 273.
String attuned to mirth, 292.
Strings, harp of thousand, 150.
of steel, 68.
two, to his bow, 349.
Strive here for mastery, 107.
Striving to better, 71.
Stroke, feel the friendly, 144.
no second, intend, 106.
some distressful, 73.
Strokes, many, 40.
Strong as death, 320.
battle not to the, 319.
drink is raging, 317.
in death, 163.
in honesty, 51.
nor'wester 's blowing, 248.
suffer and be, 305.
swimmer in his agony, 281.
upon the stronger side, 30.
without rage, 98.
Stronger by weakness, 100.
Strongly it bears us, 251.
Struck eagle, 270.
Strucken deer go weep, 67.
Struggle of discordant powers, 205.
Struggling in the storms of fate, 174.
Strung with his hair, 18.
Struts and frets his hour, 58.
Stubble, built on, 117.
land at harvest home, 33.
Stubborn gift, 237.
patience, 106.
unlaid ghost, 117.
Studded with stars, 284.
Studied in his death, 53.
Studies, still air of delightful, 123.
Studious let me sit, 182.
of change, 210.
of ease, 149.
Study is a weariness of flesh, 320.
labour and intent, 123.
of imagination, 17.
of learning, 124.
of mankind, 160.
of revenge, 102.
to be quiet, 327.
what you most affect, 26.
Stuff as dreams are made on, 11.
life is made of, 185.
made of sterner, 51.
other men's, 83.
penetrable, 68.
perilous, 58.
the head with reading, 171.
Stuffs out his vacant garments, 30.
Stumbling on abuse, 47.
Stupid starers, 161.
Style is the dress of thoughts, 180.
of man, highest, 155.
Subdu'd to what it works in, 80.
Subdues mankind, 272.
Subject of all verse, 86.
such duty as the, owes, 27.
unlike my, 180.
Subjection, implied, 109.
Subject's duty is the king's, 38.
soul is his own, 38.
Sublime a thing to suffer, 305.
and the ridiculous, 218.
tobacco, 280.
Submission, coy, 109.
Substance might be call'd, 106.
of his greatness, 89.
of ten thousand soldiers, 42.
of things hoped for, 327.
true, proves the, 166.
Substantial smile, one vast, 309.
Suburb of the life elysian, 306.

Success, not in mortals to command, 147.
things ill got had ever bad, 40.
with his surcease, 53.
Successful soldier, 261.
Successive rise, 175.
Successors, gone before him, 12.
Succour dawns from heaven, 261.
Such a questionable shape, 62.
apt and gracious words, 18.
as sleep o' nights, 49.
joy ambition finds, 108.
master, such man, 4.
mistress, such Nan, 4.
things to be, 301.
were the notes, 174.
Suck my last breath, 172.
forth my soul, 9.
Sucking dove, gently as any, 19.
Suckle fools, 74.
Suckled in a creed, 237.
Sudden thought strikes me, 230.
Suffer a sea-change, 11.
and be strong, 305.
hope of all who, 301.
wet damnation, 86.
who breathes, must, 142.
Sufferance, corporal, 14.
is the badge, 21.
Suffering, child of, 304.
ended with the day, 295.
learn in, 285.
sad humanity, 306.
tears to human, 236.
Sufferings, to each his, 192.
Sufficiency, an elegant, 181.
to be so moral, 17.
Sufficient to have stood, 107.
unto the day, 323.
Sugar o'er the Devil himself, 65.
Suing long to bide, in, 7.
Suit lightly won, 259.
of sables, 67.
the action to the word, 66.
Suits of woe, 60.
Sullein mind, musing in his, 6.
dame, our sulky, 223.
Sullenness against Nature, 123.
Sum of all villanies, 183.
of more, giving thy, 24.
Summer, eternal, gilds them, 281.
friends, 92.
last rose of, 264.
life's a short, 186.
made glorious, 40.
Summer, of her age, 136.
of your youth, 190.
sweet as, 44.
thy eternal, 79.
Summer's cloud, like a, 56
day, hath a, 98.
day, see in a, 20.
fantastic heat, 31.
noontide air, 105.
ripening breath, 46.
Summon from the shadowy Past, 305.
up remembrance, 79.
up the blood, 37.
Summons, so live that when thy, comes, 295.
thee to Heaven or Hell, 55.
upon a fearful, 59.
Summum nec metuas diem, 114.
Sun, all, except their, is set, 281.
as the dial to the, 129, 158.
bales unopen'd to the, 154.
beauty to the, 45.
candle to the, 157.
children of the, 157.
declines, wishes lengthen as our, 156.
doubt that the, 64.
early rising, 95.
go down upon your wrath, 326.
goes round, 100.
grow dim with age, 148.
hail the rising, 198.
half in, 265.
impearls on every leaf, 111.
in his coming, 268.
in my dominion never sets, 268.
in the lap of Thetis, 128.
is a thief, 48.
loss of the, 180.
low descending, 342.
no new thing under the, 318.
of righteousness, 322.
of York, 40.
pleasant to behold the, 319.
pleasant the, 110.
reflecting upon the mud, 82.
round the setting, 245.
shall not smite thee, 315.
shine sweetly on my grave, 209.
snatches from the, 48.
tapers to the, 223.
that side the, is upon, 265.
the worshipp'd, 45.
to me is dark, 115.

Sun upon an Easter-day, 93.
upon the upland lawn, 196.
walks under the midday, 117.
warms in the, 159.
which passeth through pollutions, 82.
world without a, 255.
worship to the garish, 47.
Sunbeam soiled by outward touch, 123.
Sunbeams out of cucumbers, 146.
people the, 121.
Sunday from the week divide, 59.
shines no Sabbath day, 167.
Sunflower turns on her god, 263.
Sung ballads from a cart, 135.
from morn till night, 208.
Sunium's marbled steep, 282.
Sunlight drinketh dew, 297.
Sunnenshine, flies of estate and, 92.
Sunny as her skies, 279.
hour fall off, 262.
openings, spots of, 283.
Suns, process of the, 298.
Sunset of life, 255.
Sunshine, broken in the rill, 262.
in the shady place, 6.
of the breast, 192.
settles on its head, 201.
soul's calm, 161.
to the sunless land, 244.
Superfluous lags the veteran, 186.
Supp'd full with horrors, 58.
Supper, man made after, 37.
nourishment called, 17.
with such a woman, 178.
Supply, last and best, 163.
Support and raise, 102.
Surcease, success with his, 53.
Sure and certain hope, 329.
and firm-set earth, 54.
assurance double, 57.
it may be so in Denmark, 63.
Surely you 'll grow double, 241.
Surer to prosper, 104.
Surety for a stranger, 316.
Surfeit reigns, crude, 118.
with too much, 21.
Surge may sweep, 271.
whose liquid, resolves, 48.
Surgery, honour no skill in, 35.
past all, 75.
Surges lash the sounding shore, 166.
Surpasses or subdues mankind, 272.
Surprises, millions of, 92.
Survey, monarch of all I, 215.
our empire, 277.
Suspects, yet strongly loves, 75.
Suspended oar, drip of the, 272.
Suspicion, Cæsar's wife above, 331.
haunts the guilty mind, 40.
sleeps at wisdom's gate, 108.
Swain, dull, treads on it daily, 118.
frugal, 199.
Swallow a camel, 324.
that comes before the, 29.
Swallow's wings, flies with, 41.
Swallow-flights of song, 300.
Swam before my sight, 172.
Swan and shadow, 239.
of Avon, 86.
on still St. Mary's lake, 239.
Swan-like, let me sing, 282.
Swashing outside, 23.
Sway, above this sceptred, 22.
impious men bear, 148.
of magic, 236.
requir'd with gentle, 109.
Swear an eternal friendship, 230.
not by the moon, 46.
to the truth of a song, 143.
Sweareth to his own hurt, 313.
Sweat, but for promotion, 24.
for duty, 24.
of thy face, 310.
under a weary life, 65.
Swell the soul to rage, 131.
Sweep on, greasy citizens, 24.
Sweeping whirlwind's sway, 194.
Sweeps a room, who, 92.
Sweet and bitter fancy, 26.
and musical, 18.
and virtuous soul, 92.
and voluble, 18.
are the uses of adversity, 23.
as English air, 299.
as Summer, 44.
as the primrose, 202.
as year by year, 289.
attractive grace, 108.
Auburn, loveliest village, 200.
bells jangled, out of tune, 66.
childish days, 232.
counsel, we took, 314.
creation of some heart, 274.
day so cool, so calm, 92.
days and roses, 92.
discourse, Sydneian showers of, 97.
every, its sour, 340.

Sweet, far less, to live with them, 264.
food of sweetly uttered knowledge, 8.
girl-graduates, 299.
influences of Pleiades, 313.
is every sound, 299.
is pleasure after pain, 130.
is revenge to women, 281.
is the breath of morn, 109.
little cherub, 220.
nothing half so, 264.
Phosphor, bring the day, 91.
poison for the age's tooth, 29.
repast and calm repose, 196.
shady side of Pall Mall, 221.
so coldly, so deadly fair, 275.
south, like the, 28.
spring full of sweet days, 92.
swan of Avon, 86.
the lily grows, how, 267.
the moonlight sleeps, 23.
the pleasure, 130.
to know there is an eye will mark, 281.
truly the light is, 319.
Sweete smels al arownd, 6.
Sweeten my imagination, 72.
this little hand, 58.
Sweeter for thee despairing, 227.
pains of love be, 136.
than the lids of Juno's eyes, 29.
thy voice, 299.
Sweetest garland to the sweetest maid, 176.
thing that ever grew, 232.
Sweetly she bade me adieu, 191.
uttered knowledge, 8.
Sweet'ner of life, 180.
Sweetness and light, 146.
linked, 120.
loathe the taste of, 34.
on the desert air, 195.
wanton, through the breast, 182.
Sweets compacted lie, 92.
feast of nectar'd, 118.
of Burn-mill meadow, 239.
of forgetfulness, 209.
to the sweet, 70.
wilderness of, 111.
Swell, bosom, with thy fraught, 76.
music with its voluptuous, 272.
the soul to rage, 131.
Swelling and limitless billows, 251.
of the voiceful sea, 253.
Swells from the vale, 201.
Swells the gale, note that, 196.
the note of praise, 195.
Swift expires, a driveller, 186.
race not to the, 319.
true hope is, 41.
Swifter than a weaver's shuttle, 312.
Swiftness never ceasing, 82.
Swift-winged arrows of light, 215.
Swim before my sight, 172.
naughty night to, 71.
to yonder point, 49.
Swimmer in his agony, 281.
Swims, or sinks, 108.
Swine, pearl for carnal, 128.
pearls before, 323.
Swinged the dragon, 30.
Swinges the scaly horror, 122.
Swinish multitude, 206.
Swoop, one fell, 57.
Sword against nation, 320.
edge sharper than the, 78.
famous by my, 101.
glued to my scabbard, 87.
has laid him low, 255.
I with, will open, 13.
pen mightier than the, 290.
take away the, 291.
the deputed, 14.
Swords into ploughshares, 320.
sheath'd their, 37.
twenty of their, 46.
Sworn twelve, 14.
Sydneian showers, 97.
Syene, Meroe, Nilotic isle, 115.
Syllable men's names, 116.
of recorded time, 58.
Syllables govern the world, 91.
these equal, 165.
Sylvia in the night, 12.
Sympathetic tears, source of, 195.
Syrups, drowsy, of the world, 76.
Systems into ruin hurled, 158.

Table of my memory, 63.
on a roar, set the, 70.
Tables, my tables, 63.
Table-talk, serve for, 22.
Tackle trim, 116.
Tail, eel of science by the, 171.
horror of his folded, 122.
monstrous, our cat has got, 144.
of Rhyme, dock the, 308.
Tailor, lown, he called the, 74.
Tailor's news, swallowing a, 31.
Take a bond of fate, 57.

Take any shape but that, 56.
away the sword, 291.
each man's censure, 61.
heed lest he fall, 326.
her up tenderly, 291.
him for all in all, 60.
mine ease in mine inn, 34.
my walks abroad, 149.
no note of time, 154.
O boatman, thrice thy fee, 288.
O, take those lips away, 15.
physic, pomp, 71.
some savage woman, 298.
the good the gods provide thee, 131.
the prison'd soul, 117.
time enough, 179.
ye each a shell, 173.
Takin' notes, chiel's amang ye, 224.
Taking, what a, was he in, 13.
Tale, a plain, shall put you down, 34.
adorn a, 186.
an honest, speeds best, 41.
as 't was said to me, 257.
every, condemns me, 42.
every shepherd tells his, 120.
hope tells a flattering, 286.
in every thing, 242.
't is an old, 258.
of Troy divine, 121.
round unvarnish'd, 73.
school-boy's, 271.
so sad, so tender, 191.
tellen his, untrewe, 2.
that I relate, 214.
that is told, 314.
thereby hangs a, 24, 27.
told by an idiot, 58.
told his soft, 146.
twice-told, tedious as a, 30.
unfold, I could a, 62.
which holdeth children, 8.
who shall telle a, 2.
Tales, ancient, say true, 270.
play truant at his, 18.
that to me were so dear, 289.
Talk, greatly wise to, 154.
how he will, 140.
is of bullocks, 322.
of dreams, 46.
spent an hour's, withal, 8.
to conceal the mind, 157.
too much, 132.
who never think, 143.
Talking age, for, 200.
Talking, he will be, 16.
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions, 30.
Tall oaks from little acorns, 228.
so, to reach the pole, 150.
Tally, score and, 39.
Tam was glorious, 224.
Tame villatic fowl, 116.
Tamer of the human breast, 192.
Tangled web we weave, 259.
Tangles of Neæra's hair, 119.
Tapers swim before my sight, 172.
to the sun, 223.
Tara's halls, harp through, 263.
Tarnished gold, black with, 229.
Tarry at Jericho, 311.
Task is smoothly done, 118.
Task-master's eye, 122.
Taste, little more, 146.
never, who always drink, 143.
not ; handle not, 327.
of death but once, 50.
of sweetness, 34.
of your quality, 64.
whose mortal, 101.
Tastes of men, 197.
Tatter'd clothes, through, 72.
ensign down, tear her, 307.
Tatters, tear a passion to, 66.
Taught by that power, 203.
by time, 176.
her dazzling fence, 118.
highly fed and lowly, 27.
men must be, 166.
the wheedling arts, 177.
us how to die, 176.
us how to live, 176.
Tax for being eminent, 146.
not you, you elements, 71.
Tea, sometimes take, 167.
Teach him how to live, 207.
in song, what they, 285.
me to feel another's woe, 173.
souls to souls can never, 302.
the rest to sneer, 168.
the young idea, 181.
thee safety, 30.
you more of man, 242.
Teaching by examples, 152.
Team of little atomies, 45.
Tear a passion to tatters, 106.
betwixt a smile and, 274.
drying up a single, 283.
each other's eyes, 150.
every woe can claim, 276.

Tear for pity, he hath a, 37.
forgot as soon as shed, 192.
gave to misery (all he had) a, 196.
her tattered ensign, 307.
in her eye, 259.
law which moulds a, 231.
man without a, 256.
one particular, 80.
some melodious, 119.
that flows for others' woes, 216.
the groan, the knell, 303.
Tears, baptized in, 217.
beguile her of her, 73.
big round, 23.
dim with childish, 242.
down Pluto's cheek, 121.
flatter'd to, 286.
fountain of sweet, 232.
from despair, 299.
idle tears, 299.
if you have, 51.
like Niobe, all, 60.
moon into salt, 48.
must stop, for every drop, 292.
nothing is here for, 116.
of bearded men, 259.
of boyhood's years, 265.
of the sky, 180.
of woe, 265.
smiling in her, 255.
some natural, 114.
source of sympathetic, 193.
such as angels weep, 103.
that speak, 193.
to human suffering, 236.
too deep for, 245.
wronged orphans', 87.
Teche, and gladly, 1.
Tedious as a twice-told tale, 30.
Teeth are set on edge, 321.
drunkard clasp his, 86.
skin of my, 312.
Tell all my bones, 313.
how the truth may be, 257.
it not in Gath, 311.
me the tales, 289.
sad stories, 32.
them they are men, 192.
truth, and shame the devil, 348.
Tellen his tale untrewe, 2.
Tell-tale women, 41.
Temper, bless'd with, 163.
justice with mercy, 114.
man of such a feeble, 49.
Temper, touch of celestial, 110.
whose unclouded ray, 163.
Temperate will, 234.
Tempest's breath prevail, 271.
Tempests, glasses itself in, 275.
roar, nor, 144.
Tempestuous petticoat, 95.
Temple built to God, 93, 349.
can dwell in such a, 11.
Lord's anointed, 55.
Temples bare, my, 250.
groves were God's first, 296.
of his gods, 294.
solemn, the great globe itself, 11.
Tempora mutantur, 163.
Temptation, man that endureth, 327.
Tempter, so glozed the, 113.
Ten commandments, set my, 39.
low words oft creep in one dull line, 165.
winters more, ran he on, 136.
Tend, to thee we, 187.
Tendance, touched by her fair, 112.
Tender, and so true, 191.
for another's pain, 192.
leaves of hope, 43.
Tender-handed stroke a nettle, 153.
Tenderly, take her up, 291.
Tendrils strong as flesh and blood, 242.
Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd, 113.
Tenement of clay, 131.
Tenets, some nice, 99.
with books, 163.
Tenor of his way, 207.
of their way, 195.
Tent, pitch my moving, 254.
Tented field, action in the, 73.
Tenth transmitter, no, 180.
Tents of wickedness, dwell in the, 314.
shall fold their, 306.
Terms, good set, 24.
litigious, 123.
Terrible as an army with banners, 320.
as hell, 106.
man with a terrible name, 248.
Terror, have struck more, 42.
in your threats, 51.
Terrors, King of, 312.
Test, bring me to the, 68.
of truth, ridicule the, 339.
Testament as worldlings do, 24.
of bleeding war, 32.

Tester I 'll have in pouch, 12.
Testimony, law and the, 320.
Tetchy and wayward, 41.
Text, God takes a, 92.
rivulet of, 222.
Thais sits beside thee, 131.
Thames, no allaying, 96.
Than I to Hercules, 60.
Thank me no thanks, 349.
thee, Jew, 22.
Thank'd, when I 'm not, 184.
Thankless child, to have a, 71.
Thanks and use, 13.
even poor in, 64.
evermore, 31.
for this relief much, 59.
of millions yet to be, 304.
That ever I was born, 63.
's flat, 18, 35.
it should come to this, 60.
without or this or, 164.
Theatre, as in a, 32.
world 's a, 98.
Theban, this same learned, 71.
Thebes, or Pelops' line, 121.
Theme, example as it is my, 98.
fools are my, 269.
glad diviner's, 132.
imperial, 52.
Themes, transcend our wonted, 126.
Theoric, bookish, 72.
There is no Death, 306.
's not a joy, 279.
's the rub, 65.
was a jolly miller, 208.
Thereby hangs a tale, 24, 27.
These are thy glorious works, 111.
as they change, 182.
Thetis, lap of, 128.
They conquer Love that run away, 89.
eat, they drink, 111.
had no poet, 120.
sin who tell us, 247.
stood aloof, 250.
Thick and thin, 7, 132, 348.
as autumnal leaves, 102.
inlaid with patines, 23.
Thick-coming fancies, 58.
Thief, apparel fits your, 15.
doth fear each bush, 40.
each thing 's a, 48.
in the sworn twelve, 14.
moon 's an arrant, 48.
Thief of time, procrastination is the, 154.
the sea 's a, 48.
Thievery, example you with, 48.
Thieves, by the gusty, 292.
Thighs, cuisses on his, 35.
Thine enemy hunger, 325.
Thing, acting of a dreadful, 49.
became a trumpet, 238.
dares think one, 175.
devised by the enemy, 42.
enskied, and sainted, 13.
evil, that walks by night, 117.
explain a, 171.
how bitter a, it is, 26.
ill-favoured, 26.
in awe of such a, 48.
never says a foolish, 138.
of beauty, 286.
of life, like a, 277.
of sea or land, 116.
of sin and guilt, 117.
order gave each, view, 42.
play 's the, 65.
started, like a guilty, 59.
sweetest, that ever grew, 232.
there 's no such, in nature, 139.
to one, constant never, 16.
two-legg'd, a son, 131.
undisputed, say'st an, 308.
we like we figure, 296.
Things, all, differ, 172.
are not what they seem, 304.
are the sons of heaven, 188.
bitterness of, from out the, 244.
can such, be, 56.
contests from trivial, 167.
done at the Mermaid, 88.
else about her drawn, 234.
evil, goodness in, 38.
God's sons are, 188.
great lord of all, 160.
ill got, 40.
laudable, write well in, 123.
left undone those, 328.
loveliest of lovely, 296.
man's best, 288.
not seen, evidence of, 327.
of good report, 327.
remember such, were, 57.
that are made for our general uses, 87.
that ne'er were, 165.
that were, dream of, 271.
to come, giant mass of, 44.

Things, two noblest, 146.
unattempted, 102.
unutterable, look'd, 181.
unknown propos'd, 166.
vicissitudes of, 199.
we ought to have done, 328.
when virtuous, proceed, 27.
without all remedy, 55.
Think him so, because I think, 12.
naught a trifle, 157.
nobly of the soul, 29.
none, the great unhappy, 157.
of that, Master Brook, 13.
on these things, 327.
one thing, dares, 175.
that day lost, 342.
they talk who never, 143.
those that, must govern, 200.
too little, who, 132.
what you and other men, 48.
Thinketh in his heart, as he, 317.
let him that, 326.
Thinking makes it so, 64.
of the days that are no more, 299.
their own kisses sin, 47.
with too much, 163.
Thinkings, as to thy, 75.
Thinks most lives most, who, 297.
who, must mourn, 142.
too much, he, 49.
Thin-spun life, slits the, 119.
Thirsty soul, waters to a, 317.
earth soaks up the rain, 99.
Thirty days hath September, 333, 334.
man at, 154.
This above all, 61.
blessed plot, this earth, 31.
child is not mine, 309.
is Ercles' vein, 19.
is the Jew, 176.
is the state of man, 43.
or that, 164.
rock shall fly, 260.
was a man, 52.
Thomb of gold parde, 2.
Thorn, rose without the, 108.
withering on the, 19.
Thorns, little wilful, 299.
that in her bosom lodge, 63.
touched by the, 263.
under a pot, 319.
Those graceful acts, 113.
that run away, 127.
Those that think must govern, 200.
thousand decencies, 113.
who know thee not, 220.
who inflict must suffer, 285.
Thou art all beauty, 144.
art the man, 311.
canst not say I did it, 56.
ever strong, 30.
Fortune's champion, 30.
hast no faults, 144.
little valiant, 30.
slave, thou wretch, 30.
troublest me, 41.
wear a lion's hide, 30.
Though deep, yet clear, 98.
I am native here, 62.
I say it, 348.
last, not least, in love, 50.
Thought, armour is his honest, 83.
as a sage, 209.
chaos of, 160.
could wed itself, ere, 300.
deeper than all speech, 302.
destroyed by, 208.
dome of, 271.
explore the, 169.
for the morrow, 323.
hushed be every, 244.
in a green shade, 130.
is speech, 258.
is tired of wandering, 296.
leapt out, 300.
like a passing, 225.
like a pleasant, 233.
loftiness of, 134.
noon of, 219.
not one immoral, 189.
of convincing, 202.
of dining, 202.
of our past years, 244.
of tender happiness, 243.
of thee, one, 172.
pale cast of, 66.
perish that, 147.
pleasing dreadful, 148.
power of, 277.
say her body, 85.
so once, but now I know it, 178.
such stores as silent, 242.
sudden, strikes me, 230.
thou wert a beautiful, 274.
to have common, 163.
sweet silent, 79.
want of, 132, 292.

Thought, what oft was, 165.
wish father to that, 37.
would destroy, 192.
Thoughtless man, 154, 246.
Thoughts, alone with noble, 9.
as boundless, 277.
as harbingers, 124.
dark soul and foul, 117.
downward bent, 103.
give thy worst of, 75.
great feelings, great, 288.
high erected, 9.
more elevate, 105.
most pious, 100.
no tongue, give thy, 61.
of men are widened, 298.
of mortality, 125.
on hospitable, intent, 111.
pleasant, bring sad thoughts, 242.
pretty to force together, 250.
river of his, 278.
shut up want air, 154.
sober second, 138.
strange, transcend, 126.
style is the dress of, 180.
that breathe, 193.
that shall not die, 246.
that voluntary move, 108.
that wander, 104.
to conceal his, 337.
too deep for tears, 245.
whose very sweetness, 241.
Thousand blushing apparitions, 17.
crimes, 277.
decencies, 113.
fearful wracks, 41.
fragrant posies, 9.
hills, cattle upon a, 314.
innocent shames, 17.
liveried angels, 117.
melodies, 231.
one shall become a, 321.
years in thy sight, 314.
years scarce serve to form a state, 271.
Thousands die without or this, 164.
slave to, 75.
to murder, 157.
Thread, feels at each, 159.
of his verbosity, 19.
Threadbare sail, set every, 307.
Threatening eye, with a, 30.
Threats, no terror in your, 51.
of a halter, 219.
Three corners of the world, 31.
gentlemen at once, 222.
hundred pounds a year, 13.
insides, carrying, 230.
merry boys, 88.
misbegotten knaves, 34.
per cents, elegant simplicity of the, 219.
poets in three ages, 133.
removes bad as a fire, 185.
stories high, 227.
treasures,—love, and light, 252.
years' child, 247.
Threefold cord, 318.
Three-hooped pot, 39.
Three-man beetle, 36.
Threescore years and ten, 314.
Thrice flew thy shaft, 154.
he assayed, 103.
he routed all his foes, 130.
he slew the slain, 130.
is he arm'd, 39.
my peace was slain, 154.
Thrice-driven bed of down, 74.
Thrift may follow fawning, 66.
thrift, Horatio, 60.
Throat, Amen stuck in my, 55.
Throbs of fiery pain, 187.
Throne, ebon, 153.
here is my, 30.
king upon his, 304.
my bosom's lord sits lightly in his, 48.
no brother near the, 168.
of rocks, 279.
of royal state, 104.
power behind the, 189.
whisper of the, 301.
Wrong for ever on the, 310.
Throned on her hundred isles, 273.
Thrones and globes elate, 221.
dominations, 111.
Throng into my memory, 116.
lowest of your, 110.
Through the ages, 298.
Throw physic to the dogs, 58.
Throwing a tub, 146.
Thumb, miller's golden, 2.
Thumbs, pricking of my, 57.
Thumping on your back, 215.
Thumps upon the back, 215.
Thunder heard remote, 105.
in his lifted hand, 133.
leaps the live, 273.
lightning, or in rain, 52.

Thunder of the captains, 313.
steal my, 141.
Thunderbolts, with all your, 51.
Thunder-harp of pines, 304.
Thunder-storm against the wind, 274.
Thus hand in hand, 185.
let me live, 173.
use your frog, 91.
Thwack, with many a stiff, 127.
Thyme, pun-provoking, 191.
wild, blows, 20.
Tickle your catastrophe, 36.
Tickled with a straw, 160.
Tide in the affairs of men, 51.
of love, pity swells the, 155.
of times, lived in the, 50.
Tidings as they roll, 149.
when he frowned, 202.
Tie, silver link, the silken, 258.
up the knocker, 167.
Tiger, Hyrcan, 56.
in war imitate the, 37.
Tight little island, 249.
Till angels wake thee, 187.
death us do part, 328.
Tilt at all I meet, 169.
Tilts with a straw, 241.
Timber, like seasoned, 92.
wedged in that, 137.
Timbrel, sound the loud, 265.
Time adds increase, 190.
and chance, 319.
and the hour runs, 53.
bank and shoal of, 53.
bastard to the, 29.
break the legs of, 308.
count, by heart-throbs, 297.
delight to pass away the, 40.
do not squander, 185.
elaborately thrown away, 157.
even such is, 339.
flies, death urges, 154.
fools with the, 36.
footprints on the sands of, 305.
forefinger of all, 299.
foremost files of, 298.
forget all, 109.
frozen round periods of, 106.
gaze o' the, 59.
hallow'd is the, 59.
has laid his hand gently, 307.
has not cropt the roses, 190.
hath to silver turned, 82.
he that lacks, 296.
Time, his, is for ever, 99.
how small a part of, 101.
is fleeting, 304.
is out of joint, 63.
is still a-flying, 94.
kept the, with falling oars, 130.
look into the seeds of, 52.
makes these decays, 89.
noiseless falls the foot of, 254.
noiseless foot of, 27.
nor place adhere, 54.
not of an age, but for all, 86.
now is the accepted, 327.
of scorn, 76.
of the singing of birds is come, 320.
panting, toil'd after him, 186.
procrastination is the thief of, 154.
promised on a, 7.
rich with the spoils of, 195.
rolls his ceaseless course, 260.
robs us of our joys, 340.
saltness of, 36.
sent before my, 40.
shall throw a dart, 86.
silence and slow, 287.
some unlucky, 169.
syllable of recorded, 58.
take no note of, 154.
to every purpose, 318.
to mourn, lacks, 296.
too swift, 82.
tooth of, 15, 157.
transported, when with envy, 340.
tries the troth, 4.
what will it not subdue, 151.
whips and scorns of, 65.
whirligig of, 29.
will run back, 122.
will teach thee, 305.
with thee conversing I forget all, 109.
writes no wrinkle, 275.
Time's furrows, 155.
noblest offspring, 152.
Times, fashion of these, 24.
good or evil, 80.
have been, 56.
later more aged than the earlier, 81.
make former, 128.
morning of the, 299.
of need, 133.

Times of old, jolly place in, 235.
of the morning, 81.
principles with, 163.
that try men's souls, 218.
tide of, lived in the, 50.
when the world is ancient, 81.
Timoleon's arms, 197.
Timothy learnt sin to fly, 341.
Tinct with cinnamon, 287.
Tinkling cymbal, 326.
Tints to-morrow, 277.
Tipped with amber, 280.
Tipple in the deep, 96.
Tips with silver, 46.
Tipsy dance and jollity, 116.
Tiptoe, stand a, 38.
Tired he sleeps, till, 160.
Title long and dark, 132.
who gained no, 164.
To all, to each, 259.
be of no church, 188.
be or not to be, 65.
be undonne, 8.
horse, away, 147.
know to esteem, 251.
Toad, squat like a, 110.
ugly and venomous, 23.
Tobacco, sublime, 280.
Tocsin of the soul, 282.
To-day already walks to-morrow, in, 253.
be wise, 154.
I have lived, 134.
it is our pleasure to be drunk, 184.
Toe, light fantastic, 120.
of frog, eye of newt, and, 57.
of the peasant, 69.
Toil and trouble, 57, 131.
envy, want, the jail, 186.
from, he wins, 196.
govern those that, 200.
morn of, nor night of waking, 260.
o'er books, 177.
verse sweetens, 199.
Toiled, rest forgot for which he, 79.
Tokay, imperial, 197.
Toledo trusty, trenchant blade, 127.
Tolerable, not to be endured, 16.
Toll for the brave, 214.
Tomb, awakes from the, 209.
darkness encompass the, 267.
kings for such a, 122.
nearer to the, 156.
Tomb, no inscription on my, 257.
of him who would have made glad the world, 293.
of the Capulets, 207.
threefold, fourfold, 125.
voice of nature cries from the, 196.
Tombs, hark! from the, 150.
To-morrow, already walks, 253.
and to-morrow, 58
boast not thyself of, 317.
cheerful as to-day, 163.
defer not till, 151.
do thy worst, 134.
is falser, 135.
never leave that till, 185.
the darkest day live till, 215.
to be put back, 8.
to fresh woods, 119.
will be dying, 94.
will repay, 136.
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise, 151.
To-morrows, confident, 246.
Tom's food for seven long years, 71.
Tone of languid Nature, 209.
Tonge, kepen wel thy, 3.
Tongue, braggart with my, 57.
brings in a several tale, 42.
dropped manna, 104.
give it an understanding, but no, 61.
give thy thoughts no, 61.
in every wound of Cæsar, 51.
let the candied, 66.
music's golden, 286.
never in the, of him, 19.
of midnight, 20.
rancour of your, 178.
that Shakespeare spake, 239
though it have no, 65.
to wound, 265.
tuneful, 174.
win a woman with his, 12.
Tongues, airy, 116.
aspics', 76.
in trees, 23.
lovers', by night, 46.
silence envious, 43.
slanderous, 17.
strife of, 313.
though fall'n on evil, 111.
thousand several, 42.
whispering, 250.
Tongue-tied by authority, 79.

To-night, shadows, 42.
Too early seen unknown, 46.
fair to worship, 287.
late I stayed, 254.
poor for a bribe, 196.
solid flesh would melt, 60.
Took sweet counsel, 314.
their solitary way, 114.
Tools, to name his, 126.
Tooth for tooth, 310.
of time, 15, 157.
poison for the age's, 29.
sharper than a serpent's, 71.
Tooth-ache, endure the, 17.
Top, die at the, 146.
of my bent, 67.
Topples round the dreary west, 300.
Torches, as we do with, 13.
Torments our elements, 105.
Torn from their destined page, 229.
Torrent and whirlwind's roar, 200.
is heard on the hill, 209.
of a downward age, 181.
of a woman's will, 153.
of his fate, 186.
so the loud, 200.
Torrent's smoothness, 256.
Torrents, motionless, 251.
Torture his invention, 145.
of the mind, 56.
one poor word, 133.
Torturing hour, 192.
Toss him to my breast, 92.
T'other dear charmer away, 177.
Tough is J. B., 309.
Touch harmonious, 187.
not, taste not, 327.
of a vanished hand, 299.
of celestial temper, 110.
of joy or woe, 216.
of Liberty's war, 266.
of nature, 44.
put it to the, 101.
wound with a, 178.
Touched by the thorns, 263.
nothing that he did not adorn, 187.
the highest point, 42.
Toucheth pitch, 322.
Touchstone, man's true, 89.
Tower of strength, 42.
Towered citadel, 78.
cities please us, 120.
Towering passion, 70.
Towers above her sex, 147.
Towers along the steep, 256.
and battlements, 120.
endorsed with, 115.
of Ilium, 9.
of Julius, 194.
the cloud-capp'd, 11.
Town, man made the, 209.
Towns, for want of, 145.
Toys, fantastic, 197.
of age, 160.
to the great children leave, 182.
we spent them not in, 99.
Track the steps of Glory, 278.
Trade, two of a, 349.
Trade's proud empire, 187.
Tragedy, gorgeous, 121.
Trail of the serpent, 262.
Trailing clouds of glory, 244.
Train, a melancholy, 200.
of night, 111.
starry, 110.
up a child, 317.
Traitors, fears do make us, 57.
our doubts are, 13.
Trammel up the consequence, 53.
Trample on my days, 125.
Transfigures its golden hair, 309.
Transforms old print, 210.
Transgressors, way of, is hard, 316.
Transient, chaste, 155.
hour, catch the, 186.
sorrows, simple wiles, 234.
Transition, what seems so is, 306.
Transitory, action is, 232.
Translated, thou art, 20.
Translucent wave, 118.
Transmitter of a foolish face, 180.
Transmuted ill, 186.
Transmutes, bereaves, 243.
Transport know, heart can ne'er a, 190.
Trappings and suits of woe, 60.
of a monarchy, 188.
Travail, labour for my, 44.
Travel on life's common way, 239.
twelve stout miles, 232.
Travelled life's dull round, 191.
Traveller from Lima, 294.
from New Zealand, 294.
from the Zuyder Zee, 294.
lighted the, 264.
the lated, 56.
Travel's history, portance in my, 73.
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, 71.

Treacle, fly that sips, 177.
Tread a measure, 19.
each other's heel, 155.
where'er we, 271.
Treads on it daily, 118.
Treason can but peep, 69.
doth never prosper, 84.
has done his worst, 56.
if this be, 218.
none dare call it, 84.
Treasons, is fit for, 23.
Treasure is, where your, 322.
miser's, 117.
of his eyesight, 45.
Treasures hath he not always, 252.
up a wrong, 280.
three,—love, and light, and calm thoughts, 252.
Treatise, rouse at a dismal, 58.
Treble, childish, 25.
Tree, die like that, 146.
falleth, where the, 319.
fruit of that forbidden, 101.
is inclined, as the twig is bent the, 162.
is known by his fruit, 323.
like a green bay, 313.
my hollow, 169.
of deepest root is found, 220.
of liberty, 228.
of Life, 108.
woodman, spare that, 295.
Trees, Arabian, drop tears as fast as, 77.
blossoms in the, 159.
bosom'd high in tufted, 120.
tongues in, 23.
venerable, 238.
Tremble like a guilty thing, 244.
thou wretch, 71.
when I wake, 210.
Tremblers, boding, 202.
Trembles too, turning, 217.
Trembling hope repose, in, 196.
limbs have borne him, 217.
Trenchant blade, 127.
Trencherman, valiant, 16.
Tresses like the morn, 118.
Trial by juries, 219.
Tribe, the badge of all our, 21.
richer than all his, 77.
were God Almighty's gentlemen, 155.
Tribes that slumber, 295.
Tribute, nature under, 229.
Tribute of a sigh, 195.
of a smile, 257.
Trick worth two of that, 33.
Tricks, fantastic, 14.
in simple faith, 51.
Tride, thou that hast not, 7.
without consent, 87.
Tried each art, 201.
she is to blame who has been, 178.
Trifle, careless, 53.
think naught a, 157.
Trifles light as air, 76.
painted, 197.
unconsidered, 129.
with honest, 53.
Trills her thick-warbled notes, 115.
Trim gardens, 121.
reckoning, 35.
Triple steel, 105.
Triton blow his horn, 237.
of the minnows, 44.
Triumph advances, 260.
pursue the, 162.
Triumphal arch, 256.
Triumphant Death shook his dart, 114.
faith, o'er our fears, 306.
Trivial fond records, 63.
Trod the ways of glory, 43.
upon neat's leather, 48.
Trodden the wine-press alone, 321.
Trojans, distant, 175.
Troop, farewell the plumed, 76.
Troops of friends, 58.
Trope, out there flew a, 126.
Tropic, under the, 100.
Troth, time tries the, 4.
Troubadour touched his guitar, 289.
Trouble, double toil and, 57.
man is born to, 313.
of few days and full of, 312.
Troubled, let not your heart be, 325.
with thick-coming fancies, 58.
Troubles, against a sea of, 65.
of the brain, 58.
Troublesome disguises, 110.
insects of the hour, 206.
Trowel, laid on with a, 23.
Troy divine, tale of, 121.
fired another, 131.
half his, was burned, 36.
heard, doubted, 282.
in ashes, 140.
Truant, aged ears play, 18.

Truant husband should return, 281.
True Amphitryon, 136.
and honourable wife, 50.
as steel, 20, 47.
as the dial, 129.
as the needle to the pole, 158.
battled for the, 300.
blue, Presbyterian, 126.
dare to be, 92.
ease in writing, 166.
easy to be, 139.
friendship's laws, 175.
hearts lie withered, 264.
hope is swift, 41.
I have married her, 73.
't is pity, 64.
love, course of, 19.
love 's the gift, 258.
nothing, but heaven, 265.
patriots all, 227.
so tender, and so, 191.
to the kindred points of heaven, 236.
to thine own self, 61.
wit is nature, 165.
Truly loved never forgets, 263.
the light is sweet, 319.
Trump, shrill, 76.
Trumpery, with all their, 108.
Trumpet, moved with more than a, 8.
shifted his, 203.
shrill, sounds to horse, 147.
sound the, beat the drum, 140.
thing became a, 239.
Trumpet-tongued, 54.
Truncheon, the marshal's, 13.
Trundle-tail, tike or, 72.
Trust in all things high, 300.
in critics, before you, 269.
in princes, put not your, 315.
no future, 305.
soothed by an unfaltering, 296.
that somehow good will be, 300.
Trusted, let no such man be, 23.
to thy billows, 275.
Trusts to one poor hole, 174.
Truth and daylight meet, 124.
and shame the Devil, 34.
and soberness, 325.
beauty is, 287.
countenance of, 123.
crushed to earth, 296.
denies all eloquence, 277.
doubt, to be a liar, 64.
friend to, 164.
Truth from his lips, 201.
from pole to pole, 149.
great is, and mighty, 322.
has such a face, 133.
heirs of, 243.
his utmost skill, 83.
impossible to be soiled, 123.
in every shepherd's tongue, 8.
in masquerade, 283.
is always strange, 283.
is precious, 128.
know then this, 162.
lies like, 59.
light of, 243.
may be, tell how the, 257.
miscall'd simplicity, 79.
mournful, 186.
ocean of, 140.
of a song, 143.
of truths is love, 297.
on the scaffold, 310.
put to the worse, 124.
ridicule the test of, 339.
severe, 194.
shall be thy warrant, 339.
shall make you free, 325.
sole judge of, 160.
speech is, 258.
stooped to, 168.
stranger than fiction, 283.
the poet sings, 298.
Time will teach, 305.
vantage-ground of, 305.
well known to most, 216.
whispering tongues can poison, 250.
who having, unto, 10
with gold, 171.
Truths that wake, 244.
to be self-evident, 219.
who feel great, 297.
Try men's souls, 218.
Tub stand upon its own bottom 344.
to the whale, 145.
Tufted crow-toe, 119.
Tug of war, 140.
Tully's curule chair, 197.
Tumbling down the turbid stream, 180.
Tumult of the soul, 236.
Tune, bells jangled out of, 66.
Tuneful tongue, 174.
Turbans, white silken, 115.
Turf, bless the, 198.

Turf, dappled, 233.
green be the, 304.
green grassy, 209.
of fresh earth, 125.
that wraps their clay, 198.
Peter, 26.
Turk, base Phrygian, 12.
bear like the, 168.
out-paramoured the, 71.
Turn and fight another day, 333.
out a sang, 225.
over a new leaf, 349.
the smallest worm will, 40.
Turning, trembles too, 216.
Turnips, man who, cries, 188.
Turns at the touch of joy, 216.
Turrets of the land, 307.
Turtle, voice of the, is heard, 319.
love of the, 276.
Twain at once, 209.
Twal, short hour ayont the, 226.
Tweedledum and tweedledee, 179.
Twelve good men in a box, 290.
his apostles, 2.
in the sworn, 14.
Twenty mortal murders, 56.
Twice, sting thee, 22.
Twice-told tale, 30.
Twig is bent, just as the, 163.
Twilight, disastrous, 103.
gray in sober livery, 109.
Twin, happiness was born a, 281.
Twinkling of a star, 128.
of an eye, 326.
'Twixt two boundless seas, 262.
Two blades of grass, 145.
ears of corn, 145.
eternities, 262.
lovely berries, 20.
narrow words, 8.
of a trade, 349.
single gentlemen in one, 228.
strings to his bow, 349.
truths are told, 52.
voices are there, 239.
Twofold image, 246.
Two-legg'd thing, a son, 131.
Tyber, no allaying, 96.
Type, careful of the, 300.
of the wise, 236.
Types of things, 233.
Tyranny begins where law ends, 189.
Tyrant, beautiful, 47.
custom, 74.
of his fields, 195.
Tyrant's plea, 109.
Tyrants, blood of, 228.
from policy, 206.
rebellion to, 337.
wasted for, 266.

Umbered face, sees the other's, 38.
Una with her Lamb, 242.
Unadorned adorned the most, when, 181.
Unanel'd, disappointed, 63.
Unanimity is wonderful, 222.
Unapprehended inspiration, 255.
Unassuming commonplace, 233.
Unattempted in prose or rhyme, 102.
Unawed by influence, 267.
Unblemished let me live, 173.
Unborn ages, 194.
Unborrowed from the eye, 235.
Unbought grace of life, 206.
Unbounded courage, 148.
stomach, man of an, 43.
Unbribed by gain, 267.
Uncertain, coy, 259.
glory of an April day, 12.
Uncertainty, glorious, 178.
Uncle me no uncle, 349.
Unclean lips, 320.
Unconquerable mind, 193, 239.
will, 102.
Unconquered steam, 216.
will, star of the, 305.
Unconsidered trifles, 29.
Unction, flattering, 68.
Under the canopy, 44.
the gallows-tree, 88.
the hawthorn, 120.
the open sky, 295.
the Rialto, 279.
the shady roof, 120.
the tropic, 100.
which king, Bezonian, 37.
Underlings, we are, 49.
Underneath this sable hearse, 86.
this stone, 85.
Understanding, get, 316.
give it an, 61.
more sweet, 18.
to direct, 208.
Undescribable, describe the, 274.
Undevout astronomer, 156.
Undiscovered country, 65.
Undisputed thing, 308.
Undivulged crimes, 71.
Undone widow, 87.

Undress best dress, 182.
her gentle limbs, 250.
Uneasy lies the head, 36.
light, remnant of, 239.
Unexpressive she, 26.
Unfaltering trust, 296.
Unfathomed caves of ocean, 195.
Unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, 131.
Unfed sides, 71.
Unfeeling for his own, 192.
Unfit for all things, 202.
Unforgiving eye, 222.
Unfortunate Miss Bailey, 228.
one more, 291.
Ungalled play, the hart, 67.
Unhabitable downs, 145.
Unhand me, gentlemen, 62.
Unhappy folks on shore, 248.
none but the great, 151.
none think the great, 157.
Unheeded flew the hours, 254.
Unhonour'd and unsung, 258.
Unhousel'd, disappointed, 63.
Unintelligible world, 235.
Union and liberty, 268.
flag of our, 295.
here of hearts, 253.
music of the, 293.
of hearts, union of hands, 295.
of lakes, union of lands, 295.
of States none can sever, 295.
once glorious, 268.
strong and great, 306.
with its native sea, 246.
United we stand, 295.
yet divided, 210.
Unity, to dwell together in, 315.
Universal darkness, 172.
'orld, in the, 38.
Universe, born for the, 202.
Unjust peace, 185.
to nature, 154.
Unknell'd, uncoffin'd, 275.
Unknowing what he sought, 132.
Unknown and like esteemed, 118.
and silent shore, 249.
argues yourselves, 110.
she lived, 233.
thus let me live, 173.
too early seen, 46.
Unlamented let me die, 173.
Unlearn'd, amaze the, 165.
Unless above himself, 84.
Unlettered soul, 18.
Unlike my subject, 180.
Unlineal hand, 55.
Unlooked for, she comes, 173.
Unmusical to the Volscians' ears, 44.
Unnumbered woes, 175.
Unpaid-for silk, rustling in, 78.
Unperceived decay, 186.
Unpitied sacrifice, 205.
Unpleasant body, moist, 309.
Unpleasing sharps, 47.
Unpremeditated verse, 113.
Unprofitable, flat and, 60.
Unreal mockery, hence, 56.
Unrelenting foe to love, 183.
Unremembered acts, 235.
Unrespited, unpitied, 105.
Unreturning brave, 272.
Unrighteous man his thoughts, 321.
Unripened beauties of the north, 147.
Unseen, born to blush, 195.
walk the earth, 110.
Unskilful laugh, make the, 66.
Unsought be won, 112.
is better, given, 29.
Unspoken, what to leave, 81.
Unstable as water, 310.
Unsunned heaps, 117.
Untaught knaves, 33.
Unthinking time, 134.
Unto dying eyes, 299.
the pure all things are pure, 327.
Untrodden ways, 233.
Untwisting all the chains, 120.
Unused to the melting mood, 77.
Unutterable things, 181.
Unvarnished tale, 73.
Unveiled her peerless light, 109.
Unwashed artificer, 31.
Unwept, unhonour'd, 258.
Unwhipped of justice, 71.
Unwilling ploughshare, 240.
Unwillingly convinced me, 189.
Up and quit your books, 241.
in my bed now, 292.
my Friend, and clear your looks, 241.
rose Emilie, 2.
rose the sonne, 2.
Upon this hint I spake, 74.
Upturned faces, sea of, 261, 268.
Urania, govern thou my song, 111.
Urn, can storied, 195.
from its mysterious, 288.
loud hissing, 211.
mouldering, 209.

Urn of poverty, 289.
pictured, scatters from her, 193.
Urns, in their golden, 112.
sepulchral, 214.
Urs, those dreadful, 308.
Use doth breed a habit, 12.
him as though you loved him, 91.
Used similitudes, 322.
Useless to excel, 190.
Uses of adversity, 23.
of this world, 60.
to what base, 70.
Utica, no pent-up, 257.
Utterance of the early gods, 287.
Uttered or unexpressed, 254.
Uttermost parts of the sea, 315.

Vacant interlunar cave, 115.
mind, laugh that spoke the, 201.
Vain as the leaf, 260.
is the help of man, 314.
loved in, 269.
pomp and glory, 43.
to be a belle, 190.
was the sage's pride, 170.
wisdom all, 105.
Vale, meanest floweret of the, 196.
in whose bosom, 263.
of life, sequestered, 195.
of pain, pleasures in the, 261.
of years, declined into the, 76.
Vales, pyramids in, 155.
Valet, hero to his, 338.
Valiant and cunning in fence, 29.
taste death but once, 50.
thou little, 30.
trencher-man, 16.
Valley of decision, 322.
so sweet, 263.
Vallombrosa, brooks in, 103.
Valour, for contemplation he and, form'd, 108.
is certainly going, 322.
is oozing out, 222.
the better part of, 35.
Value, we rack the, 17.
Vanished hand, touch of a, 299.
Vanities of earth, 240.
Vanity, all is, 318.
and lies, 318.
and vexation of spirit, 318.
Fair, name of, 137.
of this wicked world, 328.
of vanities, 318.
Vanquished, e'en though, 202.

Vantage, best have took, 14.
coigne of, 53.
Vantage-ground of truth, 80.
Vapour sometime like a bear, 78.
Vapours, congregation of, 64.
Variable as the shade, 259.
Varied God, are but the, 182.
Variety is the spice of life, 211.
order in, 172.
stale her infinite, 77.
Various are the tastes, 197.
his employments, 211.
man so, 132.
Varying verse, 170.
Vase, you may shatter the, 264.
Vast, antres, and deserts idle, 73.
Vault, deep damp, 155.
fretted, 195.
mere lees is left this, 55.
Vaulting ambition, 54.
Vaward of our youth, 36.
Vehemence of youth, 260.
Veil the matchless boast, 180.
Vein, Cambyses', 34.
I am not in the, 41.
Venerable trees, 238.
Veneration, have much, 80.
Venice, I stood in, 273.
sate in state, 273.
Venom, bubbling, 270.
Ventricle of memory, 18.
Vents in mangled forms, 24.
Venus sets ere Mercury can rise, 176.
Ver, first-born child of, 89.
Verbosity, thread of his, 19.
Verge enough, ample room and, 194.
enough for more, 136.
of heaven, 155.
of the churchyard mould, 292.
Vermeil-tinctur'd lip, 118.
Vernal bloom, sight of, 107.
flowers, purple with, 119.
morn, gild the, 216.
seasons of the year, 123.
wood, impulse from a, 242.
Verse, cheered with ends of, 127.
curst be the, 168.
hoarse rough, 166.
immortal, 121, 246.
may find him, 92.
one, or sense, 128.
one, for the other's sake, 128.
slides into, 169.
subject of all, 86.
sweetens toil, 199.

Verse, unpremeditated, 113.
who in his, 134.
who says in, 170.
will seem prose, 139.
Verses, rhyme the rudder is of, 127.
Vertue of necessite, 2.
the first, 3.
Vertue's ferme land, 131.
Vertuous, if a man be, 2.
who that is most, 2.
Very good orators, 26.
like a whale, 67.
Vessels large may venture, 185.
Vestal modesty, 47.
Vestal's lot, blameless, 172.
Vesture of decay, 23.
Veteran, superfluous lags the, 186.
Vex not his ghost, 73.
Vexation of spirit, 318.
Vexing the dull ear, 30.
Vibrates in the memory, 285.
Vicar of the Almightie Lord, 3.
Vice by action dignified, 47.
gathered every, 172.
good old-gentlemanly, 281.
is a monster, 160.
itself lost half its evil, 206.
of fools, 165.
pays to virtue, 125.
prevails, when, 168.
virtue itself turns, 47.
Vices, our pleasant, 72.
small, appear through tattered clothes, 72.
Vicissitudes of things, 199.
Victims play, the little, 192.
Victories, after a thousand, 79.
peace hath her, 122.
Victorious, o'er a' the ills o' life, 224.
Victors, spoils belong to the, 284.
Victory, grave! where is thy, 173.
if not, is yet revenge, 104.
't was a famous, 248.
rise in open, 240.
Vienna, looker-on here in, 15.
View, distance lends enchantment to the, 254.
fair Melrose, 257.
landscape tire the, 183.
me with a critic's eye, 228.
observation with extensive, 186.
order gave each thing, 42.
Vigils, poets painful, keep, 171.
Vigour from the limb, 272.
relents, my, 205.
Vile, durance, 225.
guns, but for these, 33.
man that mourns, 159.
nought so, 47.
only man is, 267.
squeaking of the fife, 22.
Village bells, music of those, 212.
Hampden, 195.
less than Islington, 100.
maiden sings, 199.
Villain and he miles asunder, 47.
condemns me for a, 42.
hungry lean-faced, 15.
one murder made a, 207.
smile and be a, 63.
Villains march wide, the, 35.
Villanies, sum of all, 183.
Villanous saltpetre, 33.
Villany, clothe my naked, 41.
great in, 30.
Vindicate the ways of God, 158.
Vine, gadding, 119.
monarch of the, 77.
under his, and fig-tree, 322.
Vines, foxes that spoil the, 320.
Violently if they must, 230.
Violet by a mossy stone, 233.
glowing, 119.
nodding, grows, 20.
of his native land, 300.
throw a perfume on the, 30.
Violets blue, daisies pied and, 19.
dim but sweeter, 29.
plucked, 88, 340.
sicken, when sweet, 285.
spring from her, 70.
upon a bank of, 28.
Virgin me no virgins, 350.
thorn, withering on the, 19.
Virginity, power o'er true, 117.
Virgins are soft as the roses, 276.
Virtue alone is happiness below, 162.
ambition the soldier's, 77.
assume a, 68.
ceases to be a, 205.
cloistered, 124.
could see to do what virtu would, 117.
feeble were, 118.
heaven but tries our, 197.
homage vice pays to, 125.
in her shape, 110.
is bold, 15.
is her own reward, 349.
is like precious odours, 231.

Virtue itself turns vice, 47.
linked with one, 277.
lovers of, 91.
makes the bliss, 198.
more, than doth live, 85.
most renowned, 124.
much, in If, 26.
no man's, 17.
of necessity, 348.
only makes our bliss, 162.
outbuilds the Pyramids, 156.
she finds too painful, 163.
that possession would not show, 17.
then we find the, 163.
though in rags, 135.
with whom revenge is, 157.
Virtue's manly cheek, 216.
Virtues, be to her, very kind, 142.
did not go forth of us, 13.
pearl chain of all, 86.
waste thyself upon, 13.
we write in water, 43.
will plead like angels, 54.
Virtuous actions, 137.
and vicious every man, 160.
because thou art, 28.
liberty, hour of, 148.
Marcia towers above her sex, 147.
Virtuousest, discreetest, 113.
Visage, devotion's, 65.
in his mind, 74.
lean body and, 131.
on his bold, 260.
Visages do cream and mantle, 21.
Visible, darkness, 102.
Vision and the faculty divine, 245.
baseless fabric of this, 11.
beatific, 103.
I took it for a faery, 117.
sensible to feeling, 54.
write the, and make it plain, 322.
young men's, 132.
Visions of glory, 194.
of the night, 312.
young men see, 322.
Visit her face too roughly, 60.
it by the pale moonlight, 257.
my sad heart, 50.
Visitations daze the world, 297.
Visitings, compunctious, 53.
Visits like those of angels, 180.
these sad eyes, 193.
Vital chain, death broke the, 187.
spark of heavenly flame, 173.
Vocal voices, singers with, 144.
Vocation, 't is my, 32.
Vociferation, sweet, 144.
Voice, big manly, 25.
charming left his, 112.
cry, Sleep no more, 55.
each a mighty, 239.
I sing with mortal, 111.
in every wind, 192.
in my dreaming ear, 256.
in the street, 315.
is still for war, 148.
lost with singing of anthems, 36.
of all the gods, 18.
of gratitude, 194.
of nature cries, 196.
of that wild horn, 259.
of the charmers, 314.
of the sluggard, 150.
of the turtle is heard, 320.
or hideous hum, 122.
season'd with a gracious, 22.
sole daughter of his, 113.
sounds like a prophet's word, 304.
still, small, 311.
that is still, 299.
wandering, 234.
was ever soft, gentle, and low, 72.
you cannot hear, 176.
Voices, earth, with her thousand, 251.
most vociferous, 144.
thank you for your, 44.
two, are there, 239.
your most sweet, 44.
Voiceful sea, swelling of the, 253.
Void, aching, 214.
Volscians' ears, unmusical to the, 44.
in Corioli, 45.
Voluble is his discourse, 18.
Volume of my brain, 63.
small, rare, 229.
within that awful, 261.
Volumes in folio, 18.
Voluptuous swell, 272.
Vomit, dog is turned to his, 328.
Votarist, like a sad, 116.
Vote that shakes the turrets, 307.
Vow and not pay, 318.
me no vows, 350.
Voyage, biscuit after a, 24.

Voyage of their life, 51.
Vulcan's stithy, 67.
Vulgar boil an egg, 120.
by no means, 61.
fate, limits of a, 193.
flight of common souls, 199.
light, scorns the eye of, 263.
the great, 100.
Vulture, rage of the, 276.

Wad some power, 224.
Wade through slaughter, 195.
Wades, or creeps, 108.
Waft a feather, 154.
a sigh from Indus, 172.
me from distraction, 272.
thy name, 269.
Wager, opinions backed by a, 279.
Wagers, use arguments for, 128.
Wages of sin is death, 325.
Wags, the world, 24.
Wail, nothing to, 116.
Wailing winds, 296.
Waist, round the slight, 275.
Wait a century for a reader, 96.
they also serve who only stand and, 122.
Wak'd by the circling hours, 111.
to ecstasy, 195.
Wakeful nightingale, 109.
Wakens the slumbering ages, 297.
Wakes the bitter memory, 108.
Waking bliss, certainty of, 117.
Wales a portion, 227.
Walk, beyond the common, 155.
by faith, not by sight, 327.
by moon, 110.
in fear and dread, 249.
of art, every, 229.
of virtuous life, 155.
than those that, 17.
the earth unseen, 110.
while ye have the light, 325.
Walked in glory, him who, 234.
in Paradise, 295.
Walketh in darkness, 315.
Walking in an air of glory, 125.
shadow, life 's but a, 58.
Walks abroad, take my, 149.
echoing, between, 114.
happy, and shades, 114.
in beauty, 278.
o'er the dew, 60.
the waters, 277.
to-morrow, already, 253.
Wall, close the, up with our English dead, 37.
in the office of a, 31.
weakest goes to the, 45.
Waller was smooth, 170.
Walls, on the outward, 58.
Walnuts and the wine, 297.
Walton's heavenly memory, 241.
Wand, bright gold ring on her, 263.
he walk'd with, 102.
Wander through eternity, 104,
Wandered east, I've, 291.
Wanderers o'er eternity, 272.
Wandering mazes lost, 105.
on a foreign strand, 258.
on as loth to die, 241.
steps and slow, 114.
voice, but a, 234.
Wanders heaven-directed, 163.
Want as an armed man, 316.
but what we, 199.
lonely, retired to die, 187.
of decency is want of sense, 137.
of heart, as well as, 292.
of thought, evil is wrought by, 292.
of thought, whistled for, 132.
of towns, elephants for, 145.
Wanted many an idle song, 168.
Wanting, art found, 322.
Wanton wiles, 120.
Wanton'd with thy breakers, 275.
Wantonness in clothes, 95.
War, blast of, 37.
circumstances of glorious, 76.
discharge in that, 319.
first in, 228.
flinty and steel couch of, 74.
garland of the, 10.
grim-visaged, 40.
he sung, is toil and trouble, 131
is still the cry, 271.
its thousands slays, 207.
let slip the dogs of, 50.
my sentence is for open, 104.
my voice is still for, 148.
never was a good, 185.
of elements, 148.
or battle's sound, 121.
right form of, 50.
state of, by nature, 145.
testament of bleeding, 32.
the hand of, 31.
the state of nature, 205.
the study of a prince, 204.

War, to be prepared for, 218.
to the knife, 271.
tug of, then was the, 140.
was in his heart, 314.
weak defence in, 133.
Warble his native wood-notes, 120.
Warbled to the string, 121.
Ward, knowest my old, 34.
Warder of the brain, 54.
Ware, great bed at, 152.
Warmest welcome at an inn, 191.
Warms in the sun, 159.
Warmth, dear as the vital, 140.
soft ethereal, 106.
Warn, to comfort, and command, 234.
Warning for thoughtless man, 246.
Warp, weave the, 194.
Warrior famoused for fight, 79.
taking his rest, 287.
Warriors, fierce fiery, 50.
War's glorious art, 156.
Wars, endless, 106.
more pangs and fears than, 43.
that make ambition virtue, 76.
who does i' the, 77.
Was I deceived, 117.
Wash her guilt away, 203.
Washed with morning dew, 260.
Washington's awful memory, 248.
Waste, affections run to, 274.
hopes laid, 291.
in the wide, 278.
its sweetness, 195.
of feelings, 276.
their music on the savage race, 195.
Wasted for tyrants, 266.
Wasteful excess, 30.
Wasteth at noonday, 315.
Wasting in despair, 90.
Watch, an idler is a, 213.
and pray, 324.
care keeps his, 47.
in every old man's eye, 47.
in the sky, 256.
no eye to, 264.
o'er man's mortality, 245.
some must, 67.
the hour, do but, 280.
Watch-dog's honest bark, 281.
voice, 201.
Watched her breathing, 291.
Watcher of the skies, 287.
Watches, judgments as our, 164.
Watchful night, 247.
Water but the desert, 274.
conscious, saw its God, 97.
dreadful noise of, 41.
drink no longer, 327.
give a cup of, 288.
imperceptible, 291.
in the rough rude sea, 31.
more, glideth, 41.
nectar and rocks pure gold, 12.
smooth runs the, 39.
spilt on the ground, 311.
unstable as, 310.
virtues we write in, 43.
water everywhere, 250.
Water-rats and land-rats, 21.
Waters, beside the still, 313.
bread upon the, 319.
cannot quench, 320.
hell of, 273.
once more upon the, 271.
o'er the glad, 277.
she walks the, 277.
world of, 107.
Wave, cool translucent, 118.
of life kept heaving, 291.
o' the sea, 29.
succeeds a wave, 95.
winning, deserving note, 95.
Waved her lily hand, 177.
Waves bound beneath me, 271.
proud, be stayed, 312.
Wax, my heart is, 5.
to receive, 279.
Way, dim and perilous, 245.
glory shows the, 140.
long is the, 105.
marshall'st me the, 54.
moves in a mysterious, 215.
noiseless tenor of their, 195.
of all the earth, 310.
of bargain, 34.
of life is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf, 58.
of transgressors, 316.
on their winding, 267.
pretty Fanny's, 152.
steep and thorny, 61.
the next, home 's the farthest way about, 92.
through Eden took their, 114.
to dusty death, 58.
to heaven, 97, 176.
to parish church, 24.
which, shall I fly, 108.
wicked forsake his, 321.

Wayfaring men, 321.
Ways, amend your, 321.
among the untrodden, 233.
of glory, trod the, 43.
of God, just are the, 115.
of God, justify the, 102.
of God, vindicate the, 158.
of men, from gay cities and the, 175.
of pleasantness, 316.
Wayward and tetchy, 41.
We are men, my liege, 55.
Weak, delicately, 166.
women went astray, 143.
Weaker vessel, wife the, 328.
Weakest goes to the wall, 45.
saint upon his knees, 214.
Weakness, stronger by, 100.
Weal, prayer for other's, 269.
Wealth accumulates, where, 201.
and place, 169.
by any means get, 169.
excess of, 10.
loss of, is loss of dirt, 83.
of Ormus and of Ind, 104.
private credit is, 341.
that sinews bought, 210.
very want of, 196.
Wealthy curled darlings, 72.
Weapon, satire's my, 169.
that comes down, 284.
Weapons, women's, 71.
Wear a face of joy, 242.
a golden sorrow, 42.
motley's the only, 24.
worse for, 214.
Weariness can snore, 78.
may toss him, 92.
of the flesh, 320.
Wearisome condition of humanity, 9.
Wears the rose of youth, 78.
yet a precious jewel, 23.
Weary be at rest, 311.
of breath, 291.
of conjectures, 148.
stale, flat, 60.
Weasel, like a, 67.
Weather, through cloudy, 220.
Weave the warp, 194.
Weaver's shuttle, 312.
Web, like the stained, 262.
middle of her, 159.
of our life, 27.
tangled, we weave, 259.
Wed itself with Speech, 300.
Wed, thee with this ring, 329.
with Thought, 300.
Wedded maid, 261.
Wedged in that timber, 137.
Wedges of gold, 41.
Wee short hour, 226.
Weed flung from the rock, 271.
on Lethe wharf, 63.
Weed's plain heart, 310.
Weeds dank and dropping, 123.
of glorious feature, 7.
Week, argument for a, 33.
of all the days that's in the, 144.
Sunday from the, 59.
Weeks thegither, fou for, 223.
Weep a people inurned, 294.
away the life, 285.
make the angels, 14.
no more, lady, 88, 340.
that I may not, 282.
the more because I weep in vain, 196.
to record, 255.
to see you haste away, 95.
who would not, 168.
Weeping thou sat'st, 220.
upon his bed, 337.
Weighed in the balances, 322.
Weight in gold, 229.
of mightiest monarchies, 105.
of seventy years, 240.
Weird sisters, 57.
Welcome at an inn, 191.
deep-mouthed, 281.
ever smiles, 44.
friend, 97.
peaceful evening, 211.
pure-eyed Faith, 117.
shade, more, 176.
the coming guest, 169, 175.
to the roar, 271.
Well, last drop in the, 279.
not so deep as a, 47.
not wisely, but too, 77.
of English undefyled, 7.
paid that is satisfied, 23.
spelt in the despatch, 283.
to know her own, 113.
Well-bred man, 213.
whisper, 210.
Well-favoured man, 16.
Wells, buckets into empty, 211.
Well-trod stage, 120.
Weltering in his blood, 130.
Wench's black eye, 47.

Wept o'er his wounds, 201.
Western star, lovers love the, 257.
Westward the course of empire takes its way, 152.
the star of empire, 152.
Wet damnation, 86.
sheet and flowing sea, 266.
Whale, bobbed for, 336.
throw a tub to the, 145.
very like a, 67.
What a fall was there, 51.
a falling off was there, 63.
a monstrous tail, 144.
a piece of work is man, 64.
a taking was he in, 13.
are these so withered, 52.
boots it at one gate, 115.
care I how fair she be, 90.
constitutes a state, 221.
dire effects, 148.
God hath joined, 323.
has been, has been, 134.
has posterity done. 221.
he knew what 's, 126.
is a lie, 283.
is a man profited, 323.
is and must be, 108.
is done, is done, 55.
is friendship, 203.
is Hecuba to him, 65.
is impossible can't be, 227.
's in a name, 46.
is one man's poison, 89.
is worth in anything, 128.
is writ is writ, 275.
is yours is mine, 15.
makes all doctrines clear, 129.
man dare, I dare, 56.
men daily do, 16.
men dare do, 16.
men may do, 16.
ne'er was nor is, 165.
none hath dared, thou hast done, 8.
outward form, 253.
perils do environ, 127.
shall I do to be for ever known, 99.
stronger breastplate, 39.
the dickens, 13.
things have we seen, 88.
thou would'st highly, 53.
we have we prize, 17.
will Mrs. Grundy say, 229.
Whatever is is right, 159.
Whatever title please, 171.
Whatsoever thing is lost, 216.
thing is true, 326.
Wheat, as two grains of, 21.
Wheedling arts, 177.
Wheel broken at the cistern, 320.
butterfly upon a, 168.
in the midst of a wheel, 321.
the sofa round, 211.
Wheels madding, 111.
of weary life, 136.
of Phœbus' wain, 116.
When at Rome do as the Romans do, 332.
found make a note of, 309.
I ope my lips, 21.
Israel of the Lord, 261.
Love speaks, 18.
lovely woman stoops, 203
shall we three meet, 52.
taken to be well shaken, 228.
the good man yields his breath, 253.
the sea was roaring, 176.
two dogs are fighting, 184.
we two parted, 269.
Whence and what art thou, 106.
is thy learning, 177.
Where dwellest thou, 44.
go the poet's lines, 308.
I would ever be, 290.
my Julia's lips do smile, 94.
none admire, 189.
the bee sucks, 11.
the tree falleth, 318.
thou lodgest, 311.
was Roderick then, 260.
your treasure is, 322.
Whereabout, prate of my, 55.
Wherefore art thou Romeo, 46.
for every why a, 126.
in all things, 38.
Wherein I spake, 73.
Whether in sea or fire, 59.
While I was musing, 313.
stands the Coliseum, 274.
there is life, 177.
Whining school-boy, 25.
Whip, in every honest hand a, 77.
me such honest knaves, 72.
Whipped the offending Adam, 37
Whipping, who should 'scape, 64.
Whips and scorns of time, 65.
Whirligig of time, 29.
Whirlwind, reap the, 322.

Whirlwind, rides in the, 148.
Whirlwind's roar, 200.
sway, sweeping, 194.
Whisper, full well the busy, 202.
hark! they, 173.
of the throne, 301.
well-bred, 210.
Whispered it to the woods, 112.
Whispering I will ne'er consent, consented, 280.
lovers made, 200.
tongues can poison truth, 250.
wind, bay'd the, 201.
with white lips, 272.
Whispers of each other's watch, 38.
of fancy, 187.
the o'erfraught heart, 57.
Whist, the wild waves, 10.
Whistle, blackbird to, 126.
clear as a, 179.
her off, 75.
paid dear for his, 185.
them back, 203.
wel ywette, 2.
Whistled for want of thought, 132.
Whistles, pipes and, 25.
Whistling aloud, 180.
of a name, 162.
White as heaven, 88.
black and gray, 108.
fire laden, 285.
radiance, 285.
so very white, 230.
wench's black eye, 47.
whose red and, 28.
will have its black, 340.
Whited sepulchres, 324.
White-handed Hope, 117.
Whiteness of his soul, 272.
Whitens in the sun, 262.
Whiter than driven snow, 199.
Whitewash'd wall, 202.
Whither thou goest I will go, 311.
Who a sermon flies, 92.
as they sung, 117.
breaks a butterfly, 168.
breathes must suffer, 142.
builds a church to God, 164.
but must laugh, 168.
can hold a fire, 31.
dares do more, 53.
does the best, 154.
fears to speak, 294.
love too much, 175.
loves a garden, 211.
Who ne'er knew joy, 174.
never mentions hell, 164.
o'er the herd, 260.
overcomes by force, 103.
shall decide, 163.
shall telle, 2.
steals my purse, 75.
sweeps a room, 92.
think not God at all, 115.
think too little, 132.
would not be a boy, 271.
would not weep, 168.
Whoe'er she be, 97.
was edified, 210.
Whole duty of man, 320.
head is sick, 320.
heart is faint, 320.
of life to live, 254.
world kin, makes the, 44.
Wholesome, nights are, 59.
Whom begot, by, 174.
the gods love, 282.
Whooping, out of all, 25.
Whores were burnt alive, 143.
Whose dog are you, 173.
Why a wherefore, every, 126.
all this toil, 241.
and wherefore, 38.
did you kick me, 227.
don't the men propose, 289.
is plain as way to parish church, 24.
man of morals, 99.
should every creature drink, 99.
so pale and wan, 93.
Wicked cease from troubling, 311.
flee when no man pursueth, 318.
forsake his way, 321.
little better than one of the, 32.
no peace unto the, 321.
or charitable, intents, 62.
something, this way comes, 57.
Wickedness, method in, 88.
tents of, 314.
Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad, 240.
Wide as a church door, 47.
was his parish, 2.
Widow of fifty, 222.
some undone, 87.
Widow's heart to sing, 312.
Widowed wife, 261.
Wielded at will, 115.
Wife and children impediments to great enterprises, 80.

Wife, giving honour unto the, 327.
of thy bosom, 310.
the weaker vessel, 328.
true and honourable, 50.
with nine small children, 341.
Wight, if ever such, were, 74.
she was a, 74.
Wild and willowed shore, 257.
in their attire, 52.
in woods, 135.
thyme blows, 20.
with all regret, 299.
Wilderness, love in such a, 256.
lodge in some vast, 210.
of sweets, 111.
Wild-fowl, concerning, 29.
Wiles, simple, praise, blame, 234.
Will, be there a, 223.
complies against his, 130.
current of a woman's, 153.
for if she, she will, 153.
glideth at his own sweet, 238.
I should have my, 5.
my poverty, not my, 48.
not when he may, 340.
one man's, 10.
or won't, a woman, 153.
puzzles the, 65.
serveth not another's, 83.
to do, the soul to dare, 260.
unconquerable, 102.
wielded at, 115.
Willing to wound, 168.
Willingly let it die, 123.
Willow, drooped the, 295.
Willowed shore, 257.
Willows, harps upon the, 315.
Willowy brook, 231.
Wills to do or say, 118.
Win, they laugh that, 76.
or lose it all, 101.
us to our harm, 52.
us with honest trifles, 52.
wouldst wrongly, 53.
Wince, let the galled jade, 67.
Wind and his nobility, 33.
blow, and crack your cheeks, 71.
blow, come wrack, 59.
blow thou winter, 26.
bloweth where it listeth, 325.
breathing of the common, 239.
by measure, 93.
constancy in, 269.
crannying, 272.
Wind, dances in the, 135.
fly on the wings of the, 313.
God tempers the, 191.
he that observeth the, 319.
him up, fate seemed to, 136.
idle as the, 51.
ill blows the, 345.
ill, turns none to good, 4.
large a charter as the, 24.
let her down the, 75.
passeth over it, 315.
run before the, 199.
sits the, in that corner, 16.
sorrow's keenest, 238.
stands as never it stood, 4.
streaming to the, 103.
tell which way the, 91.
that follows fast, 266.
that grand old harper, 304.
they have sown the, 322.
thunder-storm against the, 274.
to keep the, away, 70.
voice in every, 192.
Wind-beaten hill, 256.
Winding bout, with many a, 120.
way, see them on their, 267.
Winding-sheet of Edward's race 194.
Window like a pillory, 129.
of the east, 45.
Windows be darkened, 319.
of the sky, 182.
richly dight, 121.
that exclude the light, 196.
Winds, courted by all the, 116.
in the viewless, 15.
of heaven, 60.
Windy side of the law, 29.
Wine, across the walnuts and the, 297.
for thy stomach's sake, 327.
good, is a good familiar creature, 75.
good, needs no bush, 26.
invisible spirit of, 75.
is a mocker, 317.
look not upon the, 317.
not look for, 85.
of life is drawn, 55.
that maketh glad, 315.
Wine-press alone, trodden the, 321.
Wing, damp my intended, 113.
from an angel's, 241.
human soul take, 278.
sail is as a noiseless, 272.

Wing the dart, 270.
Winged hours of bliss, 255.
sea-girt citadel, 271.
the shaft, 270.
Wings, add speed to thy, 106.
flies with swallows', 41.
girt with golden, 117.
healing in his, 322.
lend your, 173.
like a dove, 314.
of borrowed wit, 90.
of night, falls from the, 306.
of silence, float upon the, 117.
of the morning, 315.
of the wind, fly upon the, 313.
riches make themselves, 317.
shadow of thy, 313.
shakes the, 135.
shall tell the matter, 319.
spreads his light, 172.
Wink and hold out my iron, 37.
Winking Mary-buds, 78.
Wins his spirits light, 196.
Winter comes to rule the year, 181.
in thy year, no, 221.
is past, for lo, the, 320.
lingering chills the lap of May, 200.
loves a dirge-like sound, 237.
my age is as a lusty, 24.
of our discontent, 40.
ruler of the inverted year, 211.
when the dismal rain, 304.
Winter's fury, withstood the, 151.
Wipe a bloody nose, 178.
Wisdom, all men's, 342.
and false philosophy, 105.
and wit, 153.
at one entrance, 107.
born with a man, 90.
crieth without, 315.
finds a way, 223.
in the grave, 319.
is better than rubies, 316.
is humble, 212.
is justified, 323.
is the principal thing, 316.
man of, 156.
married to immortal verse, 246.
mounts her zenith, 219.
nearer when we stoop, 245.
of many and the wit of one, 342.
price of, is above rubies, 312.
shall die with you, 312.
the prime, 112.
Wisdom wake, though, 108.
will not enter, 296.
with mirth, 202.
Wisdom's aid, 198.
gate, suspicion sleeps at, 108.
Wise above that which is written, 326.
and masterly inactivity, 229.
as serpents, 323.
as the frogs, 184.
Bacon or brave Raleigh, 170.
be not worldly, 92.
convey the, call it, 12.
depend for cure, 133.
do never live long, 41.
fair spoken, exceeding, 44.
father knows his own child, 22.
follies of the, 186.
folly to be, 192.
in show, 123.
in their own craftiness, 312.
in your own conceits, 325.
made lowly, 243.
passiveness, 241.
saws and modern instances, 25.
son maketh a glad father, 316.
spirits of the, 36.
to talk with our past hours, 154.
type of the, 236.
with speed, 157.
words of the, 320.
wretched are the, 144.
Wisely, loved not, 77.
Wiser and better grow, 141.
in his own conceit, 318.
in their generation, 324.
than a daw, 39.
Wisest, brightest, meanest, 162.
censure, mouths of, 74.
man who is not wise, 223.
of men, oracle pronounced, 115.
virtuousest, 113.
Wish her stay, who saw to, 112.
not what we, 199.
was father to that thought, 37.
Wishes she had not heard it, 73.
that I had clear, 145.
Wishes lengthen as our sun declines, 156.
Wishing of all employments, 155.
Wit, a man in, 174.
among lords, 213.
and wisdom born with a man, 90.
brevity is the soul of, 64.
cause of, in other men, 36.

Wit devise, write pen, 18.
eloquence and poetry, 99.
enjoy your dear, 118.
he had much, 126.
her, was more than man, 134.
high as metaphysic, 126.
in the combat, 266.
in the very first line, 203.
invites you, his, 214.
is a feather, 161.
is nature to advantage dressed, 165.
is out when age is in, 16.
men of, will condescend to take a bit, 145.
miracle instead of, 157.
no room for, 124.
of one, and wisdom of many, 342.
one man's, 342.
plentiful lack of, 64.
skirmish of, 16.
so narrow human, 164.
that can creep, 168.
too fine a point to your, 5.
too proud for a, 302.
whole, in a jest, 88.
wings of borrowed, 90.
wisdom and, are little seen, 153.
with dunces, 171, 214.
Wit's end, at their, 315.
Witch hath power to charm, 59.
the world, 35.
Witchcraft, hell of, 80.
this only is the, 67.
Witchery of the soft blue sky, 237.
Witching time of night, 67.
With thee conversing, 109.
too much quickness, 163.
Withered and shaken, 292.
and so wild, 52.
Withering on the stalk, 242.
on the virgin thorn, 19.
Withers are unwrung, 51.
Within, I have that, 60.
is good and fair, 253.
that awful volume, 261.
Witnesses, cloud of, 327.
Wits, encounter of our, 40.
homekeeping youths have homely, 12.
to madness near allied, 131.
will jump, 345.
Witty in myself, 36.
it shall be, 180.
Witty, though ne'er so, 8.
to talk with, 94.
Wizards that peep, 320.
Woe a tear can claim, 276.
all eloquence to, 277.
amid severest, 192.
awaits a country, 259.
bewrays more, 8.
day of, the watchful night, 247.
doth tread upon another's heel, 69.
feel another's, 173.
fig for, 83.
gave signs of, 113.
heritage of, 277.
is life protracted, 186.
luxury of, 266.
man of, 257.
melt at others', 176.
mockery of, 174.
ponderous, 141.
rearward of a conquered, 79.
sabler tints of, 196.
sleep the friend of, 247.
some degree of, 190.
succeeds a woe, 95.
tears of, 265.
touch of joy or, 216.
trappings and suits of, 60.
Woe-begone, so dead in look, so, 36.
Woes cluster, 155.
Galileo with his, 273.
rare are solitary, 155.
tear that flows for others', 216.
unnumber'd, 175.
Wold not when he might, 340.
Wolf dwell with the lamb, 320.
on the fold, 278.
Woman a contradiction, 163.
and may be woo'd, 45.
believe a, or an epitaph, 269.
but the, died, 174.
contentious, 318.
could play the, 57.
damnable, deceitful, 140.
dark eye in, 273.
destructive, 140.
excellent thing in, 72.
Frailty, thy name is, 60.
how divine a thing, 236.
I hate a dumpy, 280.
ills done by, 140.
in her first passion, 281.
in our hours of ease, 259.
in this humour woo'd, 40.

Woman is at heart a rake, 163.
lost Mark Antony the world, 140.
lovely woman, 139.
loves her lover, 281.
mov'd is like a fountain troubled, 27.
nature made thee to temper man, 139.
nobly planned, 234.
one, that was a, 69.
perfected, 310.
scorned, like a, 151.
she is a, 39.
smil'd, till, 255.
still be a, to you, 152.
stoops to folly, lovely, 203.
such duty oweth, 27.
supper with such a, 178.
take an elder, let the, 28.
that deliberates, 148.
that seduces all mankind, 177.
therefore may be woo'd, 45.
therefore to be won, 39.
will, or won't, 153.
win with his tongue, 12.
Woman's eyes, light that lies in, 264.
looks, my only books were, 264.
nay doth stand for naught, 79.
reason, none but a, 12.
whole existence, love is, 281.
will, current of a, 153.
Womanhood and childhood, 305.
Womankind, faith in, 300.
Womb of Nature, 107.
of pia mater, 18.
of the morning, 7.
of uncreated night, 104.
Wombe of morning dew, 7.
Women and brave men, 272.
bevy of fair, 114.
framed to make, false, 74.
like princes, 189.
pardoned all, 282.
passing the love of, 311.
pleasing punishment of, 15.
these tell-tale, 41.
weak, went astray, 143.
wish to be who love their lords, 199.
words are, 188.
Women's eyes are books, 18.
weapons, water-drops, 71.
Won, grace that, 112.
how fields were, 201.
Won nor lost, neither, 209.
unsought, 112.
woman therefore to be, 39.
Wonder grew, still the, 202.
how the devil they got there, 168.
of an hour, 271.
of our stage, 86.
on the white, of dear Juliet's hand, 47.
where you stole 'em, 145.
without our special, 56.
Wonderful is Death, 284.
most wonderful, 25.
Wondering for his bread, 211.
Wonders to perform, 215.
Wondrous kind, 198.
pitiful, 73.
sweet and fair, 101.
Won't, if she, 153.
Wonted fires, in our, 196.
Woo, April when they, 26.
her, and that would, 74.
Wood, deep and gloomy, 235.
impulse from a vernal, 242.
to find them in the, 296.
Wood-bine well-attir'd, 120.
Woodcocks, springes to catch, 62.
Woodman, spare that tree, 295.
Wood-notes, native, 120.
Wood-pigeons breed, 191.
Woods, against a stormy sky, 286.
and pastures new, 119.
in the pathless, 274.
or steepy mountains, 9.
senators of mighty, 287.
stoic of the, 256.
whisper'd it to the, 112.
wild in, 135.
Wooed, would be, 112.
therefore to be, 39.
Wooer, thriving, 146.
Woof, weave the, 194.
Wooing in my boys, 340.
the caress, 280.
Wool, all cry and no, 127.
Word and a blow, 136, 349.
and measured phrase, 235.
as fail, no such, 291.
at random spoken, 261.
choleric, in the captain, 14.
every whisper'd, 278.
fitly spoken, 317.
for teaching me that, 22.
He was the, 85.

Word no man relies on, 138.
of Cæsar, 51.
of promise to our ear, 59.
once familiar, 289.
reputation dies at every, 167.
so idly spoken, 291.
spoken in due season, 316.
suit the action to the, 66.
that must be, 275.
to aid the sigh, 240.
to the action, 66.
to throw at a dog, 23.
torture one poor, 133.
uncreating, 172.
whose lightest, 62.
with this learned Theban, 71.
Wordes, finden, newe, 2.
Words all ears took captive, 27.
apt and gracious, 18.
are like leaves, 165.
are men's daughters, 188.
are the daughters of earth, 188.
are things, 282.
are wise men's counters, 90.
are women, 188.
as in fashions, 165.
be few, let thy, 318.
deceiving in, 124.
familiar as household, 38.
fine, 145.
flows in fit, 132.
from all her, and actions, 113.
give sorrow, 57.
immodest, 137.
move slow, 166.
no, can paint, 220.
no, suffice, 277.
of his mouth, 314.
of learned length, 202.
of the wise, 320.
of tongue or pen, 302.
of truth and soberness, 325.
report thy, 116.
so nimble, 88.
that Bacon spoke, 170.
that burn, 193.
that weep, 193.
thou hast spoken, 285.
though ne'er so witty, 8.
two narrow, Hic jacet, 8.
without knowledge, 312.
words, words, 64.
worst of thoughts the worst of, 75.
Wore a wreath of roses, 289.
Work, at his dirty, again, 168.
for man to mend, 133.
goes bravely on, 146.
nor device, 319.
of faith, 327.
of polished idleness, 229.
of their own hearts, 285.
to sport as tedious as to, 33.
together for good, 325.
under our labour grows, 113.
who first invented, 249.
Workes of Nature, 7.
Working out a pure intent, 240.
out Salvation, 129.
Working-day world, 23.
Works, son of his own, 5.
these are thy glorious, 111.
World an idler too, 211.
and its dread laugh, 181.
and worldlings base, 37.
another and a better, 230.
around, heard the, 121.
balance of the old, 231.
banish all the, 34.
bestride the narrow, 49.
brought death into the, 101.
but two nations bear, 130.
calls idle, whom the, 211.
can give, joy the, 279.
cankers of a calm, 35.
cast out of the, 8.
children of this, 324.
contagion to this, 67.
Creation's heir, the, 200.
daffed the, 35.
dreams, books, are each a, 242.
falls, when Rome falls, 274.
fashion of this, 326.
fever of the, 235.
foolery governs the, 91.
foremost man of all this, 51.
forgetting, by the world forgot, 172.
good deed in a naughty, 23.
governed by little wisdom, 91.
grew pale, 186.
had wanted an idle song, 168.
has nothing to bestow, 185.
him who bore the, 240.
his honours to the, 43.
how wags the, 24.
I hold the, but as the world, 21.
I have not loved the, 273.
if all the, were young, 8.
in love with night, 47.

World in the universal, 38.
into this breathing, 40.
's a stage, 25.
's a theatre, 98.
is all a fleeting show, 265.
is given to lying, 35.
's mine oyster, 13.
is too much with us, 237.
is surely wide enough for thee and me, 190.
its veterans rewards, 163.
knows nothing of its greatest men, 296.
light of the, 322.
man is one, 92.
must be peopled, 16.
naked, for all the, 37.
naked through the, 77.
ne'er saw, 139.
not in the wide, 263.
of death, back to a, 250.
of happy days, 41.
of sighs, for my pains a, 73.
of vile ill-favoured faults, 13.
of waters, 108.
pendent, 15.
pomp, and glory of this, 43.
peace to be found in the, 266.
rack of this tough, 72.
riddle of the, 160.
round the habitable, 135.
say to all the, 52.
service of the antique, 24.
shot heard round the, 303.
sink, let the, 93.
slide, let the, 83, 345.
slumbering, 153.
so fair, 254.
start of the majestic, 49.
statue that enchants the, 181.
steal from the, 173.
stood against the, 51.
substantial, 173.
syllables govern the, 91.
syrups of the, 76.
that nourish all the, 18.
the flesh, and the devil, 328.
the whole, kin, 44.
this bleak, alone, 264.
this great, 73.
this little, 31.
three corners of the, 31.
thus runs the, away, 67.
to darkness, leaves the, 194.
too glad and free, 293.
World, too much respect upon the, 21.
too noble for the, 44.
too wide, 25.
unintelligible, 235.
uses of this, 60.
visitations daze the, 297.
was all before them, 114.
was guilty of a ballad, 18.
was not worthy, 327.
was sad, 255.
when all the, dissolves, 9.
witch the, 35.
with all its motley rout, 215.
without a sun, 255.
working-day, 23.
worship of the, 284.
worth the winning, 131.
World's altar-stairs, 300.
tired denizen, 271.
Worldlings do, testament as, 24.
Worldly ends, neglecting, 10.
goods, with all my, 329.
wise, be not, 92.
Worlds, allur'd to brighter, 201.
crush of, 148.
exhausted, 186.
not realized, 244.
should conquer twenty, 99.
so many, 301.
Worm, bit with an envious, 45.
darkness and the, 155.
dieth not, 324.
i' the bud, 28.
sets foot upon a, 212.
that hath eat of a king, 69.
the canker, and the grief, 280.
the smallest, will turn, 40.
Worms have eaten men, 26.
of Nile, 78.
Worn out with eating time, 136.
Worn out word, alone, 291.
Worse appear the better, 104.
change for, 83.
for wear, not much the, 214.
greater feeling to the, 31.
remains behind, 68.
than a crime, 229.
truth put to the, 124.
Worship God, he says, 227.
of the great of old, 279.
of the world, 284.
to the garish sun, 47.
too fair to, 287.
Worst of slaves, 198.

Worst of thoughts, 75.
of words, 75.
speak something good, 92.
Worst-natured muse, 139.
Worth a thousand men, 260.
by poverty depress'd, 186.
celestial, 157.
conscience of her, 112.
in anything, what is, 128.
makes the man, 161.
prize not to the, 17.
sad relic of departed, 271.
slow rises, 186.
stones of, 79.
the candle, 93.
this coil, 30.
Worthy of his hire, 324.
of their steel, 260.
of your love, 242.
world was not, 327.
Wot not what they are, 17.
Would I were dead now, 292.
it were bed-time, 35.
not live alway, 312.
that I were low laid, 30.
Wouldst not play false, 53.
wrongly win, 53.
Wound, earth felt the, 113.
grief of a, 35.
stain like a, 206.
that never felt a, 46.
tongue in every, 51.
with a touch, 178.
Wounded in the house of my friends, 322.
spirit who can bear, 317.
Wounds of a friend, 318.
wept o'er his, 201.
Wrack, blow, wind, come, 59.
Wracks, a thousand fearful, 41.
Wraps the drapery of his couch about him, 296.
the present hour, 197.
their clay, 198.
Wrath, infinite, 108.
nursing her, 223.
sun go down upon your, 326.
turneth away, 316.
Wreath of roses, she wore a, 289.
Wreathed smiles, 120.
Wreaths, brows bound with victorious, 40.
that endure, 238.
Wrecks of matter, 148.
Wrens make prey, 166.
Wretch condemn'd, 204.
excellent, 75.
hollow-ey'd, 15.
tremble, thou, 71.
Wretched are the wise, 143, 192.
Wretches hang that jurymen may dine, 167.
poor naked, 71.
Wring under the load of sorrow, 17
your heart, 68.
Wrinkle, time writes no, 275.
Wrinkled Care derides, 120.
Writ by God's own hand, 156.
proofs of holy, 76.
stol'n out of holy, 41.
what is, is writ, 275.
your annals true, 45.
Write about it, goddess, 171.
and read comes by nature, 16.
as funny as I can, 308.
in rhyme, 128.
me down, an ass, 17.
pen! devise, wit, 18.
the vision, and make it plain, 322.
well hereafter, hope to, 123.
with a goose pen, 29.
with ease, 223.
Writer, pen of a ready, 314.
Writers against religion, 204.
Writing an exact man, 80.
easy, 's curst hard reading, 223.
true ease in, 166.
Written out of reputation, 142.
to after times, 123.
wise above that which is, 326.
Wrong, always in the, 132, 137.
both in the, 177.
condemn the, 332.
dally with, 250.
for ever on the throne, 310.
his life can't be, 161.
sow by the ear, 349.
these holy men, 270.
they ne'er pardon who have done the, 135.
treasures up a, 280.
Wronged orphans' tears, 87.
Wrongs of night, 91.
unredressed, 245.
Wroth with one we love, 250.
Wrought, and afterwards he taught, 2.
in a sad sincerity, 303.
Wry-neck'd fife, 22.

Xerxes did die, 341.

Yarn, is of a mingled, 27.
Yawn, everlasting, 172.
Ye antique towers, 192.
distant spires, 192.
gods, it doth amaze me, 49.
mariners of England, 255.
Year by year we lose, 289.
heaven's eternal, 134.
mellowing, 119.
moments make the, 157.
rule the varied, 181.
saddest of the, 296.
starry girdle of the, 255.
Years, dim with the mist of, 271.
following years, 170.
live in deeds not, 297.
love of life increased with, 220.
steal fire from the mind, 272.
thought of our past, 244.
thousand, scarce serve, 271.
vale of, declined into the, 76.
we spend our, as a tale, 314.
Yellow melancholy, 28.
plain, nodding o'er the, 181.
primrose was to him, 237.
to the jaundic'd eye, 166.
Yesterday, families of, 142.
when it is past, 314.
Yesterdays, cheerful, 246.
have lighted fools, 58.
Yielded, by her, 100.
with coy submission, 109.
Yoke, part of Flanders hath received our, 100.
Yorick ! alas, poor, 69.
York, this sun of, 40.
You beat your pate, 174.
meaner beauties, 83.
Young, and now am old, 313.
and so fair, 291.
as beautiful, 155.
desire, nurse of, 208.
Fancy's rays, 225.
fellows will be young, 208.
Young idea how to shoot, 181.
if ladies be but, 24.
men think old men fools, 342.
men's vision, 132.
must torture, 145.
Obadias, 341.
so wise, so, 41.
to be, was very heaven, 247.
when my bosom was, 256.
Youth, a happy, 242.
did dress themselves, 36.
friends in, 250.
home-keeping, 12.
in my hot, 281.
is vain, 250.
joy of, 223.
lexicon of, 291.
liquid dew of, 61.
mewing her mighty, 124.
of frolics, 163.
of labour, 201.
of the realm, 39.
on the prow, 194.
rebellious liquors in my, 24.
remember thy Creator in the days of thy, 319.
riband in the cap of, 69.
steals from her, 190.
spirit of, 78, 80.
that fired the Ephesian dome, 146.
to fortune, 196.
to many a, and many a maid, 120.
to whom was given, 235.
vaward of our, 36.
waneth by encreasing, 82.
wears the rose of, 131.
Youthful poets dream, such sights as, 78.
poets fancy when they love, 151.

Zaccheus he did climb the tree, 341.
Zeal of God, 325.
Zealots, graceless, 161.
Zenith, dropt from the, 103.
Zigzag manuscript, 210.

WOODFALL AND KINDER, PRINTERS, LONG ACRE, LONDON

STANDARD NOVELS.

Strongly bound in Cloth, price 2s. each.

Ainsworth, W. H.—

The Windsor Edition, in 21 vols.

Miser's Daughter
St. James's
Flitch of Bacon
Guy Fawkes
Crichton
Spendthrift
Boscobel
Ovingdean Grange
Mervyn Clitheroe
Auriol
Preston Fight
Stanley Brereton
Beau Nash
Jack Sheppard
The Lancashire Witches
The Manchester Rebels
Old St. Paul's
Rookwood
The Star Chamber
Windsor Castle
The Tower of London

Austen, Jane.—

Pride and Prejudice
Sense and Sensibility
Mansfield Park
Emma

Bronte, Charlotte, Emily and Jane.—

Jane Eyre
Shirley
Wuthering Heights
Villette

Carleton, William.—

Willy Reilly

Cockton, Henry.—

Sylvester Sound
Stanley Thorn

Collins, Wilkie.—

Antonina

Cooper, Fenimore.—

The Deerslayer
The Pathfinder
The Last of the Mohicans
The Pioneers
The Prairie
The Red Rover
The Pilot
The Two Admirals
The Waterwitch
The Spy
The Sea Lions
Miles Wallingford

STANDARD NOVELS—*continued.*

Cooper, Fenimore—*continued.*

Lionel Lincoln
The Headsman
Homeward Bound
The Crater; or, Vulcan's Peak
Wing and Wing
Jack Tier
Satanstoe
The Red Skins
The Heidenmauer
Precaution
The Monikins
The Ways of the Hour
Mercedes
Afloat and Ashore
Home as Found
(Sequel to "Homeward Bound")
Oak Openings

Cooper, Thomas.—

The Family Feud

Crowe, Mrs.—

The Nightside of Nature

Croly, Dr.—

Salathiel

Dickens, Charles.—

Barnaby Rudge
Old Curiosity Shop
Dombey and Son

Dickens, Charles—*continued.*

Grimaldi the Clown
With Cruikshank's illustrations
Martin Chuzzlewit
Pickwick Papers
Pictures from Italy and American Notes
Bleak House

Du Boisgobey, Fortune.—

The Bride of a Day
The Half-Sister's Secret
Married for Love

Dumas, Alexandre.—

The Fleur-de-lis Edition, in 15 vols.

The Three Musketeers
Monte Cristo
Forty-five Guardsmen
Taking the Bastile
The Queen's Necklace
The Conspirators
The Regent's Daughter
Memoirs of a Physician
The Countess de Charny
The Vicomte de Bragelonne. *Vol.* 1
The Vicomte de Bragelonne. *Vol.* 2
Chevalier de Maison Rouge
Chicot the Jester
Marguerite de Valois
Twenty Years After

STANDARD NOVELS—*continued.*

Ferrier, Miss.—

Marriage
The Inheritance
Destiny

Fielding, Henry.—

Tom Jones
Joseph Andrews
Amelia

Gaskell, Mrs.—

Mary Barton

Grant, James.—

The Aide-de-Camp Edition. To be completed in 56 vols.

The Aide de Camp
The Scottish Cavalier
Jane Seton
The Yellow Frigate
The Romance of War
Oliver Ellis
Mary of Lorraine
Lucy Arden
Colville of the Guards
The Constable of France
Did She Love Him?
The Duke of Albany's Highlanders
Dulcie Carlyon
First Love and Last Love
The Lord Hermitage
Philip Rollo

Haliburton, Judge.—

The Clockmaker
The Attaché

Hugo, Victor.—

History of a Crime
Ninety-Three
Toilers of the Sea
By Order of the King

Kingsley, Charles.—

Yeast
Hypatia

Lever, Charles.—

Harry Lorrequer
Jack Hinton
Arthur O'Leary
Con Cregan
Tom Burke

Lover, Samuel.—

Handy Andy

Lytton, Lord.—

The Stevenage Edition, in 28 vols.

Author's Copyright Editions, containing Prefaces to be found in no other Editions.

Pelham
Paul Clifford
Rienzi
Ernest Maltravers

STANDARD NOVELS—*continued.*

Lytton, Lord—*continued.*

Alice ; or, The Mysteries
Disowned
Devereux
Godolphin
Leila ; Pilgrims of the Rhine
Falkland ; Zicci
Zanoni
Harold
Lucretia
The Coming Race
Kenelm Chillingly
Pausanias: and The Haunted and the Haunters
My Novel. *Vol.* 1
" *Vol.* 2
What will He do with It? *Vol.* 1
" *Vol.* 2
The Parisians. *Vol.* 1
" *Vol.* 2
The Caxtons
Eugene Aram
Last Days of Pompeii
The Last of the Barons
Night and Morning
A Strange Story

Marryat, Captain.—

Frank Mildmay
Phantom Ship
Peter Simple
The King's Own
Newton Forster
Jacob Faithful

Marryat, Captain—*continued.*

Dog Fiend
The Poacher
Percival Keene
Rattlin, the Reefer.
Edited by CAPTAIN MARRYAT
Valerie
Olla Podrida

Maxwell, W. H.—

The Bivouac

Mayhew, The Brothers.—

The Greatest Plague of Life

Miller, Thomas.—

Gideon Giles

Mounteney-Jephson, R.—

Tom Bullkley
The Roll of the Drum
The Red Rag

Poe, Edgar Allan.—

The Gold-Bug, and other Tales
Landor's Cottage, and other Tales

Porter, Jane.—

The Pastor's Fireside
Thaddeus of Warsaw

STANDARD NOVELS—*continued.*

Radcliffe, Mrs.—

The Mysteries of Udolpho
The Romance of the Forest

Reade, Charles.—

Peg Woffington and Christie Johnstone

Reid, Captain Mayne.—

The War Trail Edition. To be completed in 38 *vols.*

The War Trail
The Quadroon
The Headless Horseman
The Tiger Hunter
The Guerilla Chief
Lost Lenore
The White Chief
The Hunter's Feast
Gaspar the Gaucho
The Lost Mountain
The Wild Huntress
The Wood Rangers
The Lone Ranche

Richardson, Samuel.—

Clarissa Harlowe
Pamela
Sir Charles Grandison

Roche, R. M.—

The Children of the Abbey

Rodwell, G. H.—

Old London Bridge

Scott, Michael.—

Tom Cringle's Log

Scott, Sir Walter.—

The Kenilworth Edition. To be completed in 25 *vols.*

Waverley
Guy Mannering
Old Mortality
Rob Roy
Ivanhoe
The Antiquary
The Bride of Lammermoor
The Monastery
The Abbot
The Pirate
The Fortunes of Nigel
Peveril of the Peak
Quentin Durward
St. Ronan's Well
Redgauntlet
Betrothed and Highland Widow
The Talisman and Two Drovers
Woodstock
Anne of Geierstein
Count Robert of Paris
The Surgeon's Daughter

STANDARD NOVELS—*continued.*

Smedley, Frank.—

Frank Fairlegh
Lewis Arundel
Harry Coverdale's Courtship

Smollett, Tobias.—

Roderick Random
Humphry Clinker
Peregrine Pickle

Sue, Eugene.—

The Mysteries of Paris

Thackeray, W. M.—

Vanity Fair
Pendennis
The Luck of Barry Lyndon

Warren, Samuel.—

The Diary of a Late Physician [Spy
Vidocq, the French Police

PRICE 1s. each.

LORD LYTTON'S NOVELS.

The Pocket Edition.

An edition, in spite of its low price, fully worthy of this great writer.

Size $6\frac{1}{2}$ *by* $4\frac{3}{4}$ *in. Printed from new, clear type, and bound in neat cloth covers.*

Pelham
Ernest Maltravers
Alice (sequel)
Night and Morning
Paul Clifford
The Disowned
Harold
The Caxtons
Devereux
Godolphin; Calderon
The Coming Race; Leila; Zicci; The Haunted
Eugene Aram
Lucretia
Zanoni
The Parisians. *Vol.* 1
The Parisians. *Vol.* 2
My Novel. *Vol.* 1
My Novel. *Vol.* 2
My Novel. *Vol.* 3
The Last of the Barons *Vol.* 1
" *Vol.* 2
What Will He Do With It? *Vol.* 1
What Will He Do With It? *Vol.* 2
A Strange Story
Falkland; The Pilgrims of the Rhine, etc.
Kenelm Chillingley

To be completed in 28 Volumes.

1s. Novels—continued.

HARRISON AINSWORTH'S NOVELS.

The Pocket Volume Edition. Cloth, cut edges.

The Tower of London
Windsor Castle
Old St. Paul's
Rookwood, with Memoir of Mr. Ainsworth, by LAMAN BLANCHARD
Guy Fawkes
Jack Sheppard
Miser's Daughter
Star Chamber
Crichton
Flitch of Bacon
Spendthrift
Auriol

The 12 volumes, cloth, gilt tops, in cloth box, **2s.**

MARRYAT'S NOVELS.

The Pocket Volume Edition. Cloth, cut edges.

The King's Own
Frank Mildmay
Newton Forster
The Dog Fiend
Jacob Faithful
Peter Simple
Pacha of Many Tales
Japhet in Search of a Father
Mr. Midshipman Easy
Rattlin the Reefer. Edited by CAPT. MARRYAT.
The Phantom Ship
The Pirate and the Three Cutters
Olla Podrida
The Poacher
Percival Keene

To be followed by other Volumes.

RAILWAY LIBRARY.

Paper covers price, **1s.** *each.*

Amelia B. Edwards.—

Half a Million of Money
My Brother's Wife

Frederick Gerstaecker.—

The Haunted House

Mark Twain.—

Roughing it
The Innocents Abroad
The New Pilgrim's Progress
A Curious Dream
Information Want

RAILWAY LIBRARY—*continued.*

Various Authors.—

Nadine: The Study of a Woman, by Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED
The Year of Miracle, by FERGUS HUME.
The Log of the "Water-Lily" during Three Cruises
Uncle Remus, Illustrated
J. C. HARRIS
Adventures of a Mounted Trooper in the Australian Constabulary
Helen's Babies
JOHN HABBERTON
Jennie of "The Prince's"
Mrs. BUXTON

Various Authors—*continued.*

Won
Mrs. BUXTON
Nights with Uncle Remus
J. C. HARRIS
The Luck of Roaring Camp
BRET HARTE
An Episode of Fiddletown
BRET HARTE
The Story of a Mine
BRET HARTE
Out of the Hurly Burly
MAX ADELER
Elbow Room
MAX ADELER
Artemus Ward: His Book and His Travels

LARGE-SIZE SHILLING NOVELS.

Medium 8vo., paper covers.

Dickens, Charles.—

The Pickwick Papers
Nicholas Nickleby
David Copperfield

Dumas, Alexandre.—

Monte Christo
The Three Musketeers, and Twenty Years After. 1 *Vol.*
Vicomte de Bragelonne

Du Boisgobey.—

The Condemned Door
Cash on Delivery

Hugo, Victor.—

Les Misérables
Notre Dame

Lever, Charles.—

The Knight of Gwynne
Harry Lorrequer and Charles O'Malley. 1 *Vol.*

Lytton, Lord.—

Ernest Maltravers, and Alice (the Sequel). 1 *Vol.*
My Novel
What will He do with It?
The Parisians

LARGE-SIZE SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*

Sue, Eugene.—

The Wandering Jew
The Mysteries of Paris

Smedley, Frank E.—

Lewis Arundel

Verne, Jules.—

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea
The Fur Country
From the Earth to the Moon, and Round the Moon. 1 *Vol.*

Various Authors.—

Tom Jones
FIELDING

Tristram Shandy, and Sentimental Journey
STERNE

Old London Bridge
RODWELL

The Headless Horseman
CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

Torlogh O'Brien
LE FANU

The Wolfe of Badenoch
SIR T. DICK LAUDER